

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

A LITTLE boy sits at the window of a house in Boston,—but nothing that passes in the street attracts his eye. The sun kisses his golden hair, and delicate cheek, as if it loved them. What so fixes his attention?

“Mamma, confess now that you wrote this! Ha, ha! I am sure you must have sent it; I know you did! No, I do not *quite* know it. But no one else could so describe your old play-places, which have been mine too, sometimes, when I have been at the farm. Come, roguish mother, tell me! I shall not doubt, however; I have found you out, it sounds so like you. How pleasant to be reading my own dear mother's story in the *Child's Friend*! It makes the *Friend* more welcome than ever before, the dear *Friend* that comes to tell me stories once a month. Sometimes, you know, I find one of ——'s twilight stories. I laugh when I come to it; and it comes so comically natural as I read along, I laugh all the

time I am reading it. But one thing, I must say, I do not like; I do not think it is fair! She alters them, and I remember them differently in a great many places. Once she put in a black kitten (I think they are very ugly) instead of a white one. And very provokingly, in another, she puts in a George, instead of my favorite Henry. And in another story she has left out the luncheon under the trees, which was very interesting. Well, now they are printed, they are fixed! That is one good thing. One can read them over ever so many times, and they are always the same."

Each year adds a couple of neat volumes to a row lettered in gold, "The Child's Friend," in the golden-headed boy's library. But the row and his childhood come to an end, when he has no time to spare from his Latin and Greek for simple books. He says the little magazine has, somehow, grown very childish of late; and he bids it good-by, wishing it well.

Anon, he is a man, and consumes the midnight oil in laborious study, and writing on themes more profound than readers of the Child's Friend, or perchance the Editor, aspire to meddle with. See him at his study-table, with one hand buried in his hair, which no longer flows abroad in bushy curls. He knows that the Friend of his boyhood is about to expire, in the midst of its days, from neglect. He is not too busy to give it a thought, and he has not become so learned as to despise it. He remembers the day of small things; he feels that he owes it a debt of gratitude for some good seeds sown, and for some quiet and pleasant hours in those days when every

hour had its share in his mental and moral growth. He shuts his lexicon, or perhaps makes it his desk, and the next mail carries to the disheartened Editor a contribution from his graceful pen, and an encouraging letter, with a promise of future aid.

Letters come from other quarters also, with offers of help, and assurances that the old readers and subscribers of the little magazine are its warm friends, from many a pleasant association. So the Editor and the Child's Friend take heart, hope for better days, and struggle on.

And better days have come. We wish all our readers and subscribers, new and old, a happy new year, and hope they will return the wish: a new year better than the last, *besides* being more fortunate. And here we would express our warm gratitude to those who have encouraged us, in this year of difficulty; to our contributors, for their valuable help; to our indulgent old friends, and our new subscribers; and last, not least, to the generous publisher who will give us his gratuitous service, and the benefit of business knowledge and sagacity for the year to come.

STEERAGE LIFE.

No. II.

FIFTY-ONE days at sea! And all that time no land in sight, — not an acre — no, not a speck broad enough to set foot on. Nothing to greet the eye but

sun, moon, and stars, clouds and waves, with occasionally a lurking shark or jumping porpoise. But the scene is fast changing now. We have passed Cape Frio, — its dark, rugged battlements frowning down upon us through the mist. Ilha Redonda is away astern ; and there, close under our lee, is Raza Island, with its tall, square lighthouse looming up among the green trees that crown the summit, and contrasting finely with the brown crags and snowy surges. Away to the southward, and almost hid in the fog, is that strange landmark which seamen call "Lord Hood's Nose." It looks as if some huge Titan had lain himself down on his back among the hills to study the stars, and had petrified there in solid mountains and rocks. There is his face, with its great Roman nose pointing upward like the gnomon on a dial-plate, — there are his hands folded across his breast, — and away off miles and miles to the south is a mountain which represents his feet sticking up among the clouds. But in the increasing distance that too is out of sight now. We are almost there. The land is opening fast as we advance. Hill and headland, green islet and huge piles of sea-beaten rocks, push themselves out of the mist, (for it is not a very pleasant day,) to give us their rough but cordial welcome to Brazil. Here we are, at the very entrance to the magnificent harbor of Rio de Janeiro. On the left stands, like a stubborn sentry, the Sugar-Loaf, — Pão d'Assucar, — a gigantic mass which lifts its bare peak nearly a thousand feet from the water, and almost overshadows the Castle of Santa Cruz on the opposite side. Between them

our goodly ship speeds her way before the freshening breeze. More islands, more hills, more fortresses, display themselves on either hand, as we hurry along toward the anchorage. How green and rich the foliage is! How intensely gray those houses! How neat and trim the vessels that swing at their moorings in the bay! The merchantmen, as we pass them, dip their colors to us, and the men-of-war salute us with strains of music long unheard. Our ship, too, as she approaches the Commodore of the station, exchanges gunpowder compliments with his lordly frigate, — as if to say, “Your most obedient, sir!” At last, here we are! and away goes the anchor from the bows to bury itself in South American mud. Before us is the city, — all around us fleets of shipping from all parts of Christendom, — and away beyond stretches the broad expanse of the bay, reaching, river-like, far up among the hills and valleys, until bounded in the distance by the Organ Mountains.

Before the sails are furled, — almost before the anchor is down, — Portuguese Joe comes alongside with his bumboat temptingly full of delicious fruit. Just look at those heaps of pine-apples and oranges, — those luxuriant bunches of yellow bananas, — worth coming seven thousand miles for, any day, — to say nothing of all the other nice things Joe has to tickle the palate withal. It is a rich treat to men who have lived seven or eight weeks on the saltiest kind of “salt junk”; and before appetites so whetted, bananas and mangoes, plantains and plums, are made to disappear with an almost supernatural celerity.

Do you see that hungry man there, and that plump, juicy, golden fruit, which hung on the tree only this morning? The rich dews and tropic sun of Brazil must have ripened that bursting orange especially for that hungry man; for while you look, it is flayed of its spicy rind in a twinkling, — and, presto! it is gone!

One sees some new things in the streets of Rio. Let us go ashore and look. The boatswain's mate has just piped a boat's call, and roared with gruff voice, "Away there, third cutters, away!" and we will take a seat in the third cutter ourselves. But while the boat is being manned at the gangway, let me warn you that Rio de Janeiro (or St. Sebastian, as the city was originally named) is not a little village, which you can "do" in an hour. It requires a large piece of ground to hold and to house some two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand people. And if you do not get lost or bewildered in the narrow streets, you may, at least, expect to return on board foot-sore and weary long before you have perambulated half the city, or seen a tithe of its novelties.

We land at the Plaza, or public square. Directly before us is the Emperor's palace and the cathedral. To the left is old Pharoux's coffee-house, — to the right the Hotel de l'Europe, and the market. In the market we shall find enough to repay us for straying within its enclosure. What a busy scene it is! Women, soldiers, and slaves, travellers and residents, mingled in laughable confusion, — everybody treading on everybody's toes, — everybody elbowing

everybody's sides. What a jabbering, — the buyers haggling, the sellers scolding! And almost as many different languages come in play as there are disputes to be settled with them. Most of the stallmen and their customers speak Portuguese; but if you are well versed in modern languages your ear may detect French, Spanish, German, and, for aught I know, Mozambique, Congo, Guinea, Patagonian, and Kalmuck Tartar; for there seems to be a little of everything here. You see, too, some strange specimens of humanity. That stout African, who comes staggering along under his load, was brought over in a slaver only a few months ago; those wretched, half-naked creatures who are carrying heavy bags of coffee on their heads, and grunting a dismal chant to keep time to in their step, — they are also slaves, and their chains clank as they hurry along. That bundle of rags and filth down there by the cold, damp wall, — poor thing! give her bread, for the love of Heaven, but don't touch her, — she is a leper and outcast! We might stay here all the morning watching the sights, admiring the fresh heaps of vegetables, and overflowing baskets of fruit. Here are custard-apples, pine-apples, oranges, plantains, and mangoes; and plentiful varieties of nuts and berries. You would wonder at the superstition of the fruit-venders, who, if you purchase a banana, will hand it over to you with the solemn injunction to eat it carefully without cutting it, because its core shows the form of the cross. And you would wonder no less at some of the strange tropical productions they have for sale; there is the "acajou,"

— a fruit shaped like an apple with a Windsor bean growing out of its top ; the bean is its solitary seed, and emits a vapor when heated, which kindles and explodes ; and if you dine with a Brazilian family, you will often see the children, after desert, amusing themselves with a display of these acajou fireworks.

But we must see more of Rio than simply its market. Let us turn into Rua d'Ouvedor. Why, how very narrow the street is, — scarcely fifteen feet wide, — and one of the finest streets in all Rio too ! You feel as if the tall houses were about to fall upon you, or as if you had scarcely room to breathe. Be patient, — you will forget that in half an hour. Your thoughts and eyes will be quite taken up with the great charm of this street, — the profusion of feather flowers exposed for sale on either side. How rich and beautiful they are ! Why, the whole street seems to be decked for May-day, — all the groves and gardens in the suburbs must have shaken their rarest blossoms into the lap of Rua d'Ouvedor ! And the gay beauties so lavishly festooned about the shop windows entirely absorb your attention, so that you forget all about the stifling confinement of the street, and do not even stop to think how, on the narrow sidewalk of flagstones, you contrived to pass that corpulent, black-gowned, broad-brimmed padre, — or whether your hat was knocked off by that washer-woman's clothes-basket carried on her head, — or whether, in the hurry of meeting, you ran any risk of being accidentally bayoneted by that dark-skinned Portuguese soldier.

It was in this, the principal street of the city, that

one of our officers met with a funny incident. Having entered a bookstore to make a purchase, he was almost in despair at finding himself unable to make the shopman comprehend what he wanted. A Brazilian gentleman, who seemed to have a few words of English at his command, volunteered to help him out of the dilemma. The purchase was made, — and the officer turned to thank his new friend for his timely aid. “Mucho gracias, señor,” said he, in bad Spanish. “At your service, sir!” returned the Brazilian, in good English! The officer beat a hasty retreat, and thought he would, in future, confine himself to his mother tongue.

By dint of energetic locomotion, and diving round sundry corners, and occasionally “taking an observation” to see whether you are lost or not, you finally emerge from the narrow streets into a large square or park in the western part of the city. It is a pleasant enclosure, surrounded on all four sides by closely built houses; it is carpeted with greensward, and intersected by a network of pretty gravel-walks shaded by trees. A large fountain sends up sparkling jets of water fresh from the lofty green summits which surround the city, and by the basin which receives the abundant flow you will see parties of negro-women scrubbing, beating, pounding, threshing the contents of their clothes-baskets, in the water or on the stones. Scattered throughout the Plaza are citizens promenading or lounging under the cool trees, slaves trudging along under heavy burdens, oxen with yokes under their necks, drawing carts with solid, lumbering wheels, padres walking briskly

about in long black robes and sombre hats, a troop of mule-mounted cavalry manœuvring before a pompous little *Capitão* decked in red, blue, and feathers; while above the whole picture you see, away behind the square and the city, the towering peaks of Corcovado and Tijuco, covered to the top with the fresh, rich verdure of Brazilian jungle, and looking down with such an inviting smile of tropical beauty that you inwardly resolve some day to accept their mute invitation, and give them a call.

I had not time, during the ten days of our stay at Rio, to visit either of those mountains, but I once obtained a fine view of both city and harbor from the summit of Gloria hill, on which stands the beautiful church of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, — Our Lady of Glory. The ascent is very steep, but the road is broad and smooth. One side is lined with well-built houses. The other, toward the harbor, is walled by a heavy parapet bristling with a murderous *chevaux de frise* of broken bottles. I could not quite see the design of this mode of defence, which I had thought peculiar to peach-orchards and city nurseries; for certainly not the most daring urchin in the world would wish to scale it. The first jump would land him two or three rods below the wall, with the delightful certainty of rolling and tumbling as much farther before he stopped. You may be sure I did not attempt it, although of a somewhat inquisitive turn of mind. In fact, I quite forgot both my amusement and its cause, in contemplating the beautiful view which lay spread before me when I reached the top. There was the city, — a sea of brown-tiled

houses stretching from the bay far back to the base of the mountains, and running in around the green hills which rose like islands in its midst, and were crowned each with its pile of convents, or churches, or palatial residences. Before me was the harbor, reaching so far into the interior that I no longer wondered at De Souza for calling it a river, when he commemorated the day of its discovery — New Year's, 1531 — by naming it Rio de Janeiro, River of January. I thought, however, if the murmuring ripples could speak, the bay would profess itself quite as willing to retain the old name, Nitherohi, with which its Indian friends had christened it. Yet the skies look down with as sunny a laugh upon the commerce-burdened waters of Rio de Janeiro as they did on the sparkling wavelets of Nitherohi, when only the canoe of the red man disturbed its surface, and trees, not churches and forts, crowned the summits of its verdant islands. While my eye wandered over the beautiful scene, my thoughts went back through the centuries to see the events which had followed in the wake of De Souza's fleet. I remembered the hardy French Huguenots who first colonized here under the patronage of Coligny and the generalship of Villegagnon; and thought, if the latter had been worthy of his trust, that little island near the anchorage which bears his name, and on which they built that massive fortress for their and his protection, would not now have been in other hands; perhaps, indeed, all the sea-coast provinces would now have been cultivated by a numerous and thriving race of Protestant yeomanry. But they

were quite driven away by the Portuguese, who, in those piratical times, fully believed and acted upon the maxim, "Might makes right." And so St. Sebastian was built a Portuguese city, — not French. I remembered, too, how the hill I stood on was then an island, — not in a sea of houses, but in a level marsh, — and was completely overgrown with a dense thicket, which spread its thorny mantle over hill and plain alike ; and I thought the old workman, Industry, with his hard brown hands, had turned magician, to conjure up such a noble city from such a wilderness.

Whether you stop to think of the past history of Rio or not, — you will confess with me that you could hardly imagine a more lovely picture than you see in the city, its harbor, its islands and forts, its mountains and hills, its suburbs and country-seats, which mingle their snowy white with the rich verdure of the tropical uplands.

But with all its beauty it is not our home. The sailor is a wanderer, and must not stay to delight himself with the charms of the different lands he visits. It is so in the voyage of life ; and the young mariner who chances upon some beautiful spot, and says to himself, " Here will I rest," must remember earth has no home for the pilgrim, — heaven only can give him "rest."

Come, — the sun is setting behind Corcovado ; let us go.

It was a clear, balmy spring morning when we left the capital of Brazil. A light breeze helped us to disentangle ourselves from the shipping ; and when

that died away in a calm, a fleet of boats flocked around us from the men-of-war in port, to offer their services in towing us out. The tow-lines were led along, the boats made fast,—and the Saratoga, with a team of eight in hand, drove slowly out of the harbor, with all the majesty of Neptune in his ocean car.

And so ended our visit to Rio.

J. S. S.

LOUISA'S CHARM.

LONG ago, on a dreary afternoon in November, Louisa sat by the cheerful fireside, preparing Christmas gifts for her parents and her little sister Emily. Her face wore a sunny smile as her fingers assorted the gay-colored worsteds and wrought them into beautiful patterns. The little parlor was very pleasant, with its curtained windows, its little stand of fragrant plants, its well-filled book-shelves, and its cheerful wood-fire.

The daylight faded, and when the little girl could no longer distinguish the colors for her work, she went to the window and looked into the street. The sky was covered with dark, gray clouds; the trees seemed to be shivering, as they lifted their bare branches into the cold air, while all their summer glory was lying, faded and dry, on the ground beneath them.

In the gathering twilight, Louisa saw two women, thinly clothed, each leading a little girl by the hand;

and occasionally stopping to pick up pieces of wood and bark. They passed on. Then a little boy and girl went by, hand in hand. The little boy's bare feet were upon the cold, damp earth, and the little girl wore a light summer gown, with neither cloak nor shawl to protect her from the cold wind.

The sunny smile faded from Louisa's face as she thought of the cheerless homes where so many children live, where the days are all alike, uncheered by pleasant memories, welcome gifts, or bright hopes. She thought of the glad family-meeting on Thanksgiving day, of the Christmas and New-Year's holidays, made so beautiful to her by tender words, new pleasures, and many gifts from the friends who loved her; and then she thought of the many little ones to whom these days were only names. She could see no more. The fast-falling tears blinded her eyes, and she turned away. She sat in her low seat by the fire, listening to the beating of the rain against the windows, and the sad wailing of the wind, till her heart was very sad. Then she resolved that on the next day she would, if her mother was willing, take all the books she had read, all her treasured toys, the clothes she did not need, and all her pocket-money, and give them to the poor little children in the neighborhood. But her little store of gifts seemed very small, and she sighed, "O, if I were only rich, I would make all the poor people in the world happy!" Great wealth, indeed, would be necessary to satisfy all the newly-awakened generous impulses of such a warm young heart.

The fire burned low, and the room was shrouded

in darkness, but still Louisa sat in her low seat, unheeding all around her. Suddenly a soft light filled the room, and one of those ministering spirits to whom is given the care of little children stood by the little girl's side. Without fear, Louisa looked upon the sweet face, beaming with tenderest love, and felt the gentle touch of the hands upon her head.

"I have been with you to-day, dear child," — and the voice was low and very sweet that said these words, — "I have read your secret thoughts, and your earnest desires that your Heavenly Father had given you more power to bless others. But know, dear one, that to each has been given all the power he can use. We are all ministers of good to each other, if only we will use the power we have, instead of folding our hands and wishing for more.

"Cherish all tender sympathies, all generous impulses, and to-night I will give you a charm, an invisible charm, whose secret you must not ask, by whose power you can do more than wealth, or highest intellectual gifts, or the grandeur of the noblest earthly position, can accomplish, without it. Every evil thought, every angry word, every unjust suspicion, will dim the lustre of the charm, and lessen its influence. Keep it undimmed, and it will give you power to bless the suffering, and to do good to all."

Again Louisa felt the pressure of those gentle hands upon her bowed head, and a tender kiss upon her forehead; — then she was alone.

There was a new joy in her heart, a new light in her eye, and a sweet serenity in her manner, as she joined the family at the tea-table. Already the charm had begun its work.

What was the charm? Did she keep it always bright? Did it help her to do good? We will see.

* * * * *

Fifteen years afterwards, when the dead leaves covered the earth as they did on that dreary November afternoon, Louisa Wynne was dying. The many weeks of her illness, filled with suffering as they were, had yet been made beautiful to her by the untiring devotion of those in her home, who loved her so tenderly, and who prayed continually that she might be spared a little longer, and by the continual manifestations of grateful love from the poor, the suffering, the forgotten ones, whom she had remembered. Little children on their way to school, rough laborers returning from their work, stern, hard-featured women, made so by want and weariness and suffering, all paused daily to ask, in softened tones, "Is Miss Wynne better to-day?" One poor idiot-boy remembered her love of flowers, and many mornings carried her withered asters and faded leaves, the only treasures the November woods afforded. But not alone by the suffering, the forgotten, and the lonely was she thus remembered. Her room was filled with the offerings of those who yearned to do something for her, — richest fruit to tempt the failing appetite, and fragrant, beautiful flowers to please the eyes so soon to be closed to all earthly beauty.

In those last days she still ministered unto others, teaching them, by her bright example, lessons of patience, cheerfulness, and unfaltering trust; and when her earthly life was ended, and she had passed be-

yond mortal vision, her work was not all done. The hearts that were so bound to her in life became purer and more loving, and prayers ascended to the Father of all, that in his own good time the heaven which had received her might receive them also. Thus many, remembering the beauty of her life, and how she had followed in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, were strengthened by her example, and lived, afterwards, with a new love for all things pure and good.

Years have passed; and mothers who were children when she died still tell their daughters of the gentle, loving child, Louisa; of the saintly woman, bearing with her the wondrous charm into the homes of want, sin, and suffering, and into brighter homes, everywhere welcome, everywhere making others better and happier.

To each of you, dear children, the angel, love, has given some portion of her wonder-working charm. Let not the breath of unkindness or selfishness dim its brightness. By kindest thoughts of others, and gentlest words to all, keep its purity unsullied, and you shall know the secret of the charm, and all around you shall feel its power.

S. E. S.

DETROIT, Michigan.

What work is there which a deep, true feeling cannot dignify?

Duties are ours, — events are God's.

A THANKS SONG.

When the light-armed troops of Day
Charge across the Eastern hills,
Chasing from their tents away
Night's cold shadows and dark chills,
Up the mountain-side I rove,
'Midst the sunlight and the flowers,
Thanking God, who lives above,
For such bright and happy hours.

When at noon the sovereign Sun
In his palace dome is seen,
Scattering gold and diamonds down
On the hill-side and the green,
On the meadow's breast I lie,
Bathed in sunshine and in flowers,
Thanking God, who lives on high,
For such bright and happy hours.

When he rests in warm embrace
Of some mountain in the West,
Hiding half his glowing face
In the shadow of her breast,
Towards his resting-place I rove,
Matching sunset's hues with flowers,
Thanking God, who lives above,
For such bright and happy hours.

When dark Night and solemn Gloom
Cover all the land with sleep,
When their presence fills my room,
And their hands my senses keep,
Still in dreams I seem to lie,
Swathed in sunshine and in flowers,
Thanking God, who lives on high,
For such bright and happy hours.

BENAULY.

A STORY FOR ANNIE.

WHEN I was about seven years old, dear little Annie, I lived in the town of Beverly. Perhaps you went through it, on your way home from Maine, last summer, for the Eastern Railroad passes very near my old home. It goes through a field where I used to play, and across the water to Salem.

We had a pleasant garden, with long alleys, where I used to run under the shade of the fruit-trees, with my brothers, William and John, and sometimes a galloping kitten or two. There were long rows of currant-bushes, red and white, on each side, and now and then a gooseberry-bush, with its prickly branches full of fruit. Some of these had green berries, of an oval form, and very large; others had round berries, which turned purple in ripening. My arms used to be covered with pricks and scratches from their thorns, and the claws of frolicsome kittens. I was fond of fruit, — are not you? — and I used to eat currants by the double-handful, and cherries, and gooseberries, as many as I chose to gather; for my mother allowed me to eat all ripe fruit. I was not to pick pears, and plums, and apples; at least not till they were in a proper state, and I was not old enough to judge for myself of that.

My father gave me a little garden of my own. Such a splendid box-tree as I had in the corner! I think you never did see a finer one. Its stem was straight, and then came a great round green head, so full of glossy leaves you could not see a single

branch. But I will tell you what I had in my little garden, which I think you would have liked better than the box-tree. A strawberry bed ! Yes, and mine were the only strawberries in the garden. It was a sunny spot, and the ground was rich and moist. So my berries were very fine. I used to get up very early in the morning, and I did not mind the dew on the vines, but picked all the ripe berries before breakfast. Those that were only red, and not soft and sweet, I left, that they might have another day's sun to make them perfect.

Well, do you think I ate my berries, all by myself, when I had picked them ? No, you will not think so ; you will suppose I saved some for William and John. No ; that I did not do. I may have given them two or three, but it was not for them I was so carefully gathering the finest of my berries. I did not eat them myself, either. I am not quite sure, but I think I did not taste one, unless I pulled one off that was not ripe enough. You will think I carried them to my mother. No ; I did not save them for my mother, for I knew very well she would never taste one, if I offered them to her. She would smile, and kiss me, and say, " No, I thank you, dear ; I should enjoy them better through your little mouth."

And I thought I should enjoy them best through my dear father's mouth. He was not quite well, and was obliged to diet. Do you know what that means ? He could not have everything that other people had, to eat. He lived partly on milk. I suppose he did not care very much about it. But

I felt grieved when I saw him deny himself what he liked best. I loved him very dearly, as you love your father; and, at one time, I would not eat anything that he must not have. I thought it would be a comfort to him not to be alone in his privation.

I found out that my father liked his bowl of milk very well, when he had a little fruit to put into it. So I saved my strawberries for him. I never felt happier than when he came to his place at table, and lifted both hands in admiration and surprise at the sight of the big red bouncers I had put upon his plate. He *would* offer them all round the table, and it made me feel angry if other people took any. I thought it was a shame. They were to have nice hot bread, or rich toast, perhaps, and potatoes with hot buttered milk poured over them instead of cream, and coffee with sugar in it, while my father usually contented himself with cold bread and milk, and weak black tea, with no sugar. So I sat and scowled at any one who shared his berries with him. I believe they took one now and then just for fun, to see me pout.

One day a lady took her little boy into the garden, and he amused himself with pulling off every red berry he could find. I said nothing to the dear little fellow, who was too young to know the mischief he was doing. But I felt very much out of temper, and grumbled about the indulgent mother to everybody except my father. I was afraid he would decline taking any more of my berries, if he saw me out of humor about them. I knew he would not want me to be selfish and cross for him, any more than for myself.

One day I found prints of little bare feet in the soft soil of my garden. My strawberry plants had been trampled down, and there was hardly a reddish berry left upon them. I ran in great wrath to tell my father of the robbery. I met the man who took care of the garden; he said he would watch, and if the little robbers came again, he would thrash them.

"What's that you say?" said my father, coming up behind me. "Can the little children see your berries through the fence, Annie?"

I said I supposed they peeped in when they were going by to the charity school in the lane.

"And you think they have been tempted by them to come in and steal?"

I said, "Yes."

"I am very sorry for this," said he. "It is not well to have these tempting things here, so near the gate, to lead them into sin."

"I'll teach 'em," said Thomas, "if they come here again, that they've no business with other folks' things."

"I doubt if you will teach them anything that they did not know before, if you should catch them, and whip them. They know better, no doubt, but it is hard for them to see this nice fruit almost within their reach every day, and I think we must make a sacrifice for their good. Annie, you will be able to feel kindly towards them after that."

"After what, I wonder?"

"We will take the temptation out of their daily path. Dig up the roots, Thomas, and carry them to the back of the garden."

"They won't do well there, Sir," said Thomas.

I began to cry.

"If you'll let me, I can break the brats of coming in. I know pretty well it's them little Grimeses and Grushes."

But he knew nothing about it; he only guessed, and my father said he had no right to accuse them. Thomas said he would watch and catch them at it. And he said he would not strike the children; he would only scare them.

"I think they deserve to be shaken," said I, crossly. "I did not water my vines and save my berries for little thieves to eat."

"If they had asked you for some, instead of helping themselves, would you not have given them a taste?" said my father.

"No, I would not," said I. "They are too good for little charity scholars. They could not expect to have such things given them. They would only want more, when they had had a taste, too."

"Take them up, Thomas," said my father, very gravely. "Take them away. If you think it worth the time it will take to set them out in the kitchen garden, very well. They will be mine there, not my daughter's. Dig them up at once."

I understood him well enough. I deserved to lose them. I had been very cross and selfish; yes, selfish about them, though I did not choose to eat them myself. I cried when I saw my vines tossed one after another into the wheelbarrow. Pretty soon, when I saw how sulky Tom was, I cleared up, and told him I knew my father must be right; he always was.

There was a great light shining in at my window one night, when I was waked by the ringing of the church-bell at the head of our street. A shop was burnt down. We heard all about it at breakfast, for my father always took down his fire-buckets and ran to help when there was a fire. The neighbors were going to help put up another shop immediately. Some would give work at the raising, and some money.

"Shall I give some of my money, Annie?" said my father.

"You have more than you want, I suppose," said I; and everybody at table laughed, I did not see why. I suppose it was because my father was not a rich man, and he had a large family to provide for.

"Suppose I have, ought I not to put by what I can spare for my dear children? Who will support you when I am dead and gone, and no longer earn money for my family?"

"But give the man a *little*, for he has no shop to work in."

"Very good; so I will," said my father, smiling. And they all laughed again, because he had asked my advice, and taken it. He had meant to do his part, of course, all the while.

After breakfast he took me with him into the garden. Some thimble-berry vines had come through and under the fence, from roots in the field.

"These are getting troublesome, trailing about. If you will train them up, — I'll show you how, — you may have them for your own."

I was delighted! How pretty they looked, when we had fastened them against the fence!

"I think you have learned not to be selfish for me, since you do not want me to be selfish for my children," said my father, as I was holding the list and nails for him. "You will not be for feeding me with your *whole* crop this time. You will be willing to scatter your blessings?"

"Yes, sir," said I, but I thought it would be my greatest pleasure to give him some of my thimbleberries. The vines were great bearers. I used to make long strings of them upon fine grass stems, to lay by my father's plate. But people helped themselves as they sauntered round the garden, without being scowled at by their owner. I said, "Did you ever taste any *quite* so sweet? Do you not prefer them to strawberries?" O, I did! Decidedly! And I could always find a cluster no one had touched, by searching in the sly hiding-places under the leaves, when I wanted to treat a new taster. And when I had picked all in the morning, in a few hours there were plenty more, all black and juicy, and ready to tumble into my hand. My thoughts of thimbleberries are all delightful, and I *love* them to this day.

But I remember my strawberries with something like pain, because of my grudging feelings about them. I offered them to my dearly loved friend, just as if he had been an idol. But I knew all the time that he would not like to be made an idol at all, and I was careful not to let him see that my love was so narrow. So he accepted the offering of my affection, till he found that I had forgot, in my great love for my earthly father, that I had also a Father

in heaven, and that the poor children had the same Father above, and so were all of them my brothers and sisters.

It is better to give to those who have little, than to those who have much. If we save our *all* to give presents to the friends we love best, and who are all happy and comfortable and well supplied, we shall not have anything left for our brothers and sisters who are poor, and in greater want of love, and kindness, and comfort, and help.

A. W. A.

A SUMMER SCENE.

A SWEEP of sunny wings:
And by the margent of the sheltered pool,
Where round the lily-buds the waters cool
Ripple in spreading rings,
Bright as the May mists touched by morning's gleam
Come the white fays, the genii of the stream.

A gush of happy song, —
Wherein the thousand voices of the day
Blent with the notes of fairy roundelay
Float tunefully along:
While echoes whisper faintly from the hill,
Like the leaves' cadence when the winds are still.

Where the bright waters fall,
The misty spray uprears upon the wave,
With clustered shaft and glittering architrave,
The fairies' festal hall.
And bending rainbows form the shining dome,
With drooping fringes of the beaded foam.

A breath of perfumed air
Comes rustling through the opal-tinted shade,
Tracing the smooth floor of the long arcade
With mystic lines; and where
Beneath its touch sunshine and gloom unite,
The orbéd spray pearls tremble into light.

Ah, envious wind of June!
Why hast thou robbed me of the lovely sight?
The four-leaved shamrock that I culled last night,
Under the fairy moon,
Is gone! and I have lost the magic power
To see the fairies in their summer bower.

L. A. S.

ELLIE CLARE AND NELLY BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

It was New Year's eve. The air was cold and frosty. The stars shone out from the unclouded heavens, like myriads of eyes looking from the upper world upon scenes passing below. Busy feet still trod the thoroughfares of the city, some exultant in hope and satisfied expectations; others in the faltering, languid step of disappointment, weariness, or feebleness. At the corner of one street several persons met together, and two young girls were rudely pushed against each other by the pressure of the crowd. The full blaze of the gas-light fell upon them, and revealed one of those contrasts to be met with at almost every turn in a large city. An angry look and gesture from the taller girl of the two,

who was richly dressed, and from the other a deprecatory glance of regret, flashing at once into one of hot indignation as she met the displeased expression fixed upon her, and they passed on to their respective homes, whither I must ask my readers to accompany me.

Ellie Clare, who, in company with her father and aunt, had been attending a New Year's eve service, after about ten minutes' walk entered one of the costly and commodious houses in — Place. Taking off her warm garments, she discontentedly tossed them on a sofa, and sat down in a large arm-chair, scarcely noticing the inquiries of her mother, a lady reclining, in an invalid dress, upon a lounge in the richly furnished library where the family were now assembled.

"What is the matter with my darling?" continued the mother, in the tone in which mothers are apt to address the children they have spoiled, and whose displeasure they are fearful of incurring.

"O, nothing! only I was tired of the long sermon; and then I met such a rude, dirty child, and she almost pushed me over. I wish there was no such thing as poor children, or poor people either."

"They are disagreeable, certainly, my love; but then you so seldom come in contact with such, I would not allow myself to be disturbed by them."

"Yes, but I'm always reading or hearing about them, and my Sunday-school teacher talks about our duties to the poor. I'm sure I don't see the use of making such a fuss about them; half the sermon to-night was about their sufferings and troubles."

"Well, well, dear, forget all about it now, and think of the presents you will receive to-morrow. Aunt Catharine has promised you something very valuable, you know."

"But, Cornelia," interrupted Mr. Clare, in an apologetic tone, "you certainly do not wish Ellie to be unmindful of the claims of the poor upon us. I am so engrossed with business, I have little time to attend to calls of benevolence; but I supposed, with our ample means, you and Ellie would supply all my deficiencies."

"*My* health, Mr. Clare, is inadequate to such labors, and Ellie does not look as if it was *her* mission to visit hovels, attics, and cellars," replied Mrs. Clare, in a tone of offended dignity, and with rather more energy in her manner than was consistent with her previous languid air and attitude.

Certainly, Ellie did not, at that moment, look as if her mission was one of active benevolence; at least, to a casual observer. Her complexion was one of dazzling fairness, and the walk and excitement had given a rich glow to her cheek, and an unusual brilliancy to her large dark eyes. Her brown hair fell in soft ringlets around her face, and upon her dress of richly colored plaid of the finest texture, while her countenance wore an expression of discontent and displeasure, quite at variance with any sentiments of interest and good-will towards her less fortunate fellow-beings.

Her Aunt Elizabeth, however, a quiet, middle-aged lady, belonging to the invaluable corps of single sisterhood, drew a favorable augury from the ap-

pearance of her niece. She, who had studied human nature among rich and poor, knew that Ellie's present state of mind arose from an awakened conscience, warring with her habitual modes of thought and action. Aunt Lizzie, as Ellie insisted upon calling her, had hailed with satisfaction these manifestations, in themselves so disagreeable, comparing them in her own mind with her niece's state of complacent selfishness, when, two months previous, she had, at her brother's request, come to Boston to pass the winter.

In fact, Aunt Lizzie's advent in the family had opened a new aspect of life to the hitherto spoiled child, whose only idea of benevolence had been that of liberal donations to the contribution-box, or the ostentatious heading of subscription lists. Not that Aunt Lizzie delivered set lectures to her niece upon her past selfishness or her present duties. Far from it. But she influenced her more effectually by her own quiet example and disinterested devotion, not only to the calls of benevolence, but to the fretful invalid so difficult to be soothed or amused. Once or twice only had Miss Clare described, in a few graphic words, some touching scene she had witnessed in her daily walks in the city, without, however, relating her own part in them. Ellie, with the quick perception of childhood, knew to what objects her aunt gave time and means, and never needed to inquire for whom were intended the plain, substantial garments upon which she saw her often at work. As yet, the only point upon which Aunt Lizzie had used any direct influence was to interest Ellie to join a class in the

Sabbath school under the instruction of a judicious teacher, and to win Mrs. Clare's consent also. Now, however, was the time, she thought, for a word fitly spoken to be of service to her niece, whose naturally noble and generous disposition was fast becoming perverted by selfish habits.

After Ellie had gone to her room for the night, Aunt Lizzie, as was her custom, came in to sit awhile with her.

"I do not wonder, Ellie," she said, "that it pains you to hear so much of the poor and unfortunate; it is very trying even to us, who have seen more of the sorrows of life than you have; but I will tell you how you can make these painful subjects sources of the purest joy to you."

"How, Aunt Lizzie? Only by forgetting them, I should think."

"No, my dear, by taking an interest in them; by helping the needy out of your abundance."

"Oh!" with the old dissatisfied expression, "I don't want to do that."

"Will you only endeavor to do it, my dear? Will you gratify your aunt, who has only your best good at heart, and try to feel an interest in those who are poor and distressed? Will you begin the new year with this endeavor?"

"I will try, Aunt Lizzie, to please you."

"Not alone to please me, my dear, I hope; but because it is right to do so," was Miss Clare's reply; and with a kind good-night she left her niece to her reflections and repose.

As the door closed, Ellie sighed wearily, half re-

greeting the promise she had made, and at last fell into a dreamy sleep, in which visions of poverty and distress, Aunt Catharine and Aunt Lizzie, gold watches, writing-cases, and jewelry, coarse garments and gay silk robes, were mingled in a strange medley.

Whether any of her visions became realities on New Year's day will be related in another chapter ; and, meantime, we will follow the flying feet of Nelly Brown to her humble home, not many streets distant from Ellie Clare's. This was situated in a respectable court, and although not inviting in its appearance, being a three-story house in a block of dingy brick buildings, there were indications that it was inhabited by the better class of poor people, who earn their living by honest labor. Up two flights of stairs to the third story sped the child, and, entering a room, where, by the feeble light of a single lamp, a woman sat and sewed on some coarse garment, she also threw herself discontentedly into a chair, exclaiming, "It 's no use, mother, sending to Mrs. Benson's for money, — I do believe I almost hate rich folks."

"Nelly!" was the reply, in a gentle but reproachful tone, "that does not sound like you."

"I can't help it, mother ; I was mad enough at Mrs. Benson's, when she said it was n't quite convenient to pay that little bill to-night, and I might call again ; and when I was going out, I saw through a half-open door a table covered with such beautiful things ! I'm sure the money any one of them cost would have paid you twice over. That did n't make me feel very pleasant. But when I was coming by

— Street, there was a crowd of people, some going one way, some another, and I got pushed about and knocked against a little girl, dressed O so warm and prettily! and she looked so angry at me, just as if I did it, and just as if it had hurt her fine clothes to be near mine. I am as clean as she is, I know, and I would n't treat Nancy Black as she treated me." Nancy Black was the child of a careless, idle neighbor, and in Nelly's eyes the embodiment of all that was dirty and disagreeable.

"I am sorry, Nelly," said her mother, "to see you indulge in such feelings. It has always been a great comfort to me to see how kindly disposed you were to our poorer neighbors; but I do not like to have you cherish such feelings towards the rich, because you have met with a disappointment, and a little thoughtless unkindness."

"Well, mother, it is wrong, I suppose, to feel as I did to-night; but you know I have such a quick temper, that, though I think it is the nicest thing in the world to be good, out comes some badness before I can stop it. I did want to have that nice chicken for our dinner to-morrow, and so we could make some broth for poor Mrs. Howe; but we can give her some of our mutton-broth, and that is always a nice dinner."

So saying, with a cheerful air Nelly took up her hood and shawl, put them away carefully, and, smoothing back her dark hair from her forehead, turned a bright, smiling countenance towards her pale, delicate-looking mother. And what a pretty face it was, now that the momentary cloud of ill-

temper had vanished, and her own natural kind-hearted cheerfulness shone out of it! With regular features and the rather unusual combination of a rich brunette complexion and dark-blue eyes, Nelly Brown's face was indeed one to attract attention at any time.

Mrs. Brown responded to her daughter's pleasant "What can I do, mother?" with an affectionate glance, and the words, "Nothing better than to go to bed, my dear."

"I'm not a bit sleepy, mother, but I am tired, and I believe I will go to bed, so as to be up first to kindle the fire, and be ready to finish that little sack for Mrs. Howe's baby as soon as it is light."

After Nelly had gone to bed in the little room occupied by her young twin-sisters and herself, Mrs. Brown drew from under her other work a cheap calico frock she was busy making as a surprise gift to her daughter, and it was not till after midnight that she put aside the finished garment, and prepared to retire. Looking in upon her sleeping children, this good mother's face wore a smile of grateful happiness, as she marked their healthy countenances in the quiet slumber of innocence; and as she laid her aching head and wearied frame upon her hard bed, she lifted up her heart in gratitude to the kind Father of all, who had granted her so many blessings.

Shall I tell you, discontented, repining children of luxury and competence, of the daily experience of this poor woman, whose life and example had made such a good and dutiful, though not model, child of Nelly? And that hers is not an extreme or unusual

case in our large cities can be testified to by noble men and women, whose meat and drink it is to do their Father's will, and labor among those whom Christ has assured us "ye have always with you."

Mrs. Brown had never known any other life than one of trial and hardship, whether in her father's cottage-home in the country, or with her husband in the cheerless dwellings of the poor in the city; yet she was rich in a contented, grateful, and benevolent heart. Mr. Brown was temperate, honest, and industrious, but one of those unfortunate men who, with the best intentions and the hardest work, are always behindhand in the world, and everything he undertook seemed to be attended with ill-luck. Consequently a great part of the labor of supporting the family had always fallen upon his wife. In addition to the care of her children, she had had the charge of her husband's aged, paralytic mother, now recently deceased. Besides attending to her household affairs, and doing all her own work, she took in plain sewing.

This had been her lot in her brightest days, and cheerfully had she toiled from early morning till late at night, thankful for the strength that enabled her to work for those she loved, and to keep the studious Nelly at school, whose great ambition it was to fit herself to be a teacher. But six weeks previous to the time when our story begins, her husband had injured his right hand so severely, that it would be months before he could be able to use it again. The accident, and the anxiety attendant upon it, threw him into a slow fever, from which he was now re-

covering. Still she did not despair. Thus far she had been able, not only to keep the family from want, but also to assist some persons who lived in the same building, whose situation was worse than her own. It is true, her prospects for the future were now dark, and her husband, never of sanguine temperament, was depressed and gloomy from his misfortunes; but she knew that there was One who ever watches over all His children, and in that thought she gathered courage for the opening year.

F. W. A. P.

(*To be continued.*)

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

(See Frontispiece.)

BLIND Bartimeus to the Lord did pray,
To ope his eyes and take the scales away.
Dear Saviour, from our youthful hearts remove
The clouds of sin, and fill us with thy love.

C.

THE ORPHANS.*

"AM I really to wear these all the time, Maggie? My! I shall spoil them the very first day, I am afraid. Two pockets, and all! O my! I am a gentleman!"
"That depends on how you behave," said Maggie.

* Continued from the July number of 1857, by request.

"Yes. But, O my! what pockets! They'll hold my twine, my knife, some wood, some nails, — all my things, almost, I want to carry!"

"But they are not to be crammed, like a donkey's panniers, Billy," said Maggie, with light-hearted mirth. "Mind you do not sit or kneel on curbstones and doorsteps, as you were always doing."

"Suppose an' I put these by all nice for holidays! I have had *such* good times in my old mended ones! It hurts my feelings to throw them away, now. My!"

The old ones disappeared the next day, however, and were not very earnestly inquired for. Billy's natural good taste made him wear the new clothes neatly, and a light pair of shoes, which took the place of his clumsy old ones, gave his movements a graceful ease. Maggie watched his little feet with pride and delight, as she led him away to the morning service. "Is this the little urchin who used to be forever under our feet on our stairs, or playing in the gutters?" said the admiring neighbors. "Who is this bright-looking little fellow?" asked strangers, as he passed them with his hand in Maggie's. "The young girl seems very proud of him!"

Proud indeed! Maggie was very happy for that day, and for many Sundays besides. But at last a heavy cloud came over her joy in him; her pride was turned to shame and anxiety.

One Saturday night he came home silent and dejected. He sat down in a corner, and did not look her in the face.

"Are you ill?" asked his sister, gazing at him.

He shook his head. She sat down by him, and turned his face up to the light.

"Then you have been naughty; you have done something you do not want to tell me, Billy. Tell Maggie! Yes, tell sister all about it." And she put her arm round him gently, pressing him to her side.

"Master has beaten me!" said the boy, hiding his face in her gown.

Maggie's heart gave one strong, passionate bound. Her orphan brother beaten! He should never go back to a man who could lay his hand on the fatherless child! She did not speak, but clasped him to her bosom, and wept. What could the boy have done? She could not command her voice to ask.

"You see, Maggie, — I — I don't know what makes me, but I'm getting to tell lies a great deal. I do not want to. I did not ever tell you any lies, Maggie, did I?" said Billy, sighing.

"I don't know; how can I tell?" said Maggie. "I always believed you."

"I did not mean to, ever. I was not afraid to say what I wanted to, to you. But now, the more they beat me, and put me in the lobby, the more I can't speak the truth when I want to. No, I can't! I am a liar."

"You can, Billy, — you must," said Maggie, wiping her eyes. "I am ashamed of you for being willing to be a liar."

But Billy had made up his mind that he was hopelessly degraded, and that it was a settled fact that he could not be truthful. He turned his eyes about

the room, as if to find something else to think about. He went and picked up a chip that lay near the fire, and felt in his pocket for his knife. "There, now I can't cut a bit. I forgot about my knife. O my!"

"Will mine do?" said Margaret, supposing he had merely mislaid his own, the most highly prized of all his worldly possessions.

"I did not think you would be so kind, if you knew I was a liar!" said Billy. "But I will try not to dull it, dear Maggie. O, I love you *so* dearly!"

Maggie gave him her knife, and returned the hug and kiss he gave her. She watched his eager work, her lips trembling, and her sight now and then blurred by a tear. His confidence grew more and more open and unrestrained, as he wrought.

"I am not to have my knife till I have done telling lies, *he* says. But he can't cure me. He shut me up in the dark, twice, all alone. He forbid me to go into the workshop. He will not let me play with the boys after school. He has tried everything else first, and then he went and whipped me. But it's no use. I was ashamed in the beginning of it. But now I don't care, for I know I can't help it. No, I can't help it. I — *can't* — help — it. So, there!"

"The master cannot cure you; *I* cannot cure you; but you can cure yourself if you will," said Maggie, gently.

"I can't! I can't, I *say*!" said Billy, angrily. In his agitation, he made a great cut with his knife, which sliced off an ear, or a nose, of a partly carved head. He flung the knife and the wood upon the

floor together, and sullenly sat down in the corner again. He would not answer when spoken to, and refused to eat, though Maggie entreated him to taste the nice cakes she had made on purpose for him.

After he had got into his little bed, Maggie went and smoothed his pillow, and arranged the bed-clothes nicely, but he did not turn his face towards her to be kissed.

"Have you said your prayer?" said she.

"No!" he answered, shortly, "and I am not going to."

Maggie asked him if he felt afraid to pray because he had done wrong? There was the more reason to pray, to thank God for being so good to him in the midst of his wrong-doing, and to ask him to forgive and strengthen him. There was no answer, but long after, when his sister supposed he had been asleep for some time, a heavy sigh told her he was still awake, and thinking. When she knew by his deep breathing that at last he was sleeping soundly, she softly put on her hooded cloak, and after a long look at his face, now placid, but having traces of recent tears, she went out.

(To be continued.)

DRAWING AS AN AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

An excellent teacher used to keep a mug full of slate-pencils ground to a sharp point, and had also

a set of smooth, fine-grained slates for the use of her younger pupils, of whom I was one. It might have been solely for the advantage of the quiet which reigned in the school-room when the busy little hands and heads were all provided with something to do. But the children all learned to draw with considerable taste and neatness in the course of two or three years, copying each other's designs, or emulating each other's advances, making discoveries for themselves in perspective and foreshortening that were better than rules, for they were practical principles.

Remembering this childish experience, I was delighted with the following remarks in Ruskin's last work: —

"I do not think it advisable to engage a child in any but the most voluntary practice of art. If it has talent for drawing, it will be continually scrawling on what paper it can get, and should be allowed to scrawl at its own free will, due praise being given for every appearance of care, or truth, in its efforts. It should be allowed to amuse itself with cheap colors almost as soon as it has sense enough to wish for them. If it merely daubs the paper with shapeless stains, the color-box may be taken away till it knows better; but as soon as it begins painting red coats on soldiers, striped flags on ships, &c., it should have colors at command.

"It should be gently led by parents to try to draw, in such childish fashion as may be, the things it can see and likes, — birds or butterflies, flowers or fruit. In later years, the indulgence of using the color

should only be granted as a reward, after it has shown care and progress in its drawings with a pencil. A limited number of good and amusing prints should always be within a boy's reach : in these days of cheap illustration, he can hardly possess a volume of nursery tales without good wood-cuts in it, and should be inclined to copy what he likes best of this kind. But he should be firmly restricted to a few prints and a few books. If a child has many toys, it will get tired of them, and break them ; if a boy has many prints, he will merely dawdle and scrawl over them ; it is by the limitation of his possessions that his pleasure in them is perfected, and his attention concentrated.

“ If the child shows talent for inventing and grouping figures, the parents should neither check nor praise it. They may laugh with it frankly, or show pleasure in what it has done, just as they show pleasure in seeing it well and cheerful ; but they must not praise it for being clever, any more than they would praise it for being stout. They may praise it for what costs it self-denial, namely, attention and hard work ; otherwise they will make it work for vanity's sake, and always badly.

“ It would be worth while to learn perspective, if he could do so easily ; but without a master's help, and in the way perspective is at present explained in the treatises, the difficulty is greater than the gain. For perspective is not of the slightest use, except in rudimentary work. You can draw the rounding line of a table in perspective, but you cannot draw the line of a sea-bay ; you can foreshorten a log of wood

by it, but you cannot foreshorten an arm. Its laws are too gross and too few to be applied to any subtle form; therefore, as you must draw the subtle forms by the eye, certainly you may draw the simple ones."

THE BABY.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny toe,
 Nae stocking on her feet;
 Her supple ankle white as snow,
 As early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink;
 Her double dimpled chin;
 Her puckered lips and balmy mou,
 With nae one tooth between.

Her e'en, sae like her mother's e'en,
 Twa gentle liquid things;
 Her face, — 't is like an angel's face:
 We're glad she has no wings.

She is the budding of our love,
 A giftie God gied us;
 We maun na love the gift ower weel,
 'T wad be nae blessing thus.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A CAT ANSWERING THE PURPOSE OF A DIAL. — A traveller in China asked a boy whom he met whether it was quite noon. The sky was cloudy, so that the sun did not

answer the query. The boy ran home, and came back with a cat in his arms. "Look here," said he, showing the pupils of the cat's eyes; "it is not yet noon, you perceive." Puss was not altogether pleased, and made her escape as soon as she could, leaving the traveller somewhat unsatisfied. "Very well," said the traveller, continuing his route, "I thank you."

But he afterwards "took an observation" of a cat's eye at different times in the day, and convinced himself that it was exactly noon when the pupil became a fine line as thin as a hair; dilatation commenced immediately after twelve, and total darkness made the expansion complete. We have no cat; but many of our readers have the means of verifying this fact. Is it true?

ALMSGIVING. — Which is the most pressing claim on our charity, the hunger of the soul or the hunger of the body?

SHOES. — The Chinese women are all lame. They wear pretty little embroidered boots, which might fit a goat's foot as well as their own. Their step is a kind of hop; an affectation of being ready to fall, is considered a grace. "What an *uncivilized* people!" they would say, if they saw our comparatively large feet. But alas! we are nearly as much over-civilized in this respect as they. Compare the shape of a child's foot, or any foot which has never worn a shoe, with any shoe or boot you can find. Or compare one of those wild, untortured feet with a civilized foot. What a cruel, barbarous, and absurd fashion it is, which so alters and deforms nature! A little child was whimpering softly and hopelessly one day, in his little carriage in the street. "What is the matter, little one?" asks a compassionate passer-by. "My *India-rubbers* ache!" blubbered the infant.

ANECDOTE. — About a hundred years ago, a party of ladies went to see a collection of wax figures, in Boston. Per-

haps it was the beginning of the old Columbian Museum, but I do not know. The figures were in full costume, and many of them likenesses of distinguished individuals, in various striking and dignified attitudes; the silent assembly was very imposing, therefore, and probably almost awed the visitors into silence at first. But they soon began to make their comments, which may have been somewhat in this manner. "Ah, here is the noble Colonel Washington! What an air of calm authority he has, as he stands there, at the head! He looks as if he had been born to rule a nation. — Here is the Governor, — what an overbearing, haughty eye! Wax man, you need not look down thus on your betters! You are but a puppet! — O, here is the man who makes our hearts burn within us, the eloquent Whitefield! No voice, no motion, his arms paralyzed above his head. Let us pass on, the illusion is over. — But who can this be, seated behind him? Let us get a fair look at him; is it — why, it is Mather Byles, to the life! The very same old cocked hat he wears, the gray stockings; — but look! the face! The best we have seen yet! There is the whimsical expression of his eye, and the half-smile that makes one think there is a jest ready at the tip of his tongue." They cannot look at him without peals of laughter. "I declare, I thought I saw a wink! I could almost believe he is breathing. I wonder if his daughters have been to see it. They see enough of him at home, though, I imagine. You have heard how he locked them up in the closet, where they had taken refuge from an unseasonable visitor?" Other instances of eccentric mischief are told, and remarks made, of no particularly favorable or flattering character. The figure rose and made the ladies a grave bow. It was Dr. Byles himself. He had heard them coming, and by seating himself among the figures, and keeping his countenance, had played them a trick, for which they had unconsciously revenged themselves.

FAYAL EARWIGS are like our little American horrors mounted on stilts. From an impression made upon my mind in childhood, I have a foolish aversion to this innocent reptile. I was taught to believe that his sole object in life was to get into my ear; and though I have long since given up the silly notion, the terror remains. Imagine, then, my excitement at the sight of a creature so tall that his shadow followed him on the wall as he nimbly approached the place where my lamp stood. I imprisoned him under a tumbler, holding it against the wall. He was in such a fury, or fright, on finding himself hemmed in, that I felt very nervous lest I should not keep the glass walls steady. Finding there was no door of escape, he turned into the tumbler, and immediately his hundred heels flew up, and he fell helpless upon the smooth glass. The poor fellow was drowned in spirit, and brought home as a curiosity. A.

FOOLISH ANTIPATHY. — There is a small, sly personage, harmless, I believe, at least in *our* climate, and the opposite of obtrusive in his disposition and habits, that I never see without a shudder. It is not simply disgust, but hate; I have a murderous hostility towards him, although, in general, I respect even an insect's right to be left in the enjoyment of the boon of life, when he behaves himself as he should. This, mine aversion, has but to appear, and I am in a state of trembling excitement. He moves, and I feel a frenzy of mingled passions urging me to exterminate him. His color is hateful, though there is nothing positive about it; it is not red, it is not brown, but a horrible unreal hue, as if my straining eyeballs would presently be unable to keep me informed of his whereabouts. Then his way of proceeding, slinking into any little dark cranny he may find, in order to come forth when I am not upon my guard, and perhaps asleep, to make a highway of my body for his hundred wicked feet, which seek to explore the labyrinthine passages of my ear,

and crawl into my brain! His fifty pair of legs shall not avail him; the toe of my slipper shall overtake and utterly demolish his lithe and nimble many-jointed body. — I have done it, — he lies crushed and harmless. I gaze upon my fell work, to be sure that he slipped not away slyly, at the last moment. I now cool down, and forbear to exult over him. I even feel some degree of pity and remorse. He was cut off perhaps in the flower of his days, when life was very pleasant to him; trampled out of the very likeness of an earwig, his blood staining my sole, when inoffensively crossing my path, on his own private errand, which, most likely, had no reference at all to my cerebral caverns. Alas! how easy to destroy what no human skill could restore, or comprehend, the wonderful workmanship of God, a curiously wrought machine, serving mysteriously the purposes of the insect will. And that will, — the purpose and aim that prompted the movements of that curious frame, — do they not prove something to have dwelt there, apart from the body I have crushed?

P. & S.

I DO not know the author of the following song. I begged the words from a lady whom I heard sing it, and I wish I could convey to my readers her sweet and touching tones.

O, I long to lie, dear mother,
 On the cool and fragrant grass,
 With the calm blue sky above my head,
 And the shadowy clouds that pass;
 And I want the bright, bright sunshine
 All round about my bed; —
 I 'll close my eyes, and God will think
 Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
 To take me up to him;
 He will bear me, slow and steadily,
 Far through the ether dim.

He will gently lay me
 Close by the Saviour's side,
 And when I'm sure that I'm in heaven,
 My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
 Who stand around the throne,
 Till I find my sister Mary,
 For I know she must be one ;
 And when I find her, mother,
 We will go away alone ;
 I will tell her how we've missed her
 All the while that she's been gone.

O, I shall be delighted
 To hear her voice again,
 Though I know she'll not return to us, —
 To ask her would be vain.
 So I'll put my arms around her,
 And look into her eyes,
 And remember all I say to her,
 And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
 To take me back to you :
 He will bear me, slow and steadily,
 Down through the ether blue ;
 And you'll only think, dear mother,
 That I've been out to play,
 And have gone to sleep beneath the tree,
 This sultry summer day.

I HOPE the writers in the *Child's Friend* will not generally object to their names being known, as I think it adds to the interest of the pieces with many readers. I find my acting upon my former notice took one or two of my contributors by surprise. I should be glad to give the names, in every instance, and shall do so when not expressly forbidden. I wish some of the children among my subscribers would write to me now and then, and tell me their preferences. I will respond privately, or by the "Editor's Drawer."



Alfred Orpen del.

J. Ashurst & Co. Lith.

DINING-OUT.

CROSS TOM.

"this minute! Mind you don't have to
I sha'n't give you any excuse! Quick
you hear the bell? Little Jemmy, he's
He's laughing to see you cry, — you
If you come back, you'll get a troun-
anything else, I tell you. So you had best
If you get a whipping at
shall have another at home. If you play
then, you'd better not try *that*!"

Tommy was not happy at home, and he was al-
happy in school. Why? Here was little
always laughing, always good-natured, al-
to do what he was told: he was happy
where. No rod was held over *his* head.
nobody shook him, and set
him hard; nobody called him "Baby," though
two years younger than Tom. Tommy said
because Jemmy was the favorite. Yes, he
favorite; every one loved him, and spoke
to him; but it was because he was such a
favored little fellow.

the boys came to the school-room door, they
children round it; all had gone in, and every
the entry but one had its little cap or hat.
mistress, Miss Murray, had come to close
Seeing the other brothers, she waited a
let them go in. Jemmy made his little
grateful ~~smile~~ for he was glad not to be
he knew that no one would give Tommy



CROSS TOM.

"Go along, this minute! Mind you don't have to come back; I sha'n't give you any excuse! Quick step! Don't you hear the bell? Little Jemmy, he's a good boy! He's laughing to see you cry, — you great baby! If you come back, you'll get a trouncing, and nothing else, I tell you. So you had best step along a little faster. If you get a whipping at school, you shall have another at home. If you play truant, — well, you'd better not try *that!*"

Tommy was not happy at home, and he was always unhappy in school. Why? Here was little Jemmy, always laughing, always good-natured, always willing to do what he was told: he was happy enough anywhere. No rod was held over *his* head. Nobody scolded him; nobody shook him, and set him down hard; nobody called him "Baby," though he was two years younger than Tom. Tommy said it was because Jemmy was the favorite. Yes, he *was* the favorite; every one loved him, and spoke kindly to him; but it was because he was such a good-humored little fellow.

When the boys came to the school-room door, they saw no children round it; all had gone in, and every peg in the entry but two had its little cap or hat. The schoolmistress, Miss Murray, had come to close the door. Seeing the little brothers, she waited a moment to let them get in. Jemmy made his little bow with a grateful smile, for he was glad not to be shut out; he knew that no one would give Tommy

an excuse, because he had walked as slowly as he could. The teacher smiled too, and patted his cheek as he passed her. Tommy kept her waiting till he had pulled a cap off from the nail he liked best, and hung his old hat upon it.

"What is that for?" asked the teacher, sharply.

"*My* nail!" grumbled Tom.

"Who says so? *I* have not given you any particular nail to yourself. Hang up Charley's cap again; you have thrown it down on the dirty floor."

"'Cause he —"

"Pick it up!" said the schoolmistress with a stamp.

He obeyed in all haste, but sulkily. There was a titter through the benches as Tom came in, with a tear in one eye, and his fist in the other, and lips pouting out beyond his very red little nose.

The teacher waited a little while before she opened the Bible to read. She looked at Tom, leaned her head upon her hand, and sighed. Tom looked up at her as if he did not love her at all. But Jemmy looked up with a sober and gentle glance; he was sorry to see her look sad. Her face grew bright as she met his loving look.

"Open your books now, and all of you think as you read that it is God's holy word. I will read last this morning, because my mind is disturbed, and Tommy, you can be excused from reading in your turn for the same reason."

Tom wanted to say, "Why may n't I read?" but he did not, for her voice was solemn, and very kind and gentle too. He did not open his Bible, which lay on the desk before him. Jemmy could not read,

but he listened. The prayer followed, and Tom thought, as all the sweet voices together said, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us," that he never really forgave anybody.

"I ought to; I'll forgive Miss Murray," he said to himself. And he felt better at once. His face showed that he was happier. He pulled out his slate, and did his sums for once without saying, "I can't; they're hard." He wrote, and forgot to fret about his pen; though quills, not steel pens, were in use at that time. Much good it did him to throw off the sulks, instead of keeping them as long as he could, which was his custom.

Miss Murray sat in her desk, and now and then she cast a look at Tom. "I wish I could love him a little," thought she. "Then I could bear with him better. How shall I make myself love a cross, unpleasant sort of child like that? By doing him a kindness, perhaps."

By and by, she went round by Tom's bench. "You are writing remarkably even to-day," said she. "I really think you will be one of my best writers soon. That B is as good as my own, really."

She might have praised Tom's writing before, but he never had given her the chance. He was always complaining when she came round; he did not like his copy or his pen, or his hand shook, or some one joggled his elbow or kept the light from his page. The taste of praise was new, and quite pleasant, and yet it almost made Tom cry, in his surprise.

"Tom," said she, stooping and whispering, "come

up to the desk and bring your copy when it is done; and if I am not there, wait till I come."

"Can't I leave it?" he almost said, but bit his lip in time, and she went away to another desk.

A roguish boy threw out a foot to make him stumble, as he went down the alley. Tom opened his mouth to accuse him, but shut it again, and hopped over the trap with a clumping sound, which made Miss Murray turn round, and speak. "Too much noise," said she, rather sternly.

Tom was just going to say it was not his fault, but he thought he would let it go for once. The boy — it was Charley — was amazed, and Miss Murray, when she saw it was Tom she had rebuked, was surprised too, to see no sulky looks, no shrug of the shoulders, nor twitch of the elbows.

"One would think he knew what I was going to say to him," thought she. In her desk lay two green cards; on them was printed, in large letters: "The Androides. Admit the bearer." She let Tom have a peep at them, inside the desk.

"These tickets were given to me. I thought at first I should take the scholar who behaved best this week. But there were several equally good. Then I thought I would take the youngest, or the oldest. But I think I will take the one who is the least happy of all of us; who do you think that is?"

"I," said Tom, astonished.

"So you may go as soon as you have said your lessons; put on your best jacket and your morocco shoes, and get Patty to brush your hair smooth. Then be at the end of the lane when the stage-coach comes along. I will tell the driver to stop."

"Yes'm," said Tom, with eyes like diamonds. He did not know how to thank her, not being used to having cause to thank people. But his look was enough.

The Androides were very ingenious little wooden figures that seemed all alive to Tom. One little fellow kept wheeling a heavy load which he never seemed to get rid of. Another went along a street, and ran up steps to knock at a door; steps were heard inside, and a smart-looking girl threw the door open, and popped her head out. A fellow with a red face and huge stomach drew real wine and Tokay from a little barrel, and presented it to the spectators in a cup about as large as a thimble. There were many other figures, but they are forgotten now, for it was long ago that Tom was a cross little boy and was cured of it by his teacher's learning to love him by making him love her. The boy grew more cheerful and more good from that day, and even Patty, his mother's cross nurse and housekeeper, was kind to him at last.

Children are cross because they are unhappy, and then unhappy because they are cross. Let every little boy resolve to be pleasant, whatever turns up, and think but little of his *own* happiness. Then kindness and happiness will come to him from around and above.

A. W. A.

THE kind affections are their own reward.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

"AND may I really go into the woods with you, Uncle?" asked little Mary, as she watched her uncle drawing on his boots to be ready for the sled when it came.

"I am very willing, my little girl," said Uncle Charles. "Only I am afraid that you will find it pretty cold and dreary, and not like to stay there in the woods all day. You know I shall not come home till night. What do you think your mother would say, if she thought her little city girl was going into the woods sledding?"

"O, mamma would like right well to have me out of doors such a nice long time," said Mary. "I will not give you any trouble."

"I am not afraid of what you can do in that way," said Uncle Charles, laughing. "Run and ask Grandma if she will wrap you up warm."

"Will you, Grandma?" asked little Mary, skipping across the room to the place where her grandmother was sitting, and putting a little hand on her arm, pleadingly. "I will try," answered her grandmother, smiling.

Soon Mary was ready and standing on the doorstep watching the hired man with great interest as he yoked the oxen to the sled. Before long, her uncle came out and carried her in his arms to the sled. And as the oxen started off, Mary threw a kiss to Grandma, who was standing at the window.

The sled went down the road along by the little

Irish shanty, where small, curly-pated urchins came out and stared at Mary as she passed. At last it reached the woods. Mary did not like riding on the sled quite so well after that, because the road was very rough. Two or three times she would have fallen off, if her Uncle Charles had not caught her in his arms. "Why, my little lady," cried he, laughing, "do you like the oxen so well that you prefer to ride on their backs?" Before Mary had time to answer, Mr. Green jumped from the sled. The tin pail holding their dinner took the opportunity to slip off into the snow, scattering the pie and doughnuts in all directions.

Mary could hardly stop laughing enough to help him pack the dinner into the pail again. "You little rogue, I should not have taken my hand from the pail if I had not seen you, all at once, trying to mount upon my oxen," said Uncle Charles, chucking her under the chin.

"I am very sorry," said Mary, demurely. Then she burst into a laugh again at the recollection of the sudden pitch which had tossed her forward.

"There, see what a good fire John has made to keep you warm," said her uncle, as Mary seated herself on a log by some blazing *brushwood*.

"O, it is so comfortable!" said Mary, holding out her hands towards the flame. "Uncle Charles, where are you going?" she asked, as she saw him slowly driving the oxen away.

"Why, I am only going to pile up these logs that you see lying round here; I shall not go out of sight, and when you are tired of warming yourself you can

throw some more sticks into the fire, and then go and make a snow man," said Mr. Green as he turned again to his oxen.

"I wonder what Harry and Walter would say if they could see me now," thought Mary, as she sat on the log watching her uncle and the fire. "I don't believe *they* ever went into the woods in winter. No, they'd have told me stories about it. O, how they would like it! I guess we have not any such places as this in Boston," added she, aloud to herself. "The Common is not at all like it."

"Any such places as what?" said a voice behind her. Mary turned and saw John bringing a great armful of sticks.

"Why, any such places as these woods," said Mary.

"No, I should think not, Miss Mary." And John laughed softly to himself as he walked away.

"I do not think I could make a snow man if I tried," said Mary to herself, when she began to want something to do. "I do believe Uncle Charles forgot I was a little girl: still I can try," and she worked vigorously for some time with a little wooden shovel of her own which had accompanied the tin pail. "I wonder if Uncle Charles was not making fun of me," thought Mary, as she sat down on the log to rest. "I will try again, though; it is better than sitting still," and so saying, she jumped up and went to work. Before long, quite a tall pile of snow had been raised. But as Mary was viewing it with admiring eye, she saw that she had made it too near the fire. The side nearest the flame was melting very fast, and just as she was saying, "O dear,

what a pity!" the top of the pile fell over into the fire, making a great sputtering.

"John, John!" cried Mary, "I have put your fire out."

John, who was working at a little distance, turned round, and, seeing Mary's distressed face, told her not to be troubled, he could make it burn again. He walked very slowly towards the place where the scattered embers were lying.

"John," said Mary, as she watched him putting on the wood, "I am tired of staying here; don't you think I could go over to the place where Uncle Charles is?"

"I don't know; perhaps the crust will bear you, Miss Mary," said John. "You can try."

Mary walked slowly and very carefully for some time, till she found it bore her very well, and then she began to run.

"Take care, Mary," called out her uncle. "I am afraid you will slump in if you try to run."

Just as Mary began to say, "O no!" she broke the crust, and down she sank into the snow. She struggled violently, but found that only made the matter worse. So she shouted, "Uncle Charles, I *have* slumped in!"

"Ah! I thought you would," said he, laughingly, as he drew her out of the snow and carried her back to the fire. "Now, Mary, you must dry your feet. And here is a little story-book for you to read. I brought it because I thought you would grow tired of sitting by the fire so long. I am going to put some potatoes into the ashes: do you see? And

when they are done, you can call me, and we will eat our dinner."

"But I shall not know when they are done," said Mary.

"Well, then, when I think it is time, I will come," said Uncle Charles. He walked away, and Mary was soon very much interested in her book. She did not notice that her uncle had come back till he put his hand on her shoulder and said, "I would have some dinner now, Mary." Mary shut up her book, and saw that her uncle had spread out their dinner on a board which he had brought for that purpose.

"Why, what a funny table!" said Mary, with a gay laugh.

"Yes, and what a funny dining-room too!" said Mr. Green, as he looked round. "It is rather pleasant, though, here in the woods, *I* think, Mary; don't you?"

"Yes indeed," said Mary, taking a long breath, very like a gape.

"There, Mary, you see we do not have any dishes to wash," said her Uncle as he threw away the pieces of birch-bark which had served them as plates. "I shall go home sooner than I expected. In about an hour and a half or two hours I shall load the sled with wood, put you on the top, and then leave the trees to take care of themselves. You can read, or make another snow man, or do just what you please till that time." Mr. Green smiled slyly as he walked away.

"Please don't laugh at me," said Mary, timidly.

"No, little pussy," he replied; "I won't laugh at you."

When Mary had finished her story, she looked up and saw her uncle coming towards her with the sled full of wood.

"Come, Mary, mount your throne," said he.

"O, I shall fall!" said Mary, drawing back.

"But I will hold you on," and he seated her on his coat, which he had spread over the logs.

"Why, there is Cousin Sarah coming down the road upon the run," exclaimed Mary, as the sled slowly emerged from the wood.

"Papa, may I ride too?" asked Sarah, coming up, quite out of breath.

"Jump, then," said her father, and she presently seated herself by the side of Mary. They talked very fast, Mary telling her cousin her adventures, till they reached home.

"I have had such a pleasant time, Grandma," said Mary, kissing the kind old lady, as she took off her things for her in the warm sitting-room.

After tea, Mr. Green, seeing that Mary looked rather tired, called her to him, and, placing her on his knee, said, "Are you glad or sorry you went into the woods with Uncle Charles?"

"O, glad! Yes, indeed!" said Mary. "And I think you were very kind to take me with you. I shall write all about it to Harry and Walter. But good night now." And off she ran up stairs, for she heard her grandmother calling her to go to bed.

ROSAMOND.

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN, WITH HER FIRST
BONNET.

BY MISS C. BOWLES.

FAIRIES, guard the baby's bonnet !
Set a special watch upon it.
Elfin people ! to your care
I commit it, fresh and fair, —
Neat as neatness, white as snow :
See you keep it ever so.

Watch and ward set all about, —
Some within and some without :
Over it with dainty hand
One her kirtle green expand ;
Two or three about the bow
Vigilant concern bestow ;
A score at least, on either side,
'Gainst evil accident provide, —
Fall, or jar, or overlay ;
And so the precious charge convey
Through all the dangers of the way.
But when *those* are battled through,
Fairies ! more remains to do ;
Ye must gift before ye go
The bonnet and the babe also.

Gift it to protect it well,
Fays ! from all malignant spell,
Charms and seasons to defy,
Blighting wind and evil eye.
And the bonny babe, — on her
All your choicest gifts confer !
Just as much of wit and sense
As may be hers without pretence ;
Just as much of grace and beauty
As shall not interfere with duty ;

cha
his
a h
the
wo
eat

THE KING AND THE GLUTTON.

61

Just as much of sprightliness
 As shall companion gentleness;
 Just as much light-hearted cheer
 As may be melted to a tear,
 By a tone, a word, a look,
 Pity's touch, or love's rebuke;
 As much of frankness, bland and free,
 As may consort with modesty;
 As much of feeling as will bear
 Of after life the wear and tear;
 As much of life — But, Fairies! there
 Ye vanish into thinnest air!
 And with ye parts the playful vein
 That loved a light and trivial strain.
 Befits me better, babe! for thee
 To invoke Almighty agency;
 Almighty love, Almighty power,
 To nurture up the human flower,
 To cherish it with heavenly dew,
 Sustain with earthly blessings too,
 And, when the ripe full time shall be,
 Engraft it on eternity.

THE KING AND THE GLUTTON.

A FABLE.

THERE once lived a king of Rome, who, out of charity to the blind, decreed that every subject of his that was so afflicted should be entitled to receive a hundred shillings from the royal treasury. Now there was in Rome a club of men who lived for the world alone, and spent all they had in rioting and eating. Seven days had they continued rioting at

one tavern, when the host demanded to be paid his bill. Every one searched his pockets, but still there was not enough to pay the reckoning.

"There still wants one hundred shillings," said the innkeeper, "and until that is paid, ye go not hence."

These young men knew not what to do, as they were penniless. "What shall we do?" said they to one another. "How can we pay so large a sum?"

At length one bethought him of the king's edict. "Listen," said he, "listen to me. Does not the king give one hundred shillings to every blind man that applies for it?"

"Even so," said the rest. "But what then? We are not blind."

"What then?" rejoined the young man. "Come, let us cast lots who shall be made blind, that, when he is made blind, we may take him to the king's palace, and obtain the hundred shillings."

So the young men cast lots, and the lot fell on him who had proposed the plan. And the rest took him, and, putting out his eyes, led him to the king's palace. When they knocked at the gate, the porter opened the wicket and demanded their business.

"Business?" said they. "See ye not our companion is blind? He seeks to receive the king's benevolent gift."

"The blindness is rather sudden," muttered the porter, who knew the young man by sight. "Well, well, I will fetch the almoner."

So the almoner, who distributed the king's charity, came to the gate, and, looking on the young man, asked him what he wanted.

"A hundred shillings, which my lord the king gives to those that are blind," replied the youth.

"Thy blindness is very sudden," rejoined the almoner. "When did it happen, and where? For I saw thee yesterday with both eyes perfect, in the tavern by the city wall."

"Last night, noble sir," replied the blind man,—"last night in that tavern I became blind."

"Go, fetch the host," said the almoner, sternly. "We will look into this matter more fully."

So, when the innkeeper came, he inquired of him how the matter was. And when he had heard all their deeds, he turned to the young man and said: "Of a surety thou knowest but half the edict, and dost interpret it wrong. To such as are blind by God's act does our gracious king give his charity. Such the law protects and relieves. But thou,—*why* art thou blind? Thinkest thou that thou dost deserve to be rewarded for voluntarily surrendering thine eyes in order to discharge the debt thou and thy companions had contracted by gluttony and rioting? Begone, foolish man, whom greediness has made blind."

So the young men were driven from the king's gate, lamenting their folly and wickedness.

* * * * *

The king's gift clearly illustrates God's award of forgiveness to those that by natural infirmity and temptation fall into sin; the withholding of it from the glutton is meant to teach how difficult it will be to obtain the forgiveness of voluntary sin, done out of pure wickedness.

Select Tales from the Gesta Romanorum.

THE ORPHANS.

No. III.

It was a long walk for a young maiden to take, alone, at night. She was as much afraid of the patrol as of the noisy passers-by, as she came to a part of the city she was little familiar with. She lingered in the dark shadow of the cathedral till that part of the broad, busy, lighted street was quiet, and then she ran with all the speed of panic to the door of a large house, in the lower story of which was the warehouse of Billy's master. As she sat upon the stone block at the corner to compose herself, for her heart was throbbing so violently she could hardly breathe, a side door opened, and a young man came out. He paused in surprise, as she rose and asked him if she could see the master.

He said he thought she should call at a more suitable business hour. The master had friends with him. What was her errand?

Could she see the master's wife?

She was entertaining her guests.

"You can go into the servants' room and send up a message. I doubt if it will be attended to, however," said the man, moving off.

Some person in passing at the moment spoke to him, and called him Bertrand.

"Are you not a friend to William Denton?" cried Maggie, eagerly.

"What, little Billy?" said Bertrand. "Are you his sister Margaret, then? What brings you here? Has anything happened to the boy?"

"I wanted to see the master, and without Billy's knowing it," said Margaret. "But you tell me I cannot."

"O, the boy has complained to you of his whipping, I see. I thought he had more spirit than to whine about a deserved punishment. You must not be too soft-hearted for his good, my poor girl; you will be the ruin of him if you are going to interfere between him and the master."

"I know it," said Margaret, "and so I have come away while he was asleep. I am not one to want to screen him from punishment that is good for him. It is not for his *body* I am afraid. He could bear far more *pain* than the master would ever lay on him, and would never flinch, nor whine, nor come complaining to me. He thinks his master was all right. Towards him he has no resentment; only he despairs of himself."

Bertrand walked home with Margaret, endeavoring to understand her feelings, in order to represent her wishes to the master.

"I was to blame, I am afraid, for his first lie, for he carved a little leaf in one of my altar-screens, and denied it when I pretended to be angry. It was well done enough, and all the harm was in his breaking a rule that he was not to meddle when in the workshop. I frightened him into that lie, in my thoughtless fun; and then he stood to it, and could not be made to confess the meddling, or the lie either. The more was done to set him right, the more lies he told about it. After the first one, they seemed to cost him nothing, not even a blush. He brazened

it out when convicted and punished, just as if he had been in the right. I never saw such a boy; was he *naturally* inclined to falsehood?"

Maggie was puzzled by this question. She remembered that in his early childhood he had been a great story-teller,—that is, he had found it hard, being a child of strong imaginative powers, to distinguish between impressions upon his fancy and realities. Was it lying, when he told her of combats with imaginary lions, and conversations with fiends and fairies? O, what was to become of romance-writers and poets, if such judgment was passed on vagaries of imagination!

"I think," said she, "that he was *naturally* fond of *truth*." And when she had said it, she remembered how his honest little face had always looked up into hers till this last sad evening, when shame had sunk his eyes to a down look wholly new to them. "So that I never have talked to him about truth as I ought, perhaps. When I taught him how to tell what *really* happened from what he dreamed awake, I never told him he had been *telling lies*. No indeed! I never called him a *liar*." And she burst into tears, in which a little indignation mingled with sorrow.

"Do not cry," said Bertrand, kindly. "It is not as if he were a man, with such a disgrace upon him. A fault cannot strike its roots deep all at once, in a child's heart. There is time enough to weed it out, you'll see!"

Maggie could talk no more; she could only sob, and Bertrand walked by her side in silence. He thought to himself that they had done wrong to

break down entirely the child's sense of character, his self-respect, at the very first fault committed under a sudden temptation. By destroying shame and the desire of approbation, they had lost the very best ground to work upon with a boy who was insensible to the mean fear of the rod, apart from disgrace. "*Don't care*," thought Bertrand to himself, "is the worst word in a child's mouth; *Can't help it*, the next most discouraging. Billy must first be made to *care*, and then to help *himself* out of this fault. I see now, plainly, that the cure of this peculiar vice must come from within. We have frightened him *into* lying, but we can't frighten him *out* of it."

When Bertrand bade Maggie good-night, she tried to frame a message to the master, but could only say that she begged him to consider sternness would only make Billy more and more deceitful. "With *me*, he is sincere," said she; "I am tempted to give up all the advantages he has away from me, and take him home again."

"I shall carry no such message as *that*," said Bertrand, leaving with a hasty good-by. "Little fool!" he thought. But as he pondered the matter more, he was not quite so sure that she was not a pretty sensible and right-minded girl, to wish the boy to be brought up in a poor station, upright and honorable, rather than to grow up to good worldly prospects with a mean, unprincipled character. He was convinced that her mild influence went deeper than force or threats could reach, and that Billy was not likely to improve away from her without kindness and encouragement.

"He is fond of me. I can do a good deal for him. I will," resolved Bertrand, who was a good-natured, and not always a thoughtless man.

When Billy opened his eyes next morning, they met those of his sister. She spoke to him cheerfully and lovingly, and helped him to dress with more than her usual tenderness. He knelt down and said the prayer and verses she had taught him, and listened seriously when she clasped his hands in hers and added a new petition that he might strive to be always truthful.

"I can't say that prayer," said he. "I know I shall lie. I can't try not to, for it's no use at all."

"Poor boy!" said Maggie, just as she would have said it if he had been in pain, or ill. He blushed, which seemed to her a good sign. She devoted herself to him the whole day. The Sabbath was to many but a noisy holiday in the foreign city where Maggie and Billy lived. But Maggie was a Protestant, and a quiet walk after church was her only accustomed recreation. Bertrand joined them, which Maggie felt to be a condescension on his part on Billy's account. He made no allusion to the evening conversation, or to the past week, and Billy was soon quite at ease. Bertrand asked him many questions as he led him along by the hand, and now and then checked his reply till he had had time to consider it carefully. Sometimes on a point of fact Bertrand would doubt him, and request that he would be quite *sure* he was right before he spoke. Maggie smiled to see how eager the boy was to convey true information, his friend being desirous to

learn such particulars about the families who occupied the houses near his old play-place, as a lad might naturally gather and remember. How many children had the baker? Was he quite sure there were a dozen of them? Twelve or thirteen? Their names, or the number could hardly be considered as well ascertained; the youngest not named yet? What did this baker ask for his bread, by the quarter of a yard? How many biscuits did he give for a sous? Was the baker on the opposite corner more or less liberal? Did he sell by weight or by measure? Did he weigh his dough, or his loaf? Did he rise early to bake his bread? Was he an honest man and well respected in the quarter? And the other baker, too? Which made the ugliest gingerbread horses? Which had the biggest oven? &c., &c.

"You answered Mr. Bertrand's questions right, did you not, Billy?" asked Maggie, when they went home.

"My! To be sure, I did! I thought he wanted to know," said Billy.

"Then you *can* tell the truth?"

Billy was obliged to believe that he could when he wanted to, and tried hard, and stopped to think, and was not hurried nor agitated.

"And when he saw you tried to tell him true, he believed you, did he not?"

"Yes, I know he did. But I can't say the truth to the master; I can't try! Because he won't believe, if I do. He says I am a liar, — a liar all the time! And I am."

"But if he sees that you try very hard, and a long time, he will believe you too at last, won't he?"

Billy was silent.

"God knows when you try, if the master does not," said Maggie. "He can see your heart, and will help you when you *wish* to be true."

Billy said his prayer that night in faith and hope. And he broke himself of lying without being punished for it any more.

A. W. A.

A LETTER FROM FAYAL.

Fayal, December 28, 1855.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :—

I wish you a merry Christmas. I wonder if you had a Christmas-tree such as we had last year? I went to see a beautiful one, at a great big house, and I must tell you what a nice time the children had. There were twelve children there, all cousins. May-Day is the oldest girl among them, though there are some boys older. They are the happiest and best set of boys and girls that I ever knew. They live in four different houses; but on Christmas day they all dined together, and so did their fathers and mothers and aunts. The children all sat at a separate table, with May-Day at the top, and they made believe that she was the head of the family. After dinner they went into a great entry and had a grand play; there was an empty tin bathing-tub there, and they made believe it was a ship, and played going to sea in it and being attacked by pirates. At last it upset with May and Walter in it, but nobody was

hurt. Then at dark they were shown a magic lantern, with a great many wonderful pictures in it: this is a fine show, but I did not see it and cannot describe it to you. Then at seven the Christmas-tree was ready. It was in a great parlor, and we were outside the door. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and we heard music inside; it was from the three oldest boys, who played "Auld Lang Syne" together, keeping perfect time, one playing the piano, one the violin, and another the horn. Then we all walked in, the children first, and there was the beautiful tree. It was not so large as ours last Christmas, that Mr. D. and Mr. W. got and fixed so nicely; but it was very handsome, and more brightly lighted than any I ever saw. It was set in what seemed a great *bank* of large flowers, roses, geraniums, and callas. On the branches hung great clusters of oranges; but the presents were arranged on eight small tables covered with white, that stood around the tree. There were a great many presents for old and young; and the children all behaved so well! Not one seemed to wish for another's gifts, and all were happy with their own. Some got down on the floor and began loading a little express-wagon, that one of them had, with little white bags, like meal-bags; and the wooden horses kept very still while the wagon was being loaded. Little Alice and Edith began putting their dolls to bed, in a doll's cradle large enough for a whole family of dolls. And Herbert blew his new trumpet till his mother told him he had better do something more quiet; and then he got *his* express-wagon, and they loaded that

too. Then after a while the red and white and blue candles on the tree burned out, and it was time for the little children to go home. And they went home more willingly than some of my little girls once did from the Levee at Horticultural Hall! Ah, you remember!

But how do you think they went home? They went in a way such as you never went, in all your lives! May and Alice went home together in a *sedan chair*. A sedan chair is a sort of covered box, with a seat in it, and a window on each side; and there are two long poles to it, which are supported by two old men; and so May and Alice were trotted home between the two old men. And sometimes the men would set down the chair a moment, and jump and swing their arms about, to rest themselves. But Edith and Herbert went home in a different way. They rode on one donkey, in two panniers, or baskets, one on each side. It looked very funny to see the little donkey come along, with his two great ears, and the two baskets, and a merry face popping up from each one. And so ended the Christmas-tree.

The children here are quite curious to know about snow and ice in America, as they have never seen ice except in the shape of hailstones, nor any snow nearer than the tops of mountains. One boy asked me if the boys in America could slide down hill on their sleds in summer, or only in winter.

One thing would seem strange to you, if you were here,—to see *oranges* so common. In Mr. Dabney's great gardens, where I often go, there are hun-

dreds of oranges lying under the trees, where they have fallen off; they will never be picked up, only perhaps raked together for the pigs. They think that none are fit to eat unless picked from the tree. As in America the farmers do not think much of "windfall apples," so here they think that windfall oranges are not worth much. Still the children are always ready to eat oranges of any kind, as I believe children almost always are ready to eat *anything* that can be eaten. One thing shows how common oranges are here; the streets are always strewn with the peel. And often it has many little holes punched through it; and on asking what the holes were, I was told that the children used the peel of oranges to load their popguns! All day long, men and women pass by here with great baskets of this beautiful fruit on their heads or shoulders, having brought it two or three miles from some distant garden. They carry them to a large building, where they are packed in boxes to go to America. In a great loft there are several hundred men and women and children, all working and talking together. The people bring in their baskets and pour the oranges on the great yellow piles which cover the floor; others sort out the best, which are not commonly the largest and handsomest, but the smallest; then little boys roll each in thin paper, and men pack them nicely in boxes, which other men nail up; then they are sent on board vessels which are entirely loaded with oranges,—think how many! In the corner of the room are great heaps of those which are not good enough to send away, though very good to eat. One day

May and I were at this orange-loft, and her uncle, who owns the place, told us we might toss as many of these last oranges as we pleased to a group of children who were standing under the window outside. So we began, and more children came running, and they jumped and ran for the oranges; we always tried to toss them to the smallest children, and those who had fewest, and the oranges rolled and bounced every way; the children sometimes got hit on the head, and laughed all the more, and we laughed too, and May thought it was *splendid* fun. When each child had three or four, and some twice as many, we stopped. And I must stop writing too; so good by, my dear children; and when you next eat an orange, remember what I have told you about them.

Your affectionate friend,

T. W. H.

P. S. Isn't it queer? it is past Christmas, and yet the gardens are full of flowers, and the peas coming up.

DUTIES TO PARENTS.

CHILDREN, were you to be stretched upon a bed of sickness, and suffering the most severe pains, of whom would you be most likely to think, of yourself or others? And do you think, while you are suffering thus severely, you could forget yourself enough to lay any plan for your mother's comfort? Would you

not rather expect her to be taking care of yours, and think you had done all that was required of you, if, as far as you could, you avoided giving her trouble? But Jesus, when he was suffering greater agony than we can even conceive of, and when he had endured it so long that his frame was entirely exhausted, at that very time was thinking of his mother, and providing for her future comfort. One of the first things recorded of Jesus is his obedience to his mother, and one of the very last is his affection and care for her. In this, as in all other respects, Jesus is an example for you, and this leads me to point out some of your duties to your parents. But first I will say, that if there ever was a child who had an excuse for not obeying parents, and paying them respect, Jesus had, for *he* might have said, with truth, that he knew far better what was right than his parents did, since he was both wiser and holier than they, whereas you must all feel that your parents are much wiser than you; even sometimes when you have thought you knew better than they, you have generally found afterwards that you were mistaken. At any rate, you have every reason to suppose they know far better than you do, as you have but just begun to live, and they have been in the world a great while. Then God has placed you under their care, that they may keep you from harm, and guide and direct you in the right way; and he requires that you should regard them next to him.

The first duty you owe your parents is *obedience*, I will not say to their commands, for I should hope you would not wait for them to command you.

Their mere wishes or requests should be enough, and when you can possibly judge what these would be, you should not wait for them to express them. Do then whatever they request you ; do it at once. Do not be putting it off as long as you can, and doing it at last only because you cannot help it, but do it as soon as you know their wishes. Do it, too, cheerfully ; feel that they would never require anything unreasonable, and make it your pleasure to do it.

X Your next duty is to treat them with *respect*. Impatience and crossness are unpleasant enough in any one, but more especially in children in speaking to their parents. Even if you give sharp answers to any one else, let nothing tempt you ever to treat them thus. Could you know the anguish which wrings their hearts at every such unkindness in those whom they best love, I am sure you would repress the hasty word that rises to your lips. Look up to them, too, as superior to yourselves, and on this account address them always with respect. You would very likely pay respect to a very great or learned man, to whom you were introduced for the first time ; but remember your father and mother are entitled to far more respect from you, from the relation in which they stand to you, and which God himself has appointed. Nothing appears more beautiful than to see the most wise and eminent men paying respect to their aged and perhaps infirm parents.

You should place perfect *confidence* in your father and mother. Never listen to any secrets which you must keep from them. When you have done wrong, tell them of it freely and directly, confide to them

your troubles, and be sure you will always receive their forgiveness and sympathy. Always remember that your parents are your best friends, and have no concealments from them.

You should do all in your power to assist your parents. Remember that it is suitable and proper for the younger to wait upon the elder, and do all you can to save them trouble. Unless you are sick, never suffer them to wait upon you. When you are going to amuse yourselves, always think first whether there is anything you can do to help your parents, and prefer that to your own gratification.

Do you ask why you should do all this? I have mentioned the example of Jesus as one reason, that if he who was so perfectly wise and holy, and could work such wonderful miracles, could condescend to be obedient to his frail earthly parents in all things, you surely, who are so weak and ignorant, and liable to do wrong, ought to be entirely guided by them. But if you think for a moment of all they have done for you, I am sure you cannot hesitate. Look at any little infant you may see, and observe the attention of its mother; hear how often she is kept awake by it at night, see how cheerfully she confines herself at home, to take care of it, and never thinks anything she can do a burden. Remember that all this your mother has done for you. Think too of their intense anxiety for your happiness and improvement,—how fondly they are looking forward to your future excellence and usefulness; think of all the favors they have heaped upon you, of all the privileges and advantages they have given you,—how

often — but you cannot tell how often — they have denied themselves that you might have what they thought you wished, or what they thought desirable for you. When they refuse you anything you ask, let all these thoughts come up to your minds, and prevent one feeling of anger. Remember that it must be for your good that they refuse you, and you, no doubt, will see it hereafter; and probably it occasions them as much pain to deny your request, as it does you to be denied. Think too of the bitter suffering you cause them by one wrong word. They love you so dearly, that their happiness depends more upon your good conduct than upon any other earthly thing. Think too (and alone, and seriously) that the time may come when they will be taken from you. It will be a hard parting at any rate, and how severe will be your sufferings if you look back upon disobedient, ungrateful conduct to them!

M. P. D.

THE LAST SLICE.

(See Frontispiece.)

BEGGING again, I do declare !
Ponto, I say it is not fair.
You 've had your full and equal share,
Greedy thing !

I 've not had time to take a bite,
Before your half is swallowed quite.
No, sir ; not even the tiniest mite
Will I fling

THE BLESSEDNESS OF SUFFERING.

79

For you to catch. Do you hear! Away!
 Don't sit there in that wheedling way,
 Gazing at me ; I fear I may
 Be a fool,

And toss into your mouth this bit.
 There ! Now you 've got the rest of it,
 And I shall starve before I get
 Home from school.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF SUFFERING.

Serina. O mother! I feel heart-sick all the time, since I have known that Eliza cannot get well. I try to forget it as much as I can. But it only makes it worse, for when I am amusing myself, the thought comes to me with a sudden pang like a knife through my heart. Just now I came dancing along the entry, and sprang up the stairs, as usual, and then I sat down and cried, for I thought of poor, poor Eliza, as young as I, never to dance again, and perhaps never to go out of the house alive. The Doctor says she will never be any better, but may live for years in this dismal way. How dreadful it is! (*Weeping.*)

Mother. How shall I comfort you, my child? It is only experience that gives us a more cheerful view of sickness.

Serina. Surely, mamma, experience would make me realize all the more the pain and privation of being ill.

Mother. It would, and thus enable you to feel

tenderly for the sick, and know how to be kind to them. But this dreary horror you have now, which leads you rather to shrink from the sight of the sufferer, and to turn away from the door of a sick-room, would be gone, I assure you. I wish I could talk it away for you, for I remember it in my childhood as a most painful feeling.

Serina. Do you, mamma?

Mother. When I was a little child I had a great shock. You must know that then people had a great fear of contagious diseases, and the sick were cruelly carried away from their homes to a hospital, called a pest-house, — a solitary, dismal place often. I had a beautiful little sister, with long golden ringlets, rosy cheeks, and blue eyes, whom I often see in my dreams, looking sorrowful and frightened, as when they carried her away on a bed because she had broken out with the small-pox. I never saw her again. No one knew how much I thought of it. I had no mother to console me, — I can scarce remember her at all, — and no one taught me how we should feel that God's love is over us in the darkest sorrow if we would look up to it, just as we could see the stars shining brightly always, if we were at the bottom of a deep, dark pit or well, and looked up to heaven.

Serina. Yes, I know, and I shall always think how God's love is always the same, — like the stars, — seen or unseen. I feel happier already, mother. Tell on.

Mother. When I was grown up, perhaps three or four years older than you, the small-pox came again into our neighborhood, because vaccination had been

neglected. The custom of carrying the sick away had ceased, but not the panic fear at the very name of small-pox ; so the hired people fled from my grandfather's house and the farm-house near it. There was sickness in both houses, and there was a dairy to attend to, and a great deal of work to be done. I was young and healthy, and the care of the sick fell mostly on me. I had never been so happy as I was then, for I felt I was a comfort and a blessing, and each sick-room was made a happier and more comfortable place by my exertions. I cannot tell you how I enjoyed those days in the midst of great fatigue and exhaustion. I joined the church soon after that time of active effort in scenes of suffering and sorrow, for it opened my heart to feel the love of God, and I longed to follow the footsteps of our blessed Master who went about doing good.

Serina. Mother, could I be any comfort to poor Eliza ?

Mother. Certainly you can. Carry her flowers, arranged as you know she likes them, and give her a bright smile to refresh her as you enter her room. The sick do not want woful faces about them,—only gentle ones. Speak up cheerfully, and caress her fondly, when you feel that you love her for her sweet patience and submission.

Serina. How can I smile, when I feel like crying ?

Mother. Believe, my child, that with her trial God will send her sweet consolations which the world knows not of. Blessed are they who suffer, for they shall be comforted.

Serina. I will try to believe so, and I will not

keep away from her room just because it gives me pain to be there.

Mother. Physical pain seems a mystery, till we see its value by its effects. Can we believe any pang is in vain, when we see how suffering spiritualizes the character, and makes the heart draw nearer to the love of God, the fountain of all true happiness ?

Serina. I shall try then not to dread it any more. I ought not to shrink from it, I suppose, if it is to be for my best good, mamma.

Mother. You love to talk over the adventures of your only serious illness, the measles ; how you took a spoonful of salt by mistake instead of sugar, after the nauseous saffron-tea old nurse chose to give you, and how —

Serina. O, I had such a nice time!

Mother. You have forgotten how uncomfortable you were. Bodily ills fade out of the mind readily, because they do not touch the heart, — unless, indeed, some unkindness goes with them.

Serina. I think they make people pretty cross sometimes, and that makes the sympathy of well people grow cool in a minute, unless it is such a kind mother as you, that can excuse it.

Mother (smiling). Patience grows with the need of it, both in the sick and their attendants. Good discipline, if we did but know it, and learn our lesson rightly. I have just read the death of a lady, an invalid from her early years, and for seven years past a great sufferer. Read aloud, from there.

Serina. “Unmurmuring submission, thoughtful-

ness for her friends and for the poor, gifts and deeds of kindness, the forthputtings of a spirit beyond the reach of disease, as of death, have made her declining an upward path, and its painful steps stages on the way to heaven." How beautiful!

Mother. And I will read this page of a letter. It is from a friend of hers, an author, with whom she kept up a literary correspondence. You see that the walls of a sick-room do not imprison the mind. She was a great reader and student, and an artist too, though confined to the bed or chair, and suffering at times intensely.

Serina. Could I ever have energy to study in a sick-room! Now I get excused from lessons for a headache, and the slightest indisposition is enough to keep me at home from school, or from church.

Mother (reading aloud). "The lesson her life affords to the young is this, that no amount of pain that can assault the body is enough to make one miserable whose mind is furnished with those resources which religion and education can give. Here was this poor young lady in her chair, unable to go out of doors to breathe the fresh air and see the beautiful natural objects which she admired so much, debarred the society of persons of her own age, except when they came with subdued spirits for an occasional visit to her sick-chamber. Yet she was not only resigned, but happy. Her books and her drawings made her hours pass swiftly away, and when she was not in pain, she was actually in a state of enjoyment. What a lesson for many, who complain that they can find nothing to interest them, and who

must have an unceasing round of excitements, in the way of parties, dresses, or gossip, to make life endurable! Her last note to me is so pleasing an expression of this, her superiority to outward ills, in reliance on mental resources, that I view it and its writer with admiration. Philosophers have often boasted insensibility to pain, but here is one who makes no pretensions to philosophy, and not only finds life endurable, but a scene of enjoyment, in spite of sufferings and privations, extreme in degree, and admitting no hope of cure."*

Serina. I will go to carry my flowers to Eliza at once, all that I have in bloom. And when her favorite wild-flowers come, in the spring, I will look for them where she has often led me to find them, and carry them to her chamber, for she loves them.

A. W. A.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

With arms that were never strong
 Doth a pretty, pale boy grind,
 While big, round tears are pressing through
 Closed eyes, which have long been blind;
 And on a slender neck
 There is slung an organ great:
 The shoulder-burden he does not feel, —
 On his heart is a greater weight.

* These thoughts and facts are put into the form of a dialogue for convenience. The lady alluded to, recently deceased, is Miss C. E. Jennyss, of Portsmouth.

Grind, — grind, — grind!

It is Independence day!

"O mother! come to the window quick
To hear this organ-boy play."

Grind, — grind, — grind!

"But this is a woful whim, —
Give us 'Hail Columbia, happy land,'
And stop that dolorous hymn!"

Grind, — grind, — grind!

"What! still that piteous strain?
My little boy has a merry mood,
You must change the tune again."

Grind, — grind, — grind!

"I grind for my mother's sake;
O, ask me not for a merry tune,
Or my sad heart will break!

"Beneath an open garret-roof

She pines, and I am blind.

I have not joy for a merry tune,
And scarcely strength to grind.

My little sister guides my feet;

We have come a weary way,

And we struggle on, 'neath the July sun. —

What is Independence day?

"What does 'Hail Columbia' mean, little boy,

And 'Happy, happy land'?

How my organ-barrel grates!

Such tunes have I not at hand.

You talk of Freedom's war,

And of those who fought and bled;

I only know of the Battle of Life,

Of the *daily strife* for bread.

"Grind, — grind, — grind,

For the pretty, wealthy boy;

Grind, — grind, — grind !
 Hark ! hark to the *feu-de-joie* !
 Your hearts, they are growing big,
 'Mid cannon-roar and drum ;
 And *Patriotism* blusters loud,
 While *Pity* standeth dumb.

“Grind, — grind, — grind,
 Through street, and lane, and mart ;
 Grind, — grind, — grind,
 Be it only to ease my heart.
 Up to the sky above
 I turn my sightless eye ;
 I pray that these happy children's love
 May reach us by and by.

“I must grind, — grind, — grind,
 Until the grave-rest come —”
 The weak arm stops ; see, the worn boy drops,
 And the organ now is dumb.

And now the wealthy look on with dread,
 Their pity too late is won ;
 And who shall grind for the children's bread ?
 O the pitiless July sun !
 He lies at the gate, — sunstricken, — dead :
 The organ-boy's task is done.

w.

STEERAGE LIFE.

No. III.

“LAND ho!” shouted the lookout, aloft. I rubbed my eyes. “What! land? land?” As the fact forced itself upon my sleepy apprehension, I roused

myself to sudden consciousness, and by a dexterous evolution made a descent from my hammock, right end up.

"Land ho!" It quickened my movements at the wash-stand and looking-glass. My clothes found themselves unexpectedly animated by a contained man. The buttons flew vivaciously into the button-holes; the collar and tie found themselves suddenly embracing my neck; my shoes felt a pair of feet intruding into their depths before they were fairly awaked from their leathern doze; and the last touches were put to my toilette as rapidly as was compatible with the dimensions of our seven-by-nine steerage, and the uncompromising motion of the ship.

Land ho! With three leaps I had mounted the ladder and was on deck, where I picked my way aft, among sailors, guns, and holystones. "Is the land in sight, quartermaster?" "There it is, sir," and I turned in the direction of his hand.

Land ho! There it was, indeed; a dim, vague outline just peering above the distant horizon, yet unmistakably the unique plateau of the Table Mountain and the tips of the ragged peaks around it. It was far to the southward, and many a heaving swell rolled and rolled between us, lost to sight in the dim distance and among its myriad fellows, long before it broke in foam at the feet of those eternal rocks. The blue line of coast could be traced northward for many a league, till finally my glass rested on the irregular headlands of the bay toward which our ship was winging her way. It was a rugged shore.

Heavy piles of nature's careless masonry rose abruptly from the waters, and bade defiance at once to the thundering surges at their base, and the tempests that so often swept among their broken cliffs.

The morning was a beautiful one. The sun had risen clear from behind those shaggy peaks, and now gilded the mists that still lingered about their caverns and crags. Our constant friends, the gull and albatross, whose circuits in the air and fearless play on the crest of the billows we had so often admired, were leaving us now to pursue our way alone. The lively twittering petrels, having attended us in storm and shine across the Atlantic from Rio, had taken their leave, and we heard no more their pattering feet and whirring wings, and merry "Tu-whit, tu-whit!" as they dipped for some savory morsel on the waves. And now we were greeted by the unknown plumage and notes of the African sea-birds, whose keen, piercing eyes and shrill exclamations, as they wheeled in endless circles about us, plainly asked of us who it was that dared thus

"Molest their ancient solitary reign."

The breeze, which had all night long swept us so proudly over the blue sea, now dallied with the snowy canvas, and wafted us but slowly onward. The ship rose and fell upon the long swells which rolled in from the sea, as if heedless alike of the distant haven and of our impatience. It was not till near the close of the day that she came slowly round to the wind, in obedience to her helm, and a heavy "boom!" from one of her guns echoed and re-echoed among the

sounding hills. In a small bight near the mouth of the bay we observed two vessels, a Swede and an Englishman, from whom we presently received a pilot in answer to our summons. Under his guidance the ship filled away, and, before the freshening night-breeze, sped toward the unknown shore. As we approached, the waves, rolling in with the whole wide sweep of the Atlantic, were roaring and beating upon the solid rocks with ceaseless pulsation. Ploughing our way through the wide passage between Malagassen Island on the north, and Jutten to the south, — over which hovered clouds of sea-fowl, — we presently came to the narrower straits divided by Mascus Island. Through the northern entrance, rapidly impelled by wind and tide, our good ship ushered us into a wide and noble bay. It seemed almost an inland sea, so distant were its farther shores, — so calm and peaceful withal, one would scarcely suppose it ever disturbed by the rude storms that lash the ocean without. The sun was just sinking behind the western waves when we finally doubled a projecting headland which shut us in from the view of the watery waste, and enclosed us in one of the most commodious land-locked harbors that eye of sailor ever saw. A few minutes more, and, like a bird folding her wings, our weary bark gathered her snowy sails and rested quietly at anchor on the calm waters of Saldanha Bay.

We were nearly surrounded by hills of ledge and sand, which enclosed an irregular amphitheatre, and were thinly covered with stunted forms of vegetation. Here a bold cape projected like a natural pier

into the quiet depths of the bay. There, on the other shore, swept a semicircular beach, whose long gray line we could just distinguish in the twilight. While we looked, the evening shades gathered in the air, and the landscape around us faded slowly before our eyes, and was veiled in the darkness of night.

The next morning we were up with the lark, (or rather with the penguin,) for there were to be fine doings in Saldanha Bay. There, according to report, the waters were swarming with fish, the hills alive with game, the neighboring islands covered with birds. We scarcely took time for dressing, or even for breakfast at eight bells. What with the discussion of the day's plan, the overhauling of hooks and lines, the preparation of guns, the filling of powder-flasks, we were well-nigh distracted. The coffee, "blind robins," and hot rolls were expeditiously despatched, and we hastened on deck. It was a fine balmy morning, the hills with their grotesque shrubbery and yellow sand coming out in bold relief, while the valleys still detained some straggling portions of the night-mist, which hovered in thin fleecy clouds over the bay. I had hardly raised the glass to scan the novel features of the scene, when it was arrested half-way to the eye by a startling medley of sounds, — flap! buzz! whirr! splash! — as if all ornithology were broke loose, and tumbling indiscriminately into the water. What a feathery bedlam! There, twenty or thirty rods astern, was a dense phalanx of sea-birds just settling tumultuously on the glassy bosom of the bay. Look at them! Look at

them! Battalions and hosts of wild geese, shags, black ducks, gannets, teal! What visions of grills and fricassees in the steerage! What savory clouds steam upward from the roasts at the galley! Look at them, — diving and playing hide and seek under the ripples they make, cooing and quarrelling, swimming and washing! What a noble chance for a shot! But my mental ejaculations were suddenly “tripped” by the shrill whistle of a boatswain’s mate, and the gruff call, “Away there, first cutters, away!” I collected my scattered senses: “First cutter. *First* cutter? Why, that’s the boat I’m booked for.” And I imitated the aquatic bipeds I had been watching by a happily executed dive into the steerage, where I found my messmate (who was going with me) already quite equipped. Very few moments sufficed for me to arm myself with a ship’s musket, which I was obliged to take for lack of a fowling-piece, to buckle on my accoutrements, and stow away in my jacket-pocket a lunch of “hard tack,” or ship’s bread. The boat was manned by the time we made our appearance on deck, and away we went shoreward, impelled by the sturdy strokes of sixteen oars. At the beach, the officer of the boat and his crew got out their seine, and when we turned our backs to the bay on our way to the uplands, we left them dragging successfully for the finny game, so profusely abundant in the rivers and inlets of the African coast. The ground we traversed was level for some distance, then rose at the extremity of the plain into low, conical hills. There were no trees. The Flora presented nothing similar to the giants of

our American forests. Many varieties of shrubs sprinkled the sandy steppe, some of them dotted with blossoms of gem-like beauty. Most were entirely unknown to us; yet we recognized a few plants of the leek, cactus, and aloe families, and noticed growing here and there, in neglected freedom, some rarer specimens, which we had seen among the choice exotics of our conservatories at home. As far as the eye could reach, not a bush was visible more than six feet high.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

PUNGENT JOKING. — An eccentric minister of the olden time, as he was making hay in a field with his hired man, observed a yellow wasp's nest in the hedge. Seeing Ralph unconsciously approaching it, the spirit of mischief prompted him to stir up the little community with his rake and withdraw, leaving the vengeance of the wasps to fall on the innocent. The wasp does not sting unprovoked, like the hornet. Ralph readily guessed who had set them upon him, for he saw his master at a safe distance, laughing to see him defend himself by burrowing under the hay. Being thus taught by worshipful example to disregard the golden rule, it is no wonder that he meditated revenge.

In those primitive times, and indeed within our remembrance, the parsonage was regarded as an inn by all clerical travellers. The minister was entertaining two of his brethren with a courtly hospitality, which was received by them with all the deferential respect due to a distinguished theo-

logian, when the hired man, having washed himself and put on his Sunday coat, came and sat down at the foot of the table. At a pause in the conversation, he asked the guests if they had seen the new kind of turnip; and, taking a root from his pocket, he began to pare it nicely with his jack-knife.

"*Indian* turnip, they call it," said he; "there's enough on 'em grows on Parson F——'s own land out here."

"What? What's that you say?" asked the old minister. "On *my* land? Why have I never seen it, then? Why did you not show it to *me*, Ralph?"

"I fetched it in *o' purpose*," said Ralph, truly; for it was the root of the wild arum, called the dragon-root, or, vulgarly, Devil's-bit, from its blistering pungency when applied to the lips or tongue: "I wanted you to taste a little slice."

And going round the table, he laid it, like a little live coal, upon the tongue of his fun-loving employer. Immediately the old man sprang up in an agony, with water running from his eyes and mouth. "Let him alone," he cried, as his visitors turned angrily upon Ralph, "let him alone. Served me right. I set him the example; I deserve to smart for it."

THE CHILD'S LAMENT FOR HER CAT.

"I'm sorry poor Copper is dead,
And that now I must play all alone;
Never more will she come to be fed,
Nor cry after me when I'm gone.

"When I sat at my work or my book,
With puss on the window close by,
How often I turned round to look,
To see her spring after a fly!

"And when the deep snows fell around,
And abroad I no longer could play,

In the house a companion I found,
And with me she 'd be playful and gay.

"This morning I went to the shed, —
Ah! there my poor pussy I found:
She moaned not, — they said she was dead,
And now must be laid under ground.

"I wonder what made Copper die,
Just now when the warm spring has come,
And whether she 'll live in the sky,
Where the flowers are always in bloom."

"Mary Jane, to the pet you deplore
A spirit like yours was not given;
She hoped not to live any more,
She never could know about heaven.

"But you, my dear child, have been taught
That above there are mansions of rest;
And if you will but live as you ought,
You will there be eternally blest."

J.

THE DIVING WATER-SPIDER. — Beside the edge of our canal, moored to an aquatic plant by some silken cables, we perceive, submerged all but the top, a bell or dome not very dissimilar in size and shape to the half of a pigeon's egg. Like that, and like a diving-bell, it is open at the bottom; but this is an assertion which perhaps requires proof.

To give you on this point entire satisfaction, we will raise from the water, and reverse, our diver's habitation, even at the risk of disturbing its occupant, who has been also, we must tell you, its ingenious constructor. There, — the bell is uplifted, and we see him sitting within it, head downwards, — a somewhat strange position. But it seems we have fairly routed him. He falls! he falls, though upon eight legs, and makes off at full speed, no matter whither. Our

business now is with his vacated abode, a dome woven, as we now see, of close-spun silk, open, as we said, at bottom, impervious at top, with no orifice for entrance of water or air. Unprovided with a pipe or other visible contrivance for conveyance of the latter, how, we may inquire, did our submerged diver manage to respire under water? Why, in truth, he is somewhat of an amphibious animal, but he nevertheless finds it convenient to take down with him from upper air a supply of the vital element, which he not unfrequently returns to fetch. Is it by means of an air-pump that he collects his supply? Not exactly; but by help of a curious inhaling or imbibing instrument carried at the tail, and called a spinneret, because it serves also the purpose of spinning, helping him to spin his bell-like and aquatic habitation. And now we may tell you, if you have not already discovered it from our glimpse, on dislodgement of his retreating form, that our diver is a spider, — the diving water-spider, — *Argyroneta aquatica*. — *Episodes of Insect Life*.

BOY.

Little wren, I wish I knew
Where your home is; tell me, do!
I only want to take a peep
At your little ones asleep,
Or your pretty eggs, — whiche'er
Now may happen to be there.

WREN.

Don't you go down to that swamp, little fellow;
No, no! No, no!
Don't you go! Don't you go!
Don't you go near the reeds waving under the willow.

BOY.

And why may not I go, I pray?
I see some pretty flowers that way.

I must go down and pluck a few :
I don't see why it troubles you.

WREN.

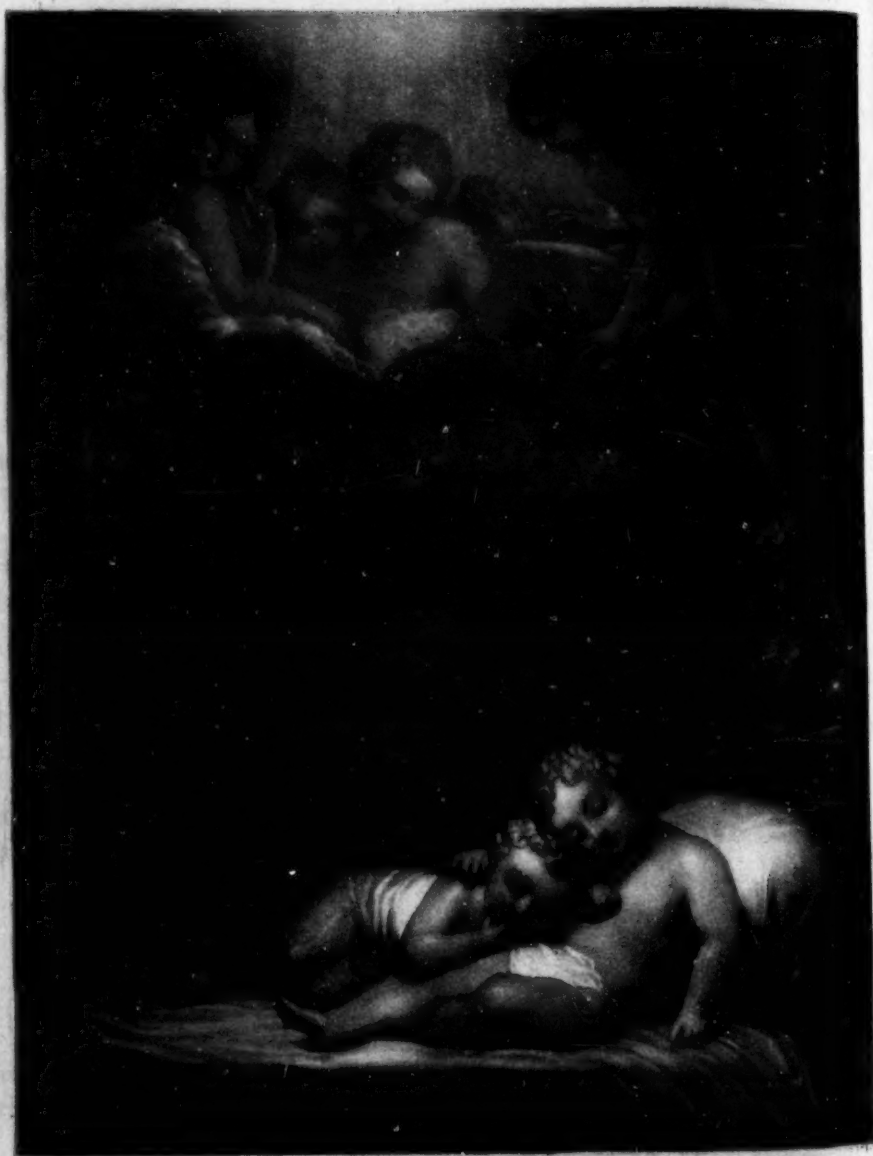
O dear, I shall go crazy, go crazy in a minute !
I declare, it is not fair !
You seem to think my nest is there,
But 't is not there, 't is n't there, and, besides, there's
nothing in it.

Boy.

Now, little wren, the more you say,
The more I want to go that way ;
Your little nest is there, I know,
You're so unwilling I should go :
I will go, for I must see
Your cunning little family.
There, I see the nest even now,
Softly swinging to and fro ;
On the bending reed 't is bound,
Leaning almost to the ground
Now, and now it stands upright,
And on it sits your pretty mate.
There she goes ! I've made her fly,
And now the little eggs I spy.
Ah ! pretty wren, what did you do ?
What you told me was not true !
But then there is no blame for *you*.
'T was wrong, but then *you* did not know,
Or you would not have spoken so.
I've seen your nest, and now I'll go.

MRS. CARTER.

AN orange-woman met three customers. To the first she sold half what she had, and half an orange more. To the second she sold half what she had left, and half an orange more. To the third she sold half what she had, and half an orange more. This disposed of them all, and without cutting. How many had she ?



H. HOWARD

J. SARTAIN

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

MARKET-GIRL.

When a young man travelling with a backpack and a club-like cane, found himself in a vast tract of country through which no great road, and where no roofs were to be seen among the thickets of forest. He was vexed for having lost his road, but he was not so much vexed as he preferred simple rustic life to the pomp and circumstance for his pencil, and was content to pass his time in the woods rather than towns and cities.

"I am not likely to come to any great city," I see no reason for plodding further. This stump of young chestnut-trees shall be my bed. Camping out like a Green Mountain boy. I wish I had something to sketch before the twilight came. I have got nothing new to-day, not an idea to remember, that I might not have had in America as well. Hark!—a puppy's at-bay! Ha! why did I not see that puppy's at-bay of a shelter within reach?"

He came from the back of which he had thrown his backpack and saw a small dog with the big head and the white mark on its face. Not a friend from far, an inexperienced youth, was looking round the borders, or for protection to his mistress, who came to view in a moment, as James Smith moved forward with an eager step. She was, like her attendant, not quite full-grown, and a little puzzled or afraid. She looked



GUARDIAN ANGELS.

I
on f
him
ther
wer
and
sinc
scen
seek

"
a sh
fart
be n
is n
cou
dee
ide
seer
tem
ing

I
him
pav
kno
the
tion
as
step
gro

THE MARKET-GIRL.

It was near night when a young man travelling on foot, with a knapsack and a club-like cane, found himself in a wild tract of country through which there seemed to be no great road, and where no roofs were to be seen in the openings among the thickets and groves. He cared little for having lost his road, since he was an artist who preferred simple rustic scenes and groups as subjects for his pencil, and was seeking to find them, rather than towns and cities.

"I am tired, and since I am not likely to come to a shelter for the night, I see no reason for plodding farther. This clump of young chestnut-trees shall be my inn, and the ground my bed. Camping out is nothing new to a Green Mountain boy. I wish I could find something to sketch before the twilight deepens. I have got nothing new to-day, not an idea; nothing to remember, that I might not have seen in America as well. Hark!—a puppy's attempt at a bark! Ha! why did I not see that paling, a sure sign of a shelter within reach?"

He rose from the bank on which he had thrown himself, and saw a small dog with the big head and paws which marked him not fully grown. Not knowing friend from foe, in his inexperienced youth, the cur was looking round for orders, or for protection, to his mistress, who came to view in a moment, as John James Smith moved forward with an eager step. She was, like her attendant, not quite full-grown, and a little puzzled or afraid. She looked

shyly at the wayfarer, who inquired, in a gentle, condescending tone, whether a house was not near, where he could find a lodging.

The dog growled a little, and came to examine him with his nose, especially as to the knapsack, which was unbuckled, and trailing its long straps on the grass. He shied from an offered pat, but still seemed to find a powerful attraction about the new-comer.

The girl looked from under her eyebrows at the dusty apparel, and the peculiar staff, which might contain a weapon, or an umbrella, the printed shirt-collar, smooth though soiled, and the neatly-tied cravat. The face, although freckled by the sun, and in no way handsome, had a stamp of goodness and refinement, which finished her conviction that the traveller was a gentleman. She pointed with her staff to a thin wreath of smoke, which seemed to issue from the earthy bank, at the foot of which she stood.

"There is my home," said she; "I think you are an American. If you are, you will be welcome to my father. We are, all of us, going to America, some day."

"I am an American; I do not perceive, though, how you found it out." And he looked at his dress, to see what part of it had been the telltale. "I want you to stand still where you are, — will you, — till I can sketch you, and your little friend there, who looks as if some one had made him of cotton-wool, for a fair."

The little market-woman set down her basket,

held up her head, and made herself as much like a wooden doll, as the dog was like a cotton poodle.

"O, not so! Take your basket, as before, and your staff, and look at me again, — so, — as if you thought me an escaped felon, or a police-officer. That is right; do not look away till I speak again."

The dog would not give a sitting on any persuasion, his mind being occupied about the knapsack behind the artist. So Mr. Smith put up his sketch-book, and they went up a path in a little ravine, and suddenly came upon an open door, with green branches hanging down like a thatch above it. Just inside sat a man flat upon the ground; between his outstretched legs was a large osier basket, which he was finishing, and in the basket, stamping and turning round and round with baby glee, was a little boy of a year old. There was not light enough left for sketching under the heavy shade of the trees, or Mr. John Smith would have had another pretty page in his sketch-book, perhaps to serve as a vignette to a chapter of his travels in some magazine. A woman sat embroidering by the fading light, which came in at an opening at the side of the door, latticed, but not glazed. In the back part of the recess or cavern, among some rough, projecting ledges of stone, fowls were dimly seen, on their roosts, and others flying clumsily up to their sleeping quarters. There was a wicker-work partition, which appeared to have been plastered, and remained so only in the corners. This divided the sleeping apartment of the poultry from that of the rest of the family, which was hidden from view by a low curtain. In a corner a boy was feed-

ing a fire with twigs, and a smoke rose and circled about till it found an escape overhead. There was a strong, not unpleasant odor from the burning leaves. A pot was boiling noisily over the struggling flames.

"You see what the place is," said the basket-maker. "If you can make yourself comfortable, welcome hither."

The daughter put some money into her father's hand. "Eggs were plenty in the market, and I could not get much for my heavy basketful," said she. "So I brought home the salt, and not the flour."

"The worse for our guest," said the man, shaking his head. "I wish I had something nice to offer you," said he to the stranger. "Our supper is not very savory. But we hope to be better off before we die. Here, wife; every little helps. Grain by grain, the ant makes her heap. We're so much the nearer to it, — I mean," said he, turning again to his guest, "nearer to a home in your happy land."

"In England?" queried the Yankee, smiling.

"In America!"

"How do you know me from John Bull? I did not know there was any peculiarity in my appearance."

"You bowed to me, sir, as you came in. You do not look on me as *from above*, but straight forward, acknowledging a poor unlettered basket-maker as a brother man. And among all the Americans I have seen, there has not been one sloven, and I saw, by the way you glanced at your coat, and gave it now

and then a little shake, or a brush with your hand, that the dust on it fidgeted you."

The American laughed good-humoredly, and, taking a brush from his knapsack, he went out for a thorough lustration. He then washed at a spring which trickled down the rocks in the side of the hill, and came in as the family sat down to supper. A large bowl full of porridge of the thinnest, with horse-beans hailing each other, as it were, from a great distance, was the only thing upon the board, except wooden spoons and earthen-ware saucers.

The family ate, or rather drank it from the spoons, as eagerly as if they were making believe it was turtle soup. The young man tasted his portion, but found himself hardly able to swallow the first spoonful, its only flavor, that of the beans, was so detestable.

"You do not always keep Lent," said he, glancing at the hen-roost.

The eye of his host took the same direction. "You can afford, in America, to eat chickens, when you raise them, and eggs too. We cannot afford to taste ours. They are all for people who have money."

"Have you any eggs?"

"Not one left."

"Then allow me to add my stock of sandwiches to your repast, and I will replenish my luncheon-box in the morning, with cold chicken after breakfast."

He opened his wallet, the dog as well as the rest watching to see what should appear. The experi-

mental air with which all took a bite, and looked at each other, made the visitor smile; and the consternation of the children at the pungency of the mustard, which had not been spared, made him laugh outright. The boy returned to his porridge, and the young market-woman also, regretting aloud that she had not procured the flour to thicken it to the stranger's liking.

"I think, as near as I remember," said the father, continuing his sandwich, with some slight grimaces, "if there was but a dash of garlic in it, it would be almost, if not quite, as good as a Bologna sausage and a biscuit. But that is a good thing you do not have in America, I suppose."

"You will find anything you want there, almost; enough and to waste. But nothing is to be had without hard work, you will also find. The Yankees are driving fellows, and being capable of severe labor themselves, and tough enough to sustain it long, they require what you would consider an inhuman day's work for their high wages."

"Do the women do such work as this for a few sorry pence a day, and work in the sun besides in the vintage, or the harvesting?" said the wife, showing her embroidery. "Look here; see how fine!"

"We do not see women in the field, and as for this exquisite work, people are too much in a hurry in America for that; they will sooner import it at a price which would make you open your eyes wide at your little share in the profit of your stitches. Even their coarse work is done now by machines, and with a speed which is almost ludicrous."

The fate of two fowls was settled that night, and at daybreak the fragrant steam from the pot began to mingle with the aromatic smoke from the green fuel. The stranger was resolved that the family should feast for once upon their own chickens at his cost, which they did, upon great persuasion. He advised them not to emigrate till they had saved enough to buy a little farm, in some new settlement, where the land was cheap.

One day as J. J. Smith, Esq. was passing the head of a wharf in New York, he saw, in a group of newly arrived passengers, the low Dutch-built figure, and pretty, rosy face of the Market-Girl. Yes, there she was, with the same little black bodice, the orange-colored petticoat, neat stockings, and wooden shoes, — the amulets upon her neck, too, as he had sketched her, two or three years before. When she recognized him, her joy was so vociferous as to embarrass the gentleman, by attracting the attention of by-standers, and drawing a crowd. Therefore he passed hastily forward, and arrived in time to put the newly arrived citizen on his guard against a sharper, his own countryman, who was giving him already a tempting description of a visionary farm in Nebraska or Oregon. So very cordial a welcome had been given the weary voyagers by the swindler, that they had fully given him their confidence. Perhaps the sound of the dear native accent in a foreign land might still have prevailed against the recollection of the pedestrian traveller's disinterestedness in the important matter of the chickens, but that the rogue slunk off in wholesome fear of the police, on

hearing himself called by name. The lucky settlers were *expressed*, like so many bundles, to the proper location in the Western country, endeavoring on their way to make their eyes make up for the uselessness of their tongues and ears in picking up information.

A. W. A.

THE HISTORY OF ABRAHAM.

CHILDREN, you have often heard of persons who have left the home where they had lived many years, and removed with their family to a far distant spot, and their motive has generally been, either that they preferred another place of residence for some reason, or that they hoped to do some good, where they were going. In either case, they understood clearly where they were going, and often knew all about the place from those who had visited it.

But there was once a man who left home and relatives, and went to a far distant country, at the command of God, not knowing the place where he should live. This may seem very strange to you. But do you imagine, if your *parents* were to propose to take you a journey, not telling you where it would end, nor even through what places you would pass, you should hesitate to go? Should you have any fears that *they* would lead you into any danger, or land you in any uncomfortable place, even though the road should sometimes be very rough, and the dark night should come on before you arrived? You

would not, because you have all confidence in your parents' wisdom and love, and believe that whatever they plan for you will make you happy. This was the case with Abraham, the good man of whom I have told you. He had faith in God, just as you have in your parents; that is, confidence in God's wisdom to choose the right place for him, and in his power and love to bring him there in safety. And what was the consequence? He obeyed instantly. It should be so with you, with regard to our Heavenly Father. God speaks to you constantly, by the voice which he has placed in each of your hearts, telling you what you ought to do; and if you have perfect confidence in him that all his commands are right and for your real good, you will obey instantly, even though you may not see the reason.

Abraham went to the place where God directed him, which was the land of Canaan, now known as Palestine, and this country God gave, as he had promised, to his descendants the Jews. There all the wonderful events in the history of the Jews, and in the life of our Saviour, which are recorded in the Bible, took place. There he was prospered, grew rich in cattle and flocks, and silver and gold, and what is far better, in the respect of those around him. Though they were all idolaters, he continued to worship the true God. Let this teach you never to omit your prayers, though you may be with other children or grown people, who think them of no consequence. Let your prayers make you more disposed to be kind to them, after Abraham's example. His nephew Lot went with him, and while

they were deciding where to settle, there was a dispute between his herdsmen and those of Abraham. Abraham said to Lot, "Let there be no strife between us, for we are brethren. Do you take the right hand, and I will go to the left, or you can take the left hand, and I will go to the right." Can you not learn a lesson from this? In your intercourse with your brothers and sisters and playmates, can you not give way to them, even when they are younger, or perhaps unreasonable? If they wish for a toy that belongs to you, or prefer another play than the one you have chosen, or are troubled because you have a more pleasant seat, or any other advantages which they do not possess, do not contend the point, because it is your right, but give up to them, remembering the words of Abraham, that there should be "no strife between you, because you are brethren." Very trifling causes of dispute have often led to a separation between relatives, which continued through life; and the little disputes of children, though not as lasting, often cause great unhappiness in a family, and strengthen the disposition which leads to more serious quarrels in an after period.

But I come now to the most important and interesting event in Abraham's life. He had a very dear son, who had been promised him by God, and was born in his old age. This very son God commanded him to offer in sacrifice, without giving him any reason for so strange a command. It was the custom of the Jews, to show their reverence for God, to kill a lamb, and lay it on a pile of wood, to which they

set fire. This was called a sacrifice, and the smoke which ascended to heaven was, in their worship, like our prayers. You will wonder what Abraham could possibly do in such a case, but he obeyed without any hesitation, as he had done before. "He rose very early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took the wood, and two of his young men, and Isaac his son, and went into the place which God did tell him." On the way, the boy said to his father, "Behold, here is the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" The father answered, with what feelings you may judge, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." Just as all was prepared, and the father was about to take the knife to slay his son, God called unto him, and said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything to him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." God never intended that he should really take his son's life, but to try whether he would be willing to give up even this darling object, at his command. Just as God now, sometimes, lays the most beloved child on the bed of sickness, and bids the parents look into their hearts, and see whether they can give him up at his call; and often, at the last moment, when hope has departed, and they have resigned themselves to his will, by his mighty power he checks the disease, and restores him to them, as he did Isaac, almost from the dead. Children, consider what possession you most value, what pleasure you most desire, what friend you most dearly love, and

think whether you could part with them without repining! If a valued gift is destroyed or injured, by some accident or carelessness, or a rainy day disappoints your hopes of some visit or excursion, or a kind service which you were obliged to render to some one, or some other duty would detain you at home, remember that God may be trying your faith, as he did that of Abraham, and yield as readily as he did.

When you come to read his history at length, you will find that he was not without faults, and in some respects he is not an example for you. But you must remember that he lived ages ago, when there was no Bible to read, no Sunday school to attend, no life of Christ to show him his duty, having which, *we* need never go astray. The virtues of faith in God, and prompt obedience to his commands, of peace-making, and forbearance towards others, and of entire submission to the sacrifices which God requires of us, as manifested in the life of this good man, are such as we, although we have far greater privileges than he, should do well to remember and to imitate.

M. P. D.

God has bound up our purest and highest joys
with our duties.

A COMMON stock is our happiness here;
Each heart must contribute its mite,
The bliss to swell, and the pain to cheer.

THE ANGELS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"LET us make haste, dear papa, through this disagreeable street," said Liliás, with a pout of disgust, as she gathered her cloak closely round her, in passing a group of dirty children.

Her father was in no hurry. He stopped a moment, and each countenance in the knot of little ones brightened, as it looked up at his pleasant smile and kind eye. Through the veil of dirt, some beauty shone out in every face, and their attitudes would have pleased an artist, in spite of rags and ill-fitting garments. One little bunch in petticoats got up and made a nod, shyly, as if an attempt at *manners* made him shamefaced, being alone in it, and "all over" black mud.

"A parcel of little pigs!"

The father made no answer.

"Why, father, two of them are trotting after us, hand in hand," said Liliás, laughing. "And, I declare, one has got hold of your coat!"

As soon as the gentleman looked round, the little thing let go, though he saw no frown. That look of love had been warmth and sunshine to their young hearts; without their knowing why, they were drawn by it, and followed till they got another. Then they laughed, and ran back. As Liliás looked to see them join their companions, she saw a frightful, red-faced woman come down with a swoop upon the little group, and drag off one little fellow, cuffing him on both sides of his head as she went.

"What a shame! I wish I could take the child away from her," cried Liliás, her eyes suddenly filling with tears. "I can't help crying, I 'm so mad!"

"Good little heart," said her father, squeezing the hand he held. "I was afraid it could not feel for so *dirty* a child."

"Its mother's own fault! What a mother! The child ought to be taken from her by law."

"O, no! No law can take a child from a parent. Still we can perhaps remove it, if you care enough about it."

"How? For I hear his screams, even now!"

"A drunken woman will sometimes give up her child, either from a selfish desire to be rid of it, or, in a better mood, from a remainder of motherly regard for its welfare. The first thing is, who wants to take it? Will *you*?"

"I! Why, papa! How can I?"

"O, you can, if you will, though perhaps not alone. Furnish the means, and the Mission will find a home for the child, by and by."

"Oh! I 'll tell them, and somebody else will give them the money."

"Suppose *everybody* says so?"

"I have a *little* money they can have, you know. But though I should be glad to work, and to save for the child, it is not worth while, it is so slow, making a hoard;—doing it by a little, and a little, so, I should be tired of it."

"Very well. Perhaps you would. See how much your good feeling just now is worth!"

Silence, and sadness.

"I want *some* money for myself, papa. I like to treat to candy now and then. The girls treat me!"

"Perhaps they would help you instead!"

"O, that *would* be pleasant! I'll try."

"Work in faith, and you may have help you do not look for. Feel that you are doing work for God and Christ, and everything you do will have a new interest, and a blessing. Can you not feel it, even at this moment? Your face lights up as if you could."

"Dear, dear papa, will you find out about the little fellow? I want to tell the girls all about him, and we *will* work! I am in a hurry to begin."

"And in future, when dirty, neglected children disgust you, remember that Christ said to his disciples, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven.'"

ELLIE CLARE AND NELLY BROWN.

CHAPTER II.

MANY glad faces, merry voices, and happy hearts welcomed the New Year, in the good old city of Boston; and the clear, exhilarating air of a bright winter's day had a cheering influence upon all.

Ellie Clare forgot her dreams and anxieties, and,

for the time, her good resolutions also, as she received, one after another, the expensive tokens which love, and perhaps mistaken fondness, had showered down upon her. A costly writing-desk, a beautiful port-monnaie, an expensive bracelet and a pin to match it, books, games, and many smaller articles, successively attracted her attention. Still she did not seem quite satisfied; and her fine face was clouded with an expression of discontent, which deforms the loveliest countenance, and renders even blooming complexions and delicate features repulsive. This her mother at once perceived, and hastened to dispel the cloud, by producing a small box and an envelope, saying, as she placed them in her daughter's hand, "I reserved the best gifts for the last, my love. This box contains your Aunt Catharine's and my joint gift; the envelope, your father's."

With an exclamation of delight, Ellie opened the box and took out a small but beautiful hunter's watch, to which was attached a finely-wrought gold chain. "O, this *is* just what I wanted! now I shall have a watch as well as that haughty Laura Devans. Aunt Catharine always gives me just what I want. The chain is your gift, I suppose, mamma. Very pretty, I'm sure,"—regarding it with the condescending air with which spoiled children usually accept gifts from their parents. "And this envelope contains money from papa, ten dollars in gold. Now I shall not be so cramped for pocket-money as I was last term."

An hour later, Aunt Lizzie knocked gently at

Ellie's chamber door, whither the latter had gone to put away her presents.

"Come in," was the answer, in an imperious tone. "Oh! I thought it was Jane," she added, as she saw her aunt. "Sit down, please. Are not my gifts beautiful?"

"Yes, my dear, and I have brought mine also."

So saying, Aunt Lizzie put in Ellie's hand a little box, and a small, oblong paper parcel. The box contained a locket, which, upon pressing a spring, disclosed to view a beautiful golden curl.

"How sweet! Was this once your hair, Aunt Lizzie?"

"No, my dear, it was your father's; our mother gave it to me many years ago. I thought you would value it."

"O yes! I shall. Was papa not handsome as a boy?"

"Very, — at least to me, though perhaps his chief beauty arose from his frank, cheerful expression. He was always good-natured and good-hearted."

A shade passed over the face of Ellie. She was thinking, perhaps, how often her own countenance lacked the charm of an amiable expression. But she made no reply, and opened the parcel, which contained a substantial, prettily-bound Bible.

"I hope you will value this gift also, Ellie; yours, with gold clasps, is almost too handsome for use, and I thought perhaps you would like this from me. Will you not read it daily, my child?"

Aunt Lizzie looked so kindly upon her niece, and her voice was so tender, that Ellie's better nature

was roused within her. "Yes, Aunt Lizzie, I will try to do as you wish; but —"

"But what, my dear?"

"I think it would be much easier to do and be good if we were not so rich, and if I had not so many handsome things. It is so hard to sit down and read the Bible, and go about among the poor, when your head is full of fine things and gay parties."

"Not so hard as you imagine, my dear, since such is the greatest source of happiness to many persons."

"O yes, I know, to people like you and my Sunday-school teacher; but neither mother nor Aunt Catharine take any pleasure in such things."

Miss Clare thought how little pleasure her niece took in all her fine, showy presents, for not a ray of serene content illumined her dissatisfied face. But she only said, "Perhaps because they have never been educated to do so, or had their attention drawn to the subject. Your mother's health, too, is feeble, and she is not able to go about among the destitute. I am going this morning to carry a parcel to a poor woman, in whom I am much interested. If your mother consents, will you go with me? We shall be back long before your aunt and cousins come to dine."

"Yes, I should like to go with *you*, Aunt Lizzie. And I should like to see how poor people live."

So Ellie ran off to obtain the desired permission, and presently returned to equip for the walk.

"Mamma says I may go, if you will not take me

to any of those dirty streets and lanes where it is not fit I should go."

"Never fear, Ellie," replied Miss Clare pleasantly, and in a few moments aunt and niece left the house for their proposed visit.

"O mother! how good of you to make me this nice, pretty dress to wear to school. How could you find time? What a happy New Year this is, to be sure! Father better, the twins so bright and merry, and Jemmy so tickled with his nice mittens! — Now, mother, may I not run in and carry this sack for Mrs. Howe's sick baby? Who would ever think it was made out of that old, old frock of mine!"

All this was uttered in a rapid manner by Nelly Brown, as she stood, that New Year's morning, beside her busy mother, every feature of her bright young face gleaming with delight and kindness. There were no costly gifts, none of the appliances of wealth or ease, in that poorly-furnished room; but there were the heart riches, which outward circumstances of affluence cannot bestow, and which grim poverty cannot take away. The twins clapped their hands, and shouted their pleasure at the possession of some penny toy; Jemmy drew on his mittens with an air of intense satisfaction; Mr. Brown smiled cheerfully in his chair by the stove; and the good mother and kind neighbor looked up from her coarse sewing, with an expression of heart-felt thankfulness and trusting hope, — thankfulness for the many blessings her grateful heart recognized in her lot of poverty and privation, hope for the unknown future,

her *children's* future, which, with the unerring instincts of a mother's unselfish love, she pictured so much fairer than her own lot had been. Nelly would be a teacher, she was sure, and perhaps her little sisters would grow up with the same love of study so early manifested in her; and as for Jemmy, he was sure to be a rising man, either a master mechanic or a thriving tradesman. She was not quite certain which to wish for, for at present his activity and enterprise were so unbounded, he seemed to her to possess a faculty for whatever he chose to undertake.

Some such thoughts as these doubtless passed through her mind, while Nelly's ready hands cleared the table and put the room in order, and Jemmy stood by the fire, "whittling out" toys for the twins.

The sack for Mrs. Howe's baby being duly presented and thankfully received, Nelly came back to beg her mother to give her some sewing, while the dinner was in process of preparation. When the broth was ready, Mrs. Brown put some into a pail and gave it to her daughter to carry to their poor neighbor, who, with her cruel, intemperate husband, her five little children, and her own feeble health, found the journey of life toilsome and discouraging. Nelly had put the broth by the fire, and was trying to quiet the sickly, fretful child, whose wan countenance was in striking contrast to the healthy, happy faces of her little sisters, when the door opened gently, and Miss Clare and Ellie entered. Nelly, who had seen the former before, started forward, with a bright smile of pleasure, to give her a chair.

But when her eye met Ellie's somewhat supercilious glance, she instantly recognized her as the young miss who had excited such unpleasant feelings in her mind at their accidental encounter the previous evening. For a moment she looked as she felt, a little annoyed. But Miss Clare's kind inquiries after her father and mother soon dispelled all unpleasant emotions, and, dusting a chair, she offered it to Ellie, saying civilly, "Will you please to sit down, Miss?" Then she resumed her task of quieting the child, while its mother talked in her usual sad, hopeless strain to her visitors.

As Ellie Clare looked first at her kind, sympathizing aunt, then at Mrs. Howe's sad and tearful face, then around the comfortless room, and upon the fretful child, whom Nelly vainly endeavored to keep quiet, her first emotion was one of disgust and impatience. But presently some words of the poor woman's touching recital of her trials fell upon her ear, and she found herself listening with an unselfish eagerness, quite foreign to her fastidious habits. And though she did not say anything then, her kind "Good morning," and the glance of interest as she left the room with her aunt, fell like a ray of sunshine upon Mrs. Howe. Nelly observed the change, and, with the impulsiveness of her disposition, said, "She's a beauty, a real beauty. O dear! how nice it must be to be rich, and feel good too! If I feel ever so good, I can't do half I want to, to help any one."

"You do a great deal to help me, Nelly," cried Mrs. Howe; "I can't see how you find time for it."

But there! You take after your marm, I s'pose, and she 's a blessing to the whole block. There 's a deal said about the good that rich folks do, and I 'm sure Miss Clare 's a real kind lady, if ever there was one; but it takes one of our own sort to understand just what we want most, and just how to help us, 'cause you see they knows what we have to suffer."

"Yes," said Nelly, "but I don't expect to be like mother—never. I could n't be, I think so much of the time how I should like to be rich and do good; and she 's always contented as she is."

"La, child! poor as I be, I would n't change places with some rich folks I knows on. Somehow, after I 've seen your marm and Miss Clare, I feel almost contented like with my own lot. P'r'aps it 's because they make me think of something better than my troubles. I know your marm wants you now, and that baby 's worried you all out. You 've rested me a lot by tending her so long; and see! she 's smiling at you. Bless her little heart! We know who 's good to us, don't we, Polly?"

Meantime, Miss Clare and Ellie pursued their way homeward for some distance in silence. At length the latter said, "I have made up my mind now what to do with my ten dollars, Aunt Lizzie; that is, if you will advise me about it."

"Yes, dear, with pleasure; but we will talk about that to-morrow. If you make up your mind and act hastily, you may regret it. It is not always safe to act from impulse."

"Impulse, Aunt Lizzie!" she began, in a some-

what aggrieved tone; but in another instant her voice changed, and she said, "O, there is Aunt Catharine in her carriage, beckoning to me to join her. May I go, Aunt Lizzie?"

With a smile and a sigh, Miss Clare gave her consent.

MAKING GAME OF THE SIMPLE.

ON the roost in a cosy hen-coop slept a good old hen,
 Dreaming no doubt of scratching for her children nine, or ten;
 For ever through the day was heard her cackle fond and low,
 As she led her brood in those safe paths where chickens ought to go.
 Strong was the door, and carefully a man had made it fast,
 When, hopping one by one, they all over the sill had passed.
 'T is a sultry summer's night; the wind scarce stirs the the nod-
 ding leaves,

And open stand the windows dark, beneath the lofty eaves.
 Asleep behind the curtains two little sisters lie,
 With arms about each other twined; and in a room just by,
 In coop-like crib, like a downy chick, a cherub boy reposes,
 With close-shut lids, and noiseless breath, sweeter than damask
 roses.

Nothing 's astir within the house, and all is still abroad,
 Since the twelve-o'clock Mount Auburn car went tinkling up the
 road.

Now squeezing in, 'neath the close-shut gate, a prowling burglar 's
 near;

He skulks along the carriage-path, and cringes low with fear.
 Will he break into the house? Not he! He 's one for a safer aim;
 A robber of hen-roosts! A felon cur!

For this cowardly sport he came,
 And he dug a hole with his horny paws in the ground beneath
 the sill.

Down flew the mother and ruffled her plumes, lest he should her children kill.

Too cunning he to bark or growl! But when the unmannerly whelp

Dragged her out by the back, there were friends who waked at her piercing squawk for help.

Voices were heard at windows high, and missiles flew amain;
Scampered the scoundrel down the yard, but he vowed to come again.

Her friends in the house, both young and old, in indignation high,
Agreed, if he came the second time, the rogue deserved to die.

Again 't was night, all lights are out, save where some studious wight

Sat wasting oil, and eyes, and life, in drudging late at night.
Hark! A plaintive, dismal wail the midnight stillness broke,
So like a human cry that all the neighborhood awoke,
And, starting, trembling listened; then sunk to sleep again,
And only in their dreams gave ear to the thrilling sounds of pain,
For a telltale yelp had come to say, it was but a dog who cried.
The *canine* neighbors barked and howled, like an echo, far and wide.

Poor Snarleyow! His burrowing paws were fast in a smart steel trap,

Which lurked (in the pit himself had dug) all ready for a snap.
With cruel teeth and iron jaws relentlessly it held him,
Writhing and whining, while the eyes of avenging foes beheld him.

They came; stern justice raised the club, sentence already passed;
One blow on the caitiff's head had made this midnight prowling his last;

But ere it fell, with a deep-mouthed bay, another dog leaped out
From a hedge near by. The startled judge and jury turned about.
So loud a pleader having come to ask they should mercy show,
They loosed the trap right speedily, and let the prisoner go.
He hobbled off, this lesson learned, which did his spirit chafe,
That making game of the simple is not *always* very safe.

P. & S.

STEERAGE LIFE.

No. IV.

AT first we pushed our way among constant surprises, and with cautious steps. We knew not what formidable beasts might inhabit these knotted brakes and tangled clumps of heath. And every few rods we came to deep holes in the ground, in which, to a certainty, were snakes. We stepped over the plain suspiciously, looking to the right and the left, above and beneath. Our excited imaginations peopled every heap of stones with the dreaded cobra and puff-adder. Not a leaf rustled in the air that did not startle us with the apprehension of some venomous serpent. Not a twig brushed across our faces without suggesting uncomfortable images of tarantulas and centipedes. And we ventured softly, scarce knowing whether our steps were not ogled by more hideous shapes than those which infested poor Christian's path through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Our fears were fancies. The only living things in sight were the birds chirping among the aloes and silver-trees, and the terrapin creeping on the sand. We plodded on slowly, our guns beginning to weigh heavily upon our hands, and the heat of the sun glowing on our heads. Presently we emerged in a small open space, and there — "Hush! Hush!" — we instinctively levelled our pieces, — there stood a springbok, one of the most graceful and agile of the antelope kind. A splendid little creature

Down flew the mother and ruffled her plumes, lest he should her children kill.

Too cunning he to bark or growl! But when the unmannerly whelp

Dragged her out by the back, there were friends who waked at her piercing squawk for help.

Voices were heard at windows high, and missiles flew amain;
Scampered the scoundrel down the yard, but he vowed to come again.

Her friends in the house, both young and old, in indignation high,
Agreed, if he came the second time, the rogue deserved to die.

Again 't was night, all lights are out, save where some studious wight

Sat wasting oil, and eyes, and life, in drudging late at night.

Hark! A plaintive, dismal wail the midnight stillness broke,

So like a human cry that all the neighborhood awoke,

And, starting, trembling listened; then sunk to sleep again,

And only in their dreams gave ear to the thrilling sounds of pain,

For a telltale yelp had come to say, it was but a dog who cried.

The canine neighbors barked and howled, like an echo, far and wide.

Poor Snarleyow! His burrowing paws were fast in a smart steel trap,

Which lurked (in the pit himself had dug) all ready for a snap.

With cruel teeth and iron jaws relentlessly it held him,

Writhing and whining, while the eyes of avenging foes beheld him.

They came; stern justice raised the club, sentence already passed;
One blow on the caitiff's head had made this midnight prowl his last;

But ere it fell, with a deep-mouthed bay, another dog leaped out
From a hedge near by. The startled judge and jury turned about.

So loud a pleader having come to ask they should mercy show,

They loosed the trap right speedily, and let the prisoner go.

He hobbled off, this lesson learned, which did his spirit chafe,

That making game of the simple is not *always* very safe.

P. & S.

STEERAGE LIFE.

No. IV.

AT first we pushed our way among constant surprises, and with cautious steps. We knew not what formidable beasts might inhabit these knotted brakes and tangled clumps of heath. And every few rods we came to deep holes in the ground, in which, to a certainty, were snakes. We stepped over the plain suspiciously, looking to the right and the left, above and beneath. Our excited imaginations peopled every heap of stones with the dreaded cobra and puff-adder. Not a leaf rustled in the air that did not startle us with the apprehension of some venomous serpent. Not a twig brushed across our faces without suggesting uncomfortable images of tarantulas and centipedes. And we ventured softly, scarce knowing whether our steps were not ogled by more hideous shapes than those which infested poor Christian's path through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Our fears were fancies. The only living things in sight were the birds chirping among the aloes and silver-trees, and the terrapin creeping on the sand. We plodded on slowly, our guns beginning to weigh heavily upon our hands, and the heat of the sun glowing on our heads. Presently we emerged in a small open space, and there — "Hush! Hush!" — we instinctively levelled our pieces, — there stood a springbok, one of the most graceful and agile of the antelope kind. A splendid little creature

he was, — such a bright chestnut coat, with snow-white stripes on the flank, — such a finely-shaped head, — such slender legs and glossy little hoofs, — such a noble, full, glistening eye! He cast a single glance toward us, and then with one bound vanished. He was out of sight in a twinkling. We dodged about among the bushes a long time in pursuit of him, hoping, if we should not find *him*, to scare up some member or friend of his family, who would do just as well. It was a desperate hunt. We got no springbok, but we did get deplorably scratched. The fleet little antelope, for aught we could see to the contrary, might have been away off up in Central Africa, or across to Mozambique, before we were ready to give him up.

We had been verging toward the hills in our stalking match with the deer. On the slope near us stood a desolate hut, with vestiges of surrounding cultivation. To that we bent our steps, thinking, if we could get no game, at least to shelter ourselves there comfortably from the scorching heat. It appeared untenanted and falling to decay. Did your imagination never picture some earthly good, about which it threw the rich, mellow atmosphere of hope, that heightened its beauties and hid its faults? And on gaining your heart's desire, did you find the sober truth a bitter mockery? So the hut on the hill-side was beautiful in the haze of an African noon; but the haze melted as we approached, and unveiled the deformity it had adorned. The surrounding patch of ground, which had once borne civilized crops like a Christian garden, had now lapsed again into hea-

thenism. It was completely overrun with a trailing plant of a variety I had never before seen. The branches, leaves, tendrils, in fact the whole structure of the beautiful vine, sparkled all over with a delicate furze, which exactly resembled the minute satin spikes of frost. The blossom displayed four rich scarlet petals nestling upon four alternate green leaves, all spangled with the frosty down; yet modestly attached itself without stem to the vine. I halted to inspect more carefully this exquisite specimen of Nature's own horticulture. Its beauties grew upon me the longer I looked; and I was still engaged in the survey, when my reverie was interrupted by an exclamation from my companion, that started me to run toward him at a double-quick pace, my musket in hand, and my teeth set chatteringly together. I looked to find him in the jaws of a lion at least, or the folds of a boa-constrictor. He was standing by a stunted tree, and regarding it with a mingled look of amusement and amazement. I satisfied myself that there were neither serpents nor man-eaters about, and hinted that it would be quite gratifying to my excited feelings to know the cause of his outcry. He pointed with his penknife to the tree, and explained that, on attempting to cut his name on the rind, the blade had plunged up to the handle in the wood. It was certainly a notable plant. It stood about six feet in height. Its trunk was as many inches in diameter, and was wrapped around, mummy-like, with a bark closely resembling that of our yellow birch. Its branches were gnarly and interwoven, none of their twigs tapering off in slender

shoots, but coming to an abrupt termination, like the end of one's finger. The substance of trunk, branches, twigs, and, for aught I know, the roots too, was of a consistency and texture like that of the cabbage-stalk, easily penetrated. And to redouble our astonishment, close under the lee of this vegetable anomaly stood a thorn-bush, on whose stinging lancets grew two small oblong leaves, that looked like wings, and suggested the propriety of avoiding its neighborhood, lest they should fly at one, and punish his temerity in approaching.

We were not out, however, on a botanical tour. The weight of our fourteen-pound muskets painfully reminded us that we were in pursuit of game; and our attention was easily attracted by the noise of wings. We listened a moment, and then a brace of splendid pheasants whirled away over our heads. Crack! Bang! Down came one of them, "Dead, for a ducat, dead." He was a noble member of the grouse family, fat as butter, and decked with rich spotted plumage. I reloaded and sat down to examine him. My friend wandered off to the other side of the hill, and presently the report of his musket knelled the untimely end of a pigeon, with which he soon reappeared. Having thus at last got something to show for our powder and shot, and to prevent any imputation on our skill as sportsmen, we concluded all the rest of the game on the Cape would not make it worth our while to be scratched to pieces or burned alive. We began, therefore, to retrace our steps. It was a sorry tramp, — over ragged ledges and glowing sand, — now in a cart-track,

now struggling in a dense jungle, — till, weary, torn, and parched with intolerable thirst, we emerged upon the beach. A two miles' walk on the glaring sand brought us to the boat, where the fishing-party were just making their last haul with the seine. Another half-hour, and we were glad to find ourselves at home, spicing with an account of our morning's adventures the steaming bounty of a steerage dinner on fried ship's bread and boiled salt-beef, — in sailor's phrase, "lobscouse" and "mahogany."

During our absence a party had visited the Penguin Isle, and brought, on their return, half a hundred fine fish and a pair of the old-fashioned birds, whose abundance has given a name to their island home.

J. S. S.

ALLIE.

"Come to me, Allie, and I will tell you a pretty story," said I, coaxingly. "Yes, come!"

Allie put his hands behind him, and looked at me, as grave as a judge.

"I love little boys; can't you like me a little? I want to know whether you like stories about horses?"

Allie could talk as plainly as any other child under three years old. He could even speak two languages, English and Portuguese, but not a word could I get. So I put out my hand to draw him nearer. Not so fast! He turned round and trotted off, his little back as straight as a dart, and his yellow curls shak-

ing upon his plump neck. He turned round at the door, to study my strange phiz a little more. He rather supposed I was harmless, and was not greatly afraid. But he liked to be free, and was not quite ready to trust me.

How beautiful he was, peeping round the door, from the dark entry! The light from the room fell on his white forehead, with the hair parted above; his eyes were blue as the sky, and fixed on me with an earnest, serious gaze. He looked like a little angel, in his innocent gravity and sweetness.

"Kitty is not afraid I shall hurt her," said I.

Most true! She was the wildest and most impudent of all my kitten acquaintance, past and present. She was about half grown up, a slim black imp, fearing nothing but the malicious kick which Manuel the waiter gave her whenever he could get a chance, and playing with everything, high and low, especially her own lithe tail. For so light a weight as she was, hardly more than the ghost of a cat, it was surprising what a noise she made in her gallop across the straw matting.

Allie watched me as I kept moving my foot a little, under the hem of my dress, to provoke the kitten to play. She came creeping, as it were on tiptoe, towards it. When near enough for a spring, she squatted down, carding the mat with her hind claws, and waving her tail. Out popped my foot. Puss jumped a yard high, turned round in the air, and came down on my instep. Allie shouted, and came running into the room. He stopped shyly, as soon as I looked at him. I caught the kitten, and took her up, wriggling and kicking.

"You need not be scared, kitty! I shall hold you softly, and play very gently — O you jade! how you bite! Her teeth are like needles! And I could hold an eel as well. Now she is on my back, — see, Allie! Ah! she is clawing my collar. How dare you rub noses with your betters? Your familiarity is astonishing. Bah! her long tail swept across my eyes. And now she is on the top of my head, licking my hair. She holds on with her claws, very coolly! What an imp it is! Down, Miss Impudence! Scat!"

Allie drew near, and made a little poke at the saucy thing; she kept her ground, and I complained that she was biting my ear. He was so much interested, that I took him into my lap without his observing that I had done a presumptuous thing.

"Now, Kit, go off, or keep very still. I am going to tell Allie a story.

"O dear! O dear! O dear! Oh!
Over the mill-pond I must go.
The ice is thin. If I fall in,
O how shall I get out again?
If the ice is thin, and you fall in,
You must get out as you got in."

There; you never saw any ice in your life. You do not know what ice is! Was that a good wonderful story? Like it again? Eh?"

No answer, except a slight attempt to slide down to the floor.

"I'll try another. This time I shall sing my story.

" 'What shall we have for supper, Mrs. Bond?'

'There are turkeys in the larder, and ducks in the pond.

Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed.'

" 'Do, John Ostler, catch a duck or two.'

'Well, ma'am,' says John, 'I'll see what I can do.'

Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed.

" In comes John Ostler from the pond.

'The ducks won't come to be killed, Mrs. Bond.

Dill, Dill, Dill, Dill, won't come and be killed.'

" Down goes Mrs. Bond to the pond in a rage,

Her apron full of onions, and her pocket full of sage.

'Come here, you little wagtails, come and be killed,

For you must be stuffed and my customers be filled.' "

Allie sat very still, only swinging his little stout legs.

"Do you like that story? What, has poor little Allie no tongue?"

Allie opened his mouth with a very faint smile. There was a tongue, certainly, behind the milk-white teeth.

"O, there is one, but it must be a very lazy one. Or perhaps it cannot talk."

A frown.

"O, don't be affronted. Did you ever hear the old Jackdaw and the young Jackdaw?"

And so I recited it. It is a very silly story, but it did not overcome his gravity.

"As the old jackdaw and the young jackdaw

Were walking out together,

Says the young jackdaw to the old jackdaw,

'T is very pleasant weather.'

“ Says the old jackdaw to the young jackdaw,
‘ I won’t walk another stride,
For I see a cow in yonder meadow,
And I will get up and ride.

“ When the old jackdaw and the young jackdaw
Were both seated on top o’ the cow,
Says the young jackdaw to the old jackdaw,
‘ I can ride as well as thou.’

“ Says the old jackdaw to the young jackdaw,
‘ You can’t ride half so well.’
Says the young jackdaw to the old jackdaw,
‘ I ’ll tumble you off, pell-mell.’

“ Now the young jackdaw and the old jackdaw
Felt their passions beginning to rise.
Says the old jackdaw to the young jackdaw,
‘ I ’ll pick out both your eyes!’

“ Says the young jackdaw to the old jackdaw,
‘ Fie! Fie on you, wicked old witch!’
Then the old jackdaw pushed the young jackdaw,
And he tumbled right into the ditch.

“ Now won’t you speak? What is Portuguese for bird? Don’t you know? O, I cannot please Allie so well as Donna Wittinha, with her sweet hymns or her German ditties, that might be hymns for anything you or I know. If I could only make you laugh, you would talk too; for you are not afraid, I know. Now face round; let this little scarlet sock and cunning shoe swing on the other side of my lap; give me both hands, and look in my face. Do you sit firm? There! Now for a ride.

"First comes little Allie on a pacing horse ;
 He goes pace, pace, pace, pace, pace.
 Then comes Brother Georgie on a little black nag ;
 He has ears pricked up, and a great long tail,
 And goes trot, trot, trot, trot, trot.
 Then comes — let me see — it is Donna Wittinha —
 On a tall white steed with only one eye ;
 She goes canter, canter, canter, canter, canter.
 Who comes now but the Lady Emmeline, —
 Round and round the field upon a prancing hunter.
 She goes gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop.
 Then comes the old marketer, gallopatrot,
 A gallopatrot, a gallopatrot :
 'I've sold my buttermilk, *every drop*, —
 EVERY DROP! EVERY DROP!!!'

"Victory! I have won a laugh! Ah, but the brightness has faded, and I cannot get one word. Could I steal some of Emmeline's arts! How does she charm you to lay your head against her so fondly, and answer her questions? Kiss you? Show you her watch? Make a sheep's head? I can do all those things passing well."

These little attentions were accepted with extreme dignity, in perfect silence.

"Where's sister Marianne?"

No answer.

"Gone abroad?"

He nodded, with a brightening eye.

"Has Allie been out to-day?"

"Allie been to market, to buy a fat pig!" cried he, with enthusiasm.

"Of all things! What did Allie see in the street?"

Allie. "A fat pig!"

"Would Allie like to ride on a donkey with me?"

Allie (in a confidential whisper). "Buy fat pig?"

"What is my name? Do you know?"

Allie. "Fat pig."

"Now that's not civil. Nor is it appropriate. Whom does Allie love best?"

Allie. "Fat pig! Fat pig! He, he, he!"

"Nonsense. Now Allie will talk. Who takes a nap in Allie's cradle up stairs?"

Allie (with a frown). "Fat pig."

"With whom did you go to market?"

"Father — buy — fat — pig!"

"O dear! Now tell me the puppy's name. Jet?"

Allie. "Fat pig! Yes!"

"No libel that."

Not many days after, Allie climbed three flights of stairs to find me. He played round me while I was writing journal, asking only a smile now and then. He would string buttons, and make believe mend my trunk by the hour together. I stood him up on the top of it when he was weary, and gave him a roll of paper for a spy-glass. The window looked out upon the Bay of Horta, and the vessels lay about half a mile out from the shore, in the roadstead.

"Abboth, I'py quarumteem coming in!"

"I wish you could spy quarantine going out!" answered I, from my heart.

"I want you seezers — cut fat pig."

"Here are my *seezers*, but don't seize on my journal, I beg. Here; cut Crescent City. Stop, let me take my pressed flowers out. Allie be a reviewer, and cut up books?"

"Yes, Allie 'viewer, — cut fat pig!"

"Don't say that again, don't!"

"Allie go — to — mar —"

"Hush, hush, you little monkey!"

"Allie can't see. Want peckigles."

"Here! Anything to make you forget your favorite — O, are they broken? What a fall they got!"

"Allie will mend them. Where a hammer gone to?"

"What! Would you pound my eye-glasses! No, no!"

"Allie go to market to —"

"Here! here 's your hammer!"

"Where a pinchnoses gone to?"

"But my trunk, — who 'll mend my trunk?"

Down he scrambled, in a great hurry to go to work again, and gravely tapped and rapped till I had got down another page of journal, wherein it must be confessed he was the principal theme, it being rather hard to forget him, when he was a tinker.*

Allie was hardly three years old, when he lost his mother, who had long been an invalid. Her death, though long expected, was at last very sudden. I came home from a walk, and was met at the door by the servants, weeping and wringing their hands, and though I could not understand their words, I knew what had happened. I found the older children crying, and even shrieking with violent grief, and the suddenness of the shock left no one com-

* One of Allie's admirers wrote the following epigram: —

Allie has a rosy mouth,
And it is not very big,
But the thing that 's oftenest found in it
Is "A FAT PIG!"

posed enough to soothe them. I sat down between them, and they clung to me, and seemed to find comfort in the close embrace. Their mother had died in hope and faith, and they soon began to sob less convulsively, as they told me how good she had been, and how resigned.

"She feels no pain, now," said George. "She is happy. I think she can see us still. I think she knows all I am saying. She knows I mean to be good, and to go to her in heaven as soon as I die. I shall think she hears all my prayers, when I say them."

Marianne's heart was heavy, because she thought her mother had not been aware how much she had loved her. I knew the reason, I thought. Her mother was very anxious to make her daughter perfect. For that reason she had found fault with her often. So the child had come to think her dearest friend was not quite satisfied with her. This feeling made her timid about expressing affection, so that she had perhaps appeared sullen, or indifferent, when she was not so at all. And now her heart was ready to break, that her dear mother had passed away thus suddenly, without one tender kiss, without one word of love and farewell.

"But she knows your heart, now," said I; "she knows you love her, and are longing to show it to her. And you can show it by remembering her advice. You will feel that she still sees all you do, and wishes you to do right. Perhaps she will be one of your guardian angels, and help you in your temptations. I have lost my parents. But I love

to think they are near, and see when I try to do what they taught me that is right. I can do better for thinking so."

Little Allie was running about the house, quite as usual, it seemed. He came and looked at us a moment, and then avoided the room. It was so sad, and he could not understand it. His mother dead; what could death mean? He was too young to know, too young to imagine. Poor little boy, to lose a mother too early to remember her in after life! He would not miss her long. He had a kind aunt, who had long had the care of him.

But the next day he was restless, and cried a great deal. There was a gloom in every face he met; the very air of the house seemed heavy with something strange, a something he could not comprehend. No one could amuse him long. He would take up his playthings eagerly, but presently throw them away. I thought it must grieve his afflicted father to hear him cry, and I carried the little fellow up to my room in the fourth story, and did all I could to soothe him. Habit made him fly to my broken trunk, and his favorite plaything, the little hammer. He presently put it into my hand, and was not satisfied with my only making believe use it. He cried because the damage remained the same under my pounding as under his.

The walls of the house were so thick that the recess of the window held my biggest trunk, and a chair. I took away the chair, and sat down on the trunk, so that, as he stood upon the top, looking out, he could lean his cheek against mine. An old

Portuguese lady lived opposite, named Madam Arriarga. She came out into the balcony of a window of her house, and looked up to the hotel window where we were. Allie smiled, and she nodded and waved her hand to us. He returned the nod and wave, delighted. It carried his thoughts out of the sad home. She kept up the signals a long time, going in and coming out, and he watched for her quietly between, looking also over her roof at the vessels. After that, she used to nod to me, when I appeared at my window alone. I wished I could tell her how she had helped me to comfort Allie on that dismal day.

At the funeral, Allie looked about him, wondering at the scene. He was dressed all in black, according to the custom of the island. The service was performed by a Protestant clergyman, Mr. H., who with his wife boarded in the house, because there was no Protestant church in the island. Allie's father was a Portuguese, but his mother was from England. I believe she was a Baptist.

Most of the people who were there were Catholics, except the Americans. The prayer was such as all present could join in, since all look up to the same God and Father. A few words of sympathy and consolation to the mourners, and Allie's mother was carried away, to be seen no more on earth.

I had a letter from Georgie the other day. He says, "Allie has grown a great boy, and stomps about the house. His curls are all cut off." But to me and my readers he will always remain "Little Allie."

A. W. A.

THE LITTLE SOUTH-WIND.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY FOR THE P. & S.

THE little South-wind had been shut up for many days while his cousin from the northeast had been abroad, and the clouds had been heavy and dark; but now all was bright and clear, and the little South-wind was to have a holiday. O how happy he would be! He sallied forth to amuse himself;—and hear what he did. He came whistling down the chimney, until the nervous old lady was ready to fly with vexation; then away he flew, laughing in triumph,—the naughty South-wind! He played with the maiden's work; away the pieces flew, some here, some there, and away ran the maiden after. What cared *she* for the wind? She tossed back her curls and laughed merrily, and the wind laughed merrily, too,—the silly South-wind! Onward he stole, and, lifting the curtain,—curious South-wind!—what did he see? On the sofa lay a young man; a heavy book was in his hand. The little South-wind rustled through the leaves, but the young man stirred not; he was asleep; hot and weary, he slept. The wind fanned his brow awhile, lifted his dark locks, and, leaving a kiss behind, stole out at the casement,—the gentle South-wind! Then he met a little child: away he whirled the little boy's hat; away ran the child; but his little feet were tired, and he wept, poor child! The wind looked back, and felt sad; then hung the hat on a bush, and went on. He had played too hard,—the thoughtless South-wind! A sick child lay tossing to and fro; its hands

and face were hot and dry. The mother raised the window. The wind heard her as he was creeping by, and, stepping in, he cooled the burning face; then, playing among flowers till their fragrance filled the room, away he flew,—the kind South-wind! He went out into the highway, and played with the dust; but that was not so pleasant, and on he sped to the meadow. The dust could not follow on the green grass, and the little South-wind soon outstripped it, and onward and onward he sped, over mountain and valley, dancing among the flowers, and frolicking round, until the trees lifted up their arms, and bent their heads, and shook their sides with glee,—the happy South-wind! At last he came to a quiet dell, where a little brook lay, just stirring among his white pebbles. The wind said, “Kind brook, will you play with me?” And the brook answered with a sparkling smile and a gentle murmur. Then the wind rose up, and, sporting among the dark pines, whistled and sung through the lofty branches, while the pretty brook danced along, and warbled songs to the music of its merry companion, the merry South-wind. But the sun had gone down, and the stars were peeping forth, and the day was done. The happy South-wind was still, and the moon looked down on the world below, and watched among the trees and hills, but all was still; the little South-wind slumbered, and the moon and stars kept guard,—poor, tired South-wind! Old lady and maiden, young man and child, the dust and the flowers, were forgotten, and he slept,—dear little South-wind!

L. B.

A FABLE.

A FLOCK of sheep one day discovered a gap in the stone-wall of their pasture.

"Baa!" cried the bell-wether, "any of you that choose may stay here! Go ahead is *my* principle. I'll try a new field."

"Look before you leap," said a prudent old grasshopper, who was reconnoitring for a jump in the same direction.

But the bell-wether took a run and a spring, and threw himself over headlong, followed by the whole flock, in such a hurry that, when any one hesitated an instant, he was knocked down and trampled under foot by those who came behind. They all scrambled over at last, and the grasshopper, after swaying his body from side to side for a while, concluded it safe to leap as far as he was able to see. Alighting on top of the wall, he was surprised that there was not a sheep to be seen. There was a well directly under the gap; the bell-wether and those who went over first were in the bottom of it, drowned, and the others, piled in upon them, were smothered, except a few on the top, who, unable to extricate themselves, were in danger of a lingering death by hunger.

Here they were at last found by the shepherd, who, sighing, said, "Poor, simple ones! you are like many men, who, in the most important affairs, will rush blindly after any bold leader who presents himself, rather than take the trouble to examine the ground for themselves."

A. W. A.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

IN a Sunday School not far from Boston, each class is making a little hoard, the children all earning or saving with more or less zeal. These contributions are all for one object. Early in April, the Children's Mission in Boston will carry out to the West as many of the boys who apply to go, as they are able to provide means for.

A class of young boys undertook to provide the travelling expenses of one boy of their own age. They were getting a little tired, for it was slow work, of course. Perhaps some thought they could not do it by April. The teacher was hopeful, and one of the parents promised to help them out with a dollar at last, if necessary.

In a good cause, help often comes in some unthought-of way. Two or three of the boys had been amusing themselves in play hours with trying to act one of Berquin's little dramatic stories. Wanting a little help, they happened to apply to their teacher. She was too busy to give them much time, unless they could make the performance a little profitable towards their fund. They formed a Boy's Aid Club, and invited the rest of the boys and two more children to join them. An older character being needed in the drama, a young man, cousin to one of them, accepted the part, and was chosen treasurer of the club.

The rehearsals were very amusing. When the tickets were issued at last, instead of a dozen or two of playmates, and two or three mammas and elder sisters, there were so many grown people who called for tickets, that it was found necessary to repeat the performance the next evening, to accommodate all. Some, in approval of the charitable design of the entertainment, chose to pay more than the trifle marked on the ticket. The children, encouraged by their

unhoped-for success, acted their parts with confidence and spirit.

When the treasurer counted his cash, he found that not only the travelling expenses, but the outfit, of the boy were provided for.

"Well, boys," said the teacher, "do you not feel as if this wonderful success is a smile of Providence upon a good enterprise?"

The boys did feel so. They knew that so much would not have been given them for a mere diversion. They had had a suitable room and arrangements, aid and direction about costume, and instruction, and all things required to give effect to their attempt; all this and a large audience had come to them almost unasked. They remembered their doubts of the week before, and it seemed like a dream that their grand object for the winter was accomplished. The labor which had been bestowed upon their little show was not small, but it had all been full of pleasure to them. Even their play had thus been made to have an important aim. Their end had been gained at last, with far less self-denial than they had thought would be required. It was indeed *given* to them, and all felt thankful, as well as happy.

THE TEACHER.

A more particular account, sent by the children to a member of the club in Maine, will be in the next number.

DEAR MISS ABBOT:— Will you please ask somebody to tell me about the ugly black and brown caterpillars that are walking about on the snow? They seem to find it as comfortable as walking on the fence or the sunny side of the house in summer. Why ar'n't they at home, snugly tucked up in their warm nest, sleeping their coarse, rough coats into beautiful bright wings? They seem now to be always in

such a hurry, that mother says they make her think of the Wandering Jew she once read to me about, who was condemned to live for thousands of years, and always ramble about, without friend or home, to punish him for mocking the Saviour on the cross, — only the caterpillars are real, and the Jew is a make-believe.

I live in the country, and I often see things I want to know more about. So I wish some of your friends would answer questions sometimes.

A. E. B.

I am very glad to receive a letter from one of my young subscribers, and I wish I had any information to give her with regard to the lively black and brown-coated gentry on the snow. I only know that caterpillars have no objection to being frozen so hard as to tinkle when dropped into a glass. As soon as they happen to thaw, they are as lively as ever.

But I think, if I apply to one of our readers who gave us an article in the January number of last year upon the Clothes Moth, and that upon the Aphis and other enemies of house-plants in the May number, she will not only tell us the name of the caterpillar, but inform us what manner of butterfly or *miller* he is to be, after his nap in the chrysalis. But I presume it will be necessary for A. E. B. to forward a specimen, as we have seen no such caterpillars here in Massachusetts, perhaps from our having no snow here as a promenade-ground for them.

A. W. A.

FÉNELON. — A literary man, whose library was destroyed by fire, has been deservedly admired for saying, "I should have profited but little by my books, if they had not taught me how to bear the loss of them." The remark of Fénelon, who lost his in a similar way, is still more simple and touching: "I would much rather they were burnt, than the cottage of a poor peasant."

NOTHING IN VAIN.

"O, come and see this splendid thing!"

Said Nancy to Fanny, one day ;

"Look at its gold and crimson wing, —
How beautiful and gay !

"How still it rests upon this rose,
Waved by the gentle air,
And seeming lost in a deep repose,
Without a thought or care !"

Said Fanny, "I must tell you true :
Though beautiful and gay,
Not one good action does she do
Throughout the livelong day,

"But flies about from flower to flower,
Neglecting every duty,
Regardless of each passing hour, —
Her chief attraction, beauty.

"She scorns the ant, the busy bee,
That labor at her side ;
And spreads her wings, and soars on high,
With all an insect's pride.

"But when the storms of winter come,
The summer season past,
She has no friends, no food, no home,
And falls before the blast.

"The moral you will quick perceive,"
Said Fanny to her friend ;

"Beauty and pleasure soon must leave,
But virtue has no end.

"If from her thoughtless, idle ways
We can instruction gain,
Although she wastes her own bright days,
She has not lived in vain."

PENGUINS. — Did you ever see a penguin? If not, allow me to give you a recipe for one. Take a small quadruped, — a monkey, perhaps, — metamorphose him into a biped. Substitute a coarse feathery mantle for his coat of fur. Train the fore paws into a diminutive pair of wings, or rather flippers, — which are never used for flying. Spread the hinder limbs into a broad pair of web-feet. Replace the half-human skull with the sleepy head and heavy beak of a salt-water fowl. Paint this phenomenon about the color of your hat, — provided your hat is of a slate-color, — reserving a breast of gray; and you have a father of a family of the Penguin tribe.

J. S. S.

A DOG TEACHING MANNERS. — As a gentleman was passing a house on a country road, in his chaise, with his wife, a little cur came out of the yard and began to bark at them. His conceited air and piping voice made the lady laugh, and exclaim, "How very smart!" as she might have done had it been some absurd puppy of a higher order putting on airs of importance. What was her surprise and admiration to see a noble old dog come forward, take the saucy youngster by the nape of the neck, turn him round, and trot him up into the yard again.

A CAT TEACHING MANNERS. — A kitten took advantage of her mistress's turning her back, to leap upon a table among the dishes. The old cat instantly jumped up and boxed her ears soundly. Then both leaped down, and puss kept watch, in evident excitement, lest the fault should be repeated.

SOME create more discontent for themselves, than is ever occasioned them by others.

TROUBLE borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

NOTICE. — Jennie Lane's poetry is hardly cheerful enough for readers of the age when life is a joy to be grateful for, rather than a burden to be borne patiently. We would take this opportunity to say to all who send us articles with a desire to be properly remunerated, that the funds of the Child's Friend are left in the hands of the Publisher entirely for the benefit of the Children's Mission. When the editor pays for an article, it is not because it would be any too much trouble to fill the space with her own writing, but for the sake of procuring an agreeable variety for her readers. To any one who contributes to our pages without charge, the Publisher sends the number containing it *gratis*, and if they write occasionally through the year, the complete set.

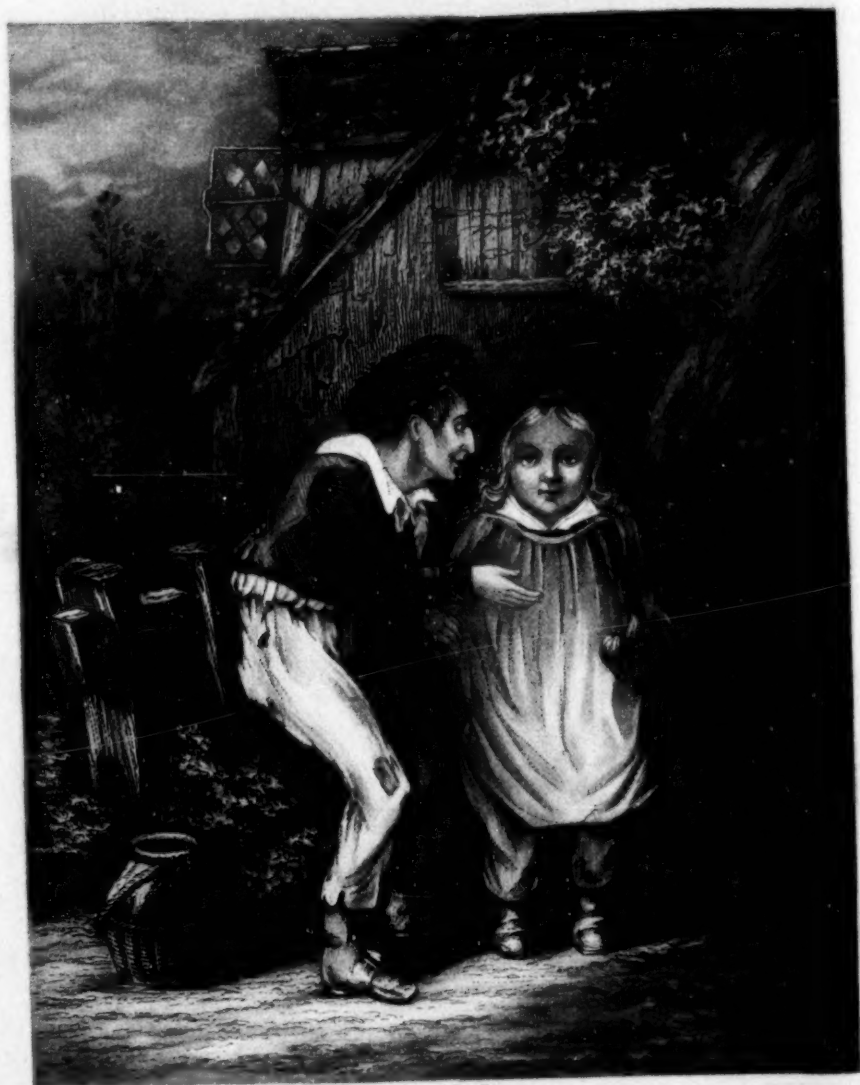
WE are grateful to the gentleman who so kindly sent us "A Trip across the Atlantic." It is not because it was not a most valuable and well-timed help, that it does not immediately appear. But the subject being so nearly the same with that of "Steerage Life," makes it advisable to postpone it till that series is finished. When it is printed, our readers will join in our thanks.

P. & S. — The articles with this signature are not all by the same hand. They are by different members of a literary club now extinct.

WE hope soon to hear again from our young friend Rosamond.

WE need not bid our work farewell,
Our neighbor leave for cloistered cell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;
The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask, —
Room to deny ourselves, — the road
To bring us daily nearer God. — KEBLE.

X D 4495



H. W. Smith & Co.

TIM AND ROSWELL

143

TIM AND ROSWELL

ROSWELL.

No! no, I thay!
 I won't! I can't!
 Pleathe go away!
 You muth n't! I can't!
 On a high shelf
 Ma put thith pear
 For my own thelf!
 I want it! — There!

Tim! You can't eat here — and go and tell your mother
 poor boy ate it up, an' never has for another
 when I get pears, like you. Not half enough o' bread
 for my breakfast I ha n't put a morsel in my head.

ROSWELL.

Why not eat cake
 If there 'th no bread?
 Won't thomeb'dy make
 You gingerbread?
 No bread to find,
 If I were you
 I would not mind, —
 Make crackerth do!

TIM.

Crackerth do! That 's jolly! — (Tim takes a foot-stool
 and sits on it, with an air of satisfaction, and a greedy meal;
 then he looks at the cake, and says, with a sigh,
 O-cake, or gingerbread, — crackerth 's the best I get.

ROSWELL.

O-cake! He is
 The very good?
 Being such an
 O-cake would,
 Is



E. W. Smith. 30.

TIM AND ROSWELL.

ROSWELL.

No! no, I thay!
 I won't! I can't!
 Pleathe go away!
 You muth n't *haunt*!
 On a high shelf
 Ma put thith pear
 For my own thelf!
 I want it! — There!

TIM.

Do gi' me it! You can scud home, and go and tell your mother
 As how a poor boy ate it up, an' tease her for another.
 'T ain't *often* I get pears, like you. Nor half enough o' bread!
 And since my breakfast I ha'n't put a morsel in my head.

ROSWELL.

Why not eat cake
 If there 'th no bread?
 Won't thomeb'dy make
 You gingerbread?
 No bread to find,
 If I were you
 I would not mind, —
 Make crackerth do!

TIM.

Make crackers do! That 's jolly! Let me horror, beg (not steal)
 A plenty of 'em, with skim-milk, I 'd make a pretty meal;
 No better fare I 'd ever ask; I 'd be content with it.
 Now as for cake, or gingerbread, *hoe*-cake 's the best *I* get.

ROSWELL.

O-cake! Ith it
 Tho very good?
 Bring *me* a bit!
 O, if you would,

Thethe cookieth both
 I'd give to you,
 And *half* my pear;
 O, won't that do?

TIM.

No, Roswell; such a swop as that 'ud be a real cheat:
 You don't know what a hoe-cake is; why, 't ain't an atom sweet!
 I'm not the boy to take you in. That would be precious mean!
 But gi' me a bite!— You can't? Thostingiest chap I've ever seen!

MOTHER.

Rosy, I'm ashamed of you!
 I stood behind the tree
 Watching to see what you would do.
 Here, Tim; come home with me.
 We'll leave him here to eat alone,
 Since he is so inclined.
 You say you've had no dinner, Tim;
 We'll see what we can find.

ROSWELL.

Thtop, thtop! mamma!
 Pleathe wait for me!
 Tim, wait! Ah—a—h!
 I'm crying! Thee!

MOTHER.

Never mind him. Let him moan;
 Since he's a selfish boy,
 'T is best to leave him all alone.
 Let him his lunch enjoy,
 Like Towzer, growling o'er a bone.

ROSWELL.

No! no! no!! NO!!
 I won't! I can't!
 Here, Tim; my *cake*
 I do not want.

MOTHER.

A *little* better than a dog
 My boy is now, I grant;
 He *generously* gives away
 A thing he does not want.

TIM.

O, thankee! but I'd rather have of bread a thumping slice,
 And a bit of cheese to relish, than his cake so sweet and nice.

MOTHER.

Here, Rossy, take your cake again,
 And now, pray eat your pear!
 Your thin, pale cheeks, Tim, give me pain.
 Now tell us how you fare.

TIM.

Sometimes I'm pretty hungry, ma'am; if Sally's out to work
 When I come home, the door is locked. Then for myself I shirk:
 Sometimes I gets a crust o' bread, but often I have none,
 And then I wishes I was a dog, so I could gnaw a bone.

ROSWELL.

Wicked Thally!
 I shall beat her!
 I wish there shall a
 Big dog eat her!

TIM.

Poor Sally! What should I do then, with ne'er a place to go?
 She called my mother in, she did, when our bed was on the snow,
 And all our things laid in the road, broken and tossed about,
 For in a freezing night our cruel landlord shoved us out.
 And though my mother's long been dead, Sally she lets me stay.
 When I can earn some money, she shall have it right away;
 And when I grows a big strong man, a farmer I will be,
 And Sally — she will then be old — shall come and live with me.

MOTHER.

Because you have a grateful heart,
 And seem an honest lad, —
 (I could not trust near *him* a boy
 Whose character was bad,) —
 I 'll find some gardening work for you.
 If you 'll take pains to learn,
 There 's quite enough for you to do
 Your food and clothes to earn.

TIM.

Dear lady, you jest show me where you 've been a planting seeds,
 You 'll find I 'm not the stupid boy that pulls up flowers for weeds.

MOTHER.

Where 's Rossy gone? O, now I see!
 Tim, turn your face this way,
 He 's creeping tiptoe round the tree
 With a face brimful of play.

ROSWELL.

My pear 'th all gone!
 I have n't got it!
 Hark! — whithper, ma, —
 It 'th in Tim'th pottet!

MOTHER.

What! In Tim's pocket! Your great pear!
 He will be full of joy
 When he shall feel and find it there,
 My own, my precious boy!

A. W. A.

The silent upbraiding of the eye is the very poetry
 of reproach.

Character is a perfectly educated will.

THE FIRE THAT HARDENS CLAY, PURIFIES GOLD.

[MORAL and religious impressions are never so vivid as in childhood, but they are not produced by long addresses. Some pithy sentence, at a happy moment, the point of a story, a text to which the sermon is perhaps forgotten, a look of upbraiding or approval from some one, perhaps only the absence of an expected smile, or a thought suddenly darting through the mind, have been known to produce a lasting effect on the character. A little boy going into a school-room for the first time saw there the words, "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME," in large letters; he is now a man, and those words have been like a bright point of light in his mind and heart ever since that day. "My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live," once served as a bridle to a naturally impatient spirit; and the following story is, I understand, not without a foundation in fact. — EDITOR.]

WHEN I was a boy, there was one cold lump of clay in the world; for a more sullen, sulky, perverse chap never wore a hat. Adam when alone could not have lived more to himself, for he did care for his brute company, and he did long for a companion. But the very house-dog hung his ears when he came within reach of my foot. The boys at my school did not call on me if another could be found to make up the game. My mother seldom had recourse to me for help. Many a stick of wood did she get for herself, rather than run the risk of an ungracious obedience. My little brothers flew one-sided kites, rather than ask aid of me, though mine were the truest in the parish. Now do you think there was only a black spot where my heart ought to have been? No such thing; my heart was like a good cocoa-nut. It had a great, thick, coarse, ugly rind, but there was sweet milk and white meat

inside. All it wanted was a hard crack to set the milk flowing. There was plenty of it, too!

One evening I opened the subject of a new sled to my father. I told him every boy in my class had a new one, and mine was too small. I could not have a good coast, till I had another. Then I told him I ought to have one, for all the boys I played with had. Whereupon my father, who was as merry as I was sullen, laughed and shouted: "Now, mother! hear the boy! Heigh-ho! All the ladies have new bonnets; don't you want one? And then, my pet posy, you must have a new doll; all the little girls have one! And I must have something; what shall it be? I think I'll have a watch. I've only my grandfather's old one. We will all have something new, because everybody does. There is but one objection. We must all have, and there is nobody to pay the bills." This was too much. All the family laughed, even my gentle mother, till she felt the sullens were creeping over me, and then she looked sad, and sewed faster than ever. But this was always my father's way. He did not know what to make of his one perverse boy, for *he* was all sunshine; he could not read my heart through its dark rind. So, when he was puzzled, he always laughed or whistled; and I can't tell which provoked me most.

I skulked away to bed, and felt myself the most wretched, injured, unfortunate boy in existence. Compelled to go without my just dues! And *insulted* into the bargain! Some people never have justice done them;— I thought I belonged to that

class. I got up in the morning as unhappy as I went to bed, did not speak to anybody I could avoid, and, what was worse, did nothing. I saw my mother get breakfast with the baby in her arms. What was that to me? She never asked me to take him. I believe I enjoyed seeing my father get the wood, and water the horse; for was he not my oppressor? When I went to school, the boys shunned me. The master took no notice of me, except to hear my lessons, seldom found fault when I missed, but quietly passed to the next. In fact, all the world conspired to ill-treat, neglect, and oppress me.

Those were dark days! I did not know I was like a boat without a rudder, a world without a sun. I wanted a principle to guide me; a feeling to warm and enlighten my dark heart. I really had a conscience, and a heart too; but I had them covered up, and packed away for the moths and the rust, just like some other boys and girls, who will, I hope, be wiser when they finish my story. They will know what ninnies they are to spend their time whipping *themselves*, instead of *doing good* to others.

One day I opened a book, and this sentence appeared: "THE FIRE THAT HARDENS CLAY, REFINES GOLD." It seemed as if it were transferred bodily to my heart,—stamped there, burnt in. It was like a good feruling to a boy's palm. I could not shake it off, or get away from it. I had been nothing but clay,—cold, hard, worthless clay! Then by degrees I began to wonder if there was nothing but clay to be looked for in me in future. I grew ashamed. I saw what I had been, and what I had made myself

by sulkily shutting my heart when any little trouble or slight came across me. I asked myself why my father laughed at me. Why did my mother often look grieved? Why did my master give me the coldest shoulder? Why did my schoolmates give me such a terrible letting alone? The fire of my every-day trials hardened me as clay, instead of refining me as gold. And why? I saw it was self-love that had caused my suffering. I saw my want of a generous, noble, self-denying principle.

Not an hour passed before I stole like a culprit to the side of her against whom I had sinned most sadly, — my mother. It was not necessary to speak to her; my actions were perfectly intelligible. Filling her wood-box without being asked was a whole chapter to her, and rocking the cradle was a volume! When my father appeared with his threadbare coat, I did not forget the sled, but I no longer wanted it. My old one was better than my mother's bonnet, or my father's wardrobe. He found the horse watered when he went out in the morning, and never laughed at me again (though he laughs a great deal *with* me, now). I seemed to have learned a new language that everybody understood. One day my master put his hand on my head, and said, "That's right," just as heartily as to any other boy of the school. Boys' memories are not very good; when I learned to take a knock without resentment, my school-fellows forgot what I had been. Even Rover understood my new language as perfectly as the donkey's low Dutch.

Boys! never be worthless clay, when you can be

pure gold, by keeping your hearts open to good and unselfish principles. Never be floating chips, when you can be full-rigged, well-directed craft, steering into the thousand good ports of a useful life.

M. H. F.

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

FROM THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"I will be good, dear mother,"
I heard a sweet child say :
"I will be good — now watch me —
I will be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile ;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,
So free and pure from guile.

And when night came, that little one,
In kneeling down to pray,
Said, in a soft and whispering tone,
"Have I been good to-day !"

O, many, many bitter tears
'T would save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
"I will be good to-day."

OUR OLD BARN-CHAMBER.

How we loved the pleasant old place, with its rough, unfinished walls! Many are the happy hours I have spent there, playing with my two brothers, Charles and Edward, for, having no sisters, my favorite playmates were these two noisy brothers of mine. All their romping games I shared, not at all abashed at their not being very lady-like. But I was better pleased when I could induce them to join me in my quieter "little girls' plays," as they called them.

One of the chief attractions of our old barn-chamber was, that there we could always do as we liked. No fear of disturbing any one by our merriment. And there, too, we could talk over all our little plans by the hour together, without any fear of the knowing smiles and shakes of the head of our older friends. Often in the long snow-storms of winter, when we grew tired of our little play-room in Boston, which had no prospect from the windows but the tall brick houses, and the gently falling snow, would we long for the freedom allowed us at the country home of our grandparents. I do not think it ever occurred to us that our favorite summer resorts might not be quite as pleasant in the winter.

The barn was only a short distance from the house, and in unpleasant weather we used sometimes to spend the whole day there. We reached our old chamber by ascending a short, steep flight of stairs, where it was often predicted we should

some of us break our necks. One part of the room above was two feet higher than the other, and this I considered my particular domain. There some boards, which were piled up very neatly around the sides of the room, I used to call my sofas, though I cannot say I often used them for that purpose. For if I ever sat down there to rest after any violent exertion, I was pretty sure to see two or three little spiders coming out of their holes, no doubt to inquire why I was disturbing them. To be sure they were generally quite polite, for if I signified by any movement that I did not wish for their company, they always quickly withdrew.

The lower part of the room was thought to belong more particularly to my brothers. There they had their wooden armor, arranged along the walls in very formidable array. They had the most magnificent swords, with hilts ornamented with brass nails, and famous pink-leather cases. We used to think them very beautiful.

One day my brother Charles, two years older than I, thought he should like a helmet; so, after we had put our three wise heads together for some time, I went into the house, and begged an old bonnet-frame, which I took with great delight to my brothers. We first made holes for the eyes and nose in the top of the front part, and then put it on Charles's head, and tied the ears together behind. The crown of the bonnet came on the top of his head, and we thought it needed ornament; so we cut some bright-colored paper into strips, and fastened them on for a plume. After it was completed, we were not con-

tent to enjoy its magnificence alone ; so, nothing would do but we must show it in the house. After selecting the most splendid of their shields and swords, my brothers marched in, while I followed, an admiring spectator, and very much pleased with the shout of laughter which greeted their appearance.

But after a time these military plays grew rather tiresome, and great was our delight when one day our grandfather put up three swings for us, side by side, in the old barn. We used to swing in them hour by hour, each one of us assuming some character whom we had read of, and carrying on a long story about our adventures, always imagining our swings the most spirited horses. Sometimes we fancied we had been travelling a long distance, and needed some refreshment. Then I would slowly dismount, and, retiring to my quarters, arrange an old, rickety table, my principal piece of furniture, with some broken dishes, which I valued as great treasures. My mother would then give me some nice luncheon, which I placed in as tasteful a manner as possible on the board, and then invited my company to the repast. Sometimes we fancied our variety of dishes was rather small ; so, for the sake of appearance, we would break up some old pieces of brick, and put it on some of my cracked and broken plates. Then we could amuse ourselves with imagining it some great rarity only to be eaten on great occasions ; and I really believe we never saw the occasion which we considered sufficiently important to make it proper to taste our precious delicacy.

Another of our amusements, in which one of our older brothers condescended to join us, was practising on an old conch-shell. I believe he finally became so expert as to attempt playing, or rather blowing, different airs. It was very laughable sometimes to hear the dismal noises he would make, and still more amusing to see his eyes gradually expand during the performance. But this rather peculiar game did not last long, for our mother soon told us that our music disturbed those in the house, and we were obliged to give it up.

Sometimes in very pleasant days the old barn was forsaken for the garden. We each had a little bed, and took great pleasure in working in it. Sometimes I used to ride in my chariot, as I called it. This was in reality only a capacious wheelbarrow of my grandfather's. We would borrow an old red shawl of my mother, spread it over the vehicle, then put in a cushion, and I would mount my carriage, happy as any queen. It so happened that the barrow was painted red, and we made quite a brilliant appearance, as we moved through the garden walks, often preceded by my youngest brother, carrying a flag which some one had given him. At such times I usually wore a wreath of artificial flowers in the place of my broad straw hat, to give me a more queen-like appearance. I often wondered that my brothers liked this play so much, for I could not have been a very light load.

But it is long since the old barn or garden has echoed to our merry laughter; our little flower-beds are all overgrown with grass, and I think the great

wooden windows of the old barn-chamber are seldom opened now. But we love to dwell upon those happy times, and pleasanter still would be the recollection if they did not sometimes bring to mind unkind words and ungenerous deeds, soon forgotten then, but now remembered to mar the pleasant page of memory.

ROSAMOND.

ELLIE CLARE AND NELLY BROWN.

CHAPTER III.

DAYS and weeks passed after the conversation between Miss Clare and her niece, related in the preceding chapter, and no allusion was made to it by Ellie. An engrossing evening amusement had been started by her Aunt Catharine, for the entertainment of the "poor things," who had to toil so hard in the school-room, and Ellie entered into it with eager zest, with the approval of her mother. Only a faint inquiry came from her father to his wife as to the expediency of late hours and excitement for a girl of thirteen. The languid invalid was aroused, and she answered with spirit: "It is only one evening in a fortnight, and it would be very hard to deny Ellie this indulgence when other girls of her age are allowed to participate in so *many* amusements."

"As you please, Cornelia," replied Mr. Clare, dreading above all things his wife's wordy defence

of her opinions. "Only in *our* day matters were managed differently. Were they not, Elizabeth?" appealing to his sister, who sat a silent but not uninterested listener to the conversation.

Mrs. Clare interrupted her reply, almost angrily: "What absurdity, Mr. Clare, to compare your childhood in a country farm-house with your daughter's in a city, and a very different condition. Besides, progress is the order of the day, and your former quiet, humdrum mode of life would be little suited to the genius of the present age."

"I dare say you are right, Cornelia," Mr. Clare said; but he looked at the happy, serene countenance of his sister, then glanced at his daughter's somewhat fretful, discontented face, and *thought*, "Perhaps our mode of education was more productive of happiness than yours with Ellie will prove to be."

Miss Clare was grieved and disappointed at Ellie's apparent forgetfulness of her good intentions, but she did not judge it expedient to remind her of them at present. At this period, also, her own time was fully occupied with attentions to her exacting sister-in-law, whose illness was increasing, and also with visits to a very dear friend, who was in a rapid decline. For these reasons it so happened that she did not go for some weeks to see Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Howe, trusting they would inform her, as she had desired them to do, if they were in need of her assistance.

One day, while Ellie was in her aunt's room in order to obtain her help about one of her lessons, a domestic came in and said that a little girl wished to see Miss Clare.

"Show her up stairs, if you please, Mary," replied that lady, and presently Nelly Brown entered.

Miss Clare uttered an exclamation of surprise and regret as she looked at the thin, pale face of the once rosy, healthy-looking girl. "Why, Nelly!" she said; "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"No, ma'am, I have not; but we are in great trouble at home, and so is Mrs. Howe. Her husband is dead,—it was shocking, ma'am, he was brought home in such a state. O dear! it was terrible! And her poor baby has had such dreadful fits, and she is very unwell herself now, almost heart-broken, mother says; and then we could not do much to help them, for my father is sick again, and the doctor thinks will never get well,—and, O Miss Clare! Jemmy, poor Jemmy, scalded his foot dreadfully the other day! And what with all our troubles, and Mrs. Howe's mother can't sew much, and — and —" Here she paused, as if for the first time conscious of Ellie's presence.

"And what, poor child? Tell me all."

"We don't always have enough to eat, now, ma'am, and till to-day mother would n't let me come out to get help. She said it was wrong for her to feel so, but she had never before been obliged to beg. But I did n't feel as if it was begging to come to you after we had done all we could. And I could n't bear to see mother looking so —"

She had not concluded her sentence before Ellie had started up, and, ringing the bell violently, immediately left the room.

Mary came in presently, bringing a bountiful lunch, and Ellie with crimson cheeks had rushed to her mother's room to beg her to have a basket of provisions and nice things put up for the poor people who had not enough to eat. "O mamma!" she said, "I have read in my books about want, but I never saw any one before who looked so hungry. New Year's day this little girl was so rosy and fat, and now — O if you could see her!"

"Don't, Ellie, be so excited; you worry my nerves, child! Yes, yes, tell Mrs. Brooks to put up anything you like, in a basket, and don't look so troubled, my dear. It is not so strange a thing for people to suffer, I suppose, in a great city like this. It is all their own fault, that they do not make their wants known."

"O mamma! but the little girl said her mother could not bear to beg."

"O yes! pride, — that's it! It is all right and proper for *us* to be proud. It belongs to our station. But poor folks should not be proud"; — and with this sensible aphorism Mrs. Clare sank back upon her couch, and closed her eyes, as if desirous to end the interview.

"Only one thing more, mamma, — may I send some of your nice currant-jelly for these sick people?"

"Yes, yes, child, if you will only let me be quiet. This comes of Elizabeth's odd notions," murmured the invalid, fretfully, as her daughter closed the door. "But after all, I could n't do without her. No one else makes my gruel and toast to suit me, and no

one else knows so well how to adjust my pillows. I wonder where she is now. I am so uncomfortable!"

At this moment Miss Clare entered, and with that gentle touch and quiet skill with which she performed all offices in the sick-room, she arranged her sister's pillows and the disordered bed-clothes, and then proceeded to give the apartment that air of comfort and taste which no hand but that of kindness and interest can impart. She had intended to speak of the suffering families, whose wants Nelly had so touchingly described; but she saw from her sister's flushed cheek that she had already been unduly excited, and she forbore to trouble her. No sooner, however, had Mrs. Clare sunk into a quiet sleep, than Miss Clare softly left the room for the purpose of going to see Mrs. Brown. Ellie appeared at the door of her room just as her aunt was about to descend the staircase.

"O aunt! I know I have done wrong, but may I not go too?"

"Not to-day, my child; sickness and death are in the house, and I do not think your mother would be willing. I will," she added, seeing how distressed her niece looked, "take anything you have to send."

"O Aunt Lizzie! I am so ashamed, but I have only one dollar left of the ten I meant to give to the poor. Don't ask me how I spent the money. I did mean to do better when I promised New Year's day I would. But please to take the one dollar,—do, and give it to Mrs. Brown. I shall never forget how Nelly looked."

"My dear Ellie," said Miss Clare, gently, "rather than grieve for the past, I would determine to do better for the future. Yours is a kind heart, and I know, if you really think how much even *you* might do to alleviate sorrow and suffering, you will be ready to make some sacrifices for such a purpose. Now I must go, dear; but if you will wait in the dressing-room till your mother wakes, and tell her I shall be at home soon, you can do as much good as to go with me. But do not say anything to disturb your mother. She is very feeble to-day."

Ellie did as her aunt requested, first stealing softly to her mother's bedside and looking with awe upon the almost transparent hand, which lay outside the white spread, and upon the thin but flushed cheek.

"My mother must be very sick. What if she should die!" And as she sat down in the dressing-room many thoughts passed through the mind of Ellie Clare, and again the good resolutions of New Year's eve and day recurred to her mind, — and this time they were something more than momentary impulses.

Very distressing to Miss Clare's kind heart was the scene which presented itself as she entered first Mrs. Howe's comfortless apartment. Upon the only bed in the room lay the disfigured, bloated corpse of the miserable man, who had by his self-indulgent habits suicidally taken his own life, and embittered the existence of wife and children. In a low chair, with her sick baby in her arms, Mrs. Howe sat, rocking to and fro in the abandonment of hopeless grief, while the two elder children were eagerly de-

vouring some of the food Nelly Brown had just brought in for them. With a deathly pale face, this child was striving to bring something like cleanliness and order out of the dirt and chaotic confusion of the apartment. Miss Clare was touched with the child's kindness in doing what, as every line of her honest face showed, was repugnant to her, and said gently, "Go home, Nelly, I will find a woman to do this. Tell your mother I will be with her presently." A promise which she fulfilled after a short but soothing conversation with Mrs. Howe, whom she persuaded to go into a neighbor's room with her children, while the apartment was put in order.

Poor Mrs. Brown, wasted almost to a shadow with care and want of food, greeted Miss Clare thankfully and cheerfully.

"The food you sent came in such good time! God bless you, Miss Clare, for your kindness!"

Miss Clare explained it was Ellie's thought, not hers, and then passed to the bedside of the evidently dying man, and thence to give a few words of kind sympathy to poor, suffering Jemmy. The visit was short, but much had she done in those few moments to soothe the sorrows and lessen the cares of the two afflicted families.

F. W. A. P.

THE MATCH-GIRL.

NEW matches! Bright matches!
Who 'll buy? Who will buy?

Hark! those plaintive low snatches
Of song, how they die!
A child on a cold stone
Is sitting, hard by,
Scant clad, and alone,
'Neath a desolate sky.
The night, it is wild, —
How quick all hurry by!
Go home too, poor child,
Not a star in the sky
Is watching. "Who'll buy?
New matches; bright matches!
Will nobody buy?"
The dark night, God watches
With all-seeing eye.

LITTLE GIRL (*at a window*).

Hark! hark! dearest mother,
The wind-gust sweeps by, —
We shall not hear another
Sweet, plaintive "*Who'll buy?*"
Hark, — yes, there 's another, —
The voice now doth die.
Come hither and listen:
The night-wind doth sigh
As the snow seems to smother
The voice. — 'T is gone by.

LADY.

'T is a sharp, blinding snow!
Do you see the child go?

THE MATCH-GIRL.

LITTLE GIRL.

No, — I see nothing now
But the sleet and black rain. —
O yes! when my brow
Is close pressed to the pane,
I see on the cold snow
A black, ugly stain.

LADY.

It is but a shade
Near the curbstone, down low,
Which the gate-post has made
On the white, gleaming snow.
And now from the cold sill
My gentle one, come.
How bright is our home,
How cheerful and warm,
After watching the gloom
Of the fearful night-storm!
I wish, my dear child,
That your father would come!

LITTLE GIRL.

I wish that poor girl
Had, like me, a bright home,
Dear mamma! And a father, —
I think there 's a charm
In a *father*, mamma,
To keep one from harm.

'T was midnight. A banker
Is striving to go
To his far distant home,
Through a sharp, blinding snow.
He 's a man of good courage;
He struggles amain,
With his breast to the tempest,
Hail mingled with rain;

THE MATCH-GIRL.

167

He shakes his wet cloak,
As a lion his mane.
Half stifled, he turns, —
Now he tries it again!
How stalworth his march,
Heel crunching the snow,
To reach the home portal
And warm fireside glow
Of his home at the West End!
A strong man can go
Where the weak, weary child
Must sink down in the snow.
Ho! Battle it! Ho!
Thou 'rt strong for the strife,
Thy heart is kept warm
By the blessings of life.
'T is well, — what a charm
Hath thy innocent wife
And the child by the hearthstone
To keep thy hope bright! —
O wealth and soul-comfort
Is home's beacon-light!

The lone heart slow pineth
Cast out in the gloom,
For no beacon-light shineth
To welcome it home.

On, on speeds the banker,
Like ship under weigh,
And still on goes the banker,
Slow tacking — But say,
What 's this on the path?
What hinders his way?
A thing on the curbstone, —
Snow-wrapped, — cold as clay.
'T is a child! and the banker
Stoops low in dismay

As his hasty step strikes her.
He folds his cloak round her, —
“How cam'st thou, poor child,
Lying thus by the way?
Art thou sleeping? O, why
Dost thou rest on this stone, —
Such a night, — all alone, —
When a shelter is nigh?
Speak, my child, — tell me why?”

Not a word from those cold lips, —
That voice had “gone by,”
At twilight so feeble,
Low crying, “*Who 'll buy?*”
“Ah, — was no one near
To pity, — to fear?
Why could nobody hear!”
Be patient, kind banker,
Thy child could not know;
When she said, “Dear mamma,
There 's a shade on the snow,
A black, ugly stain,”
It was all she could do.
The belief in all sorrow
With children is slow.
In her heart was this prayer,
And One heard her lips say,
“Had she but a bright home,
(With a wish children pray,
And a father, dear mother!
(As if for a charm,
A father, dear mother,
To keep her from harm!”

Oh! it was pitiful
Midst a whole city full
Thus to meet death.
Long starving, —
Slow freezing, —
“*Who 'll buy?*” the last breath!

JACOPO.

169

Lying down on a stone,
 With a tear in the eye,
 And a low, patient moan,
 But to sleep and to die.
 O that sweet monotone,
 "Will nobody buy?"
 Was heard o'er the moan
 Of the storm in the sky;
 And the rich child's sweet prayer
 Gave thee burial blest,
 As thy weary soul struggled
 And found a home-rest
 (O, a sure, peaceful home!)
 In thy dear Father's breast.

E. W.

JACOPO.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE beautiful day in summer, two young children, a boy and a little girl, were amusing themselves in a magnificent garden in Corsica. Both had nets for catching butterflies, and were eagerly running in pursuit of the pretty insects.

These were Napoleon, one of the sons of Charles Bonaparte and Lætitia Ramolini, and the little Elise, his sister.

The two children turned their steps towards a cluster of lilacs, which a light hedge separated from the field beyond. Almost at the same moment the two nets were thrown upon a branch on which a butterfly had just alighted; but the butterfly with

one bound escaped, and, rising with a zigzag movement in the air, flew above the hedge far into the field.

"Ah, Napoleon! what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to make an opening in the hedge and gain the battle. Follow me."

Then, parting the branches, and taking his sister by the hand, he forced a passage through the hedge. Then they started off in pursuit of the fugitive, and did not stop till they were far out in the field. Suddenly Elise uttered a cry; in her eagerness she had run against a little country-girl, who was carrying in her arms a basket, filled with eggs; she had thrown her down with her load, and the broken eggs were lying on the ground.

"Let us run off," said Elise in a low voice; "this little girl does not know us. Let us hasten home; mamma will know nothing about it."

"I shall not run," said Napoleon; "I shall stay here. See this poor little girl; how sad she looks! We have caused her misfortune; we ought to help her."

Elise, ashamed, blushed and cast down her eyes; but, as she had a good heart, she approached the little girl, who continued to weep. She tried to console her, and began to pick up the eggs that remained whole. Alas! more than two thirds of them were broken.

"Ah!" said the little girl, "what will become of me? There is a half-crown gone at least. What shall I say to mamma when I go home? I shall be whipped; and the price of these eggs, which would have lasted our family three days —"

"Come, make yourself easy," said Napoleon, giving her two pieces of money which he had in his pocket. "Here is a part of the price of the eggs; come with me for the rest."

Elise approached, and said in a low voice, "What are you thinking of, Napoleon? For three days, at least, we shall have nothing but dry bread and water."

"We have broken the eggs," said Napoleon, "and we must pay for them."

At this moment they heard the sharp voice of the nurse, making the air resound with the names of Napoleon and Elise.

"Here we are! Here we are!" replied both together.

"Well, that is fortunate! I have been looking for you two hours. Who is this little girl?" added the nurse, when she saw the little country-girl walking behind Napoleon.

"We have broken her eggs, while running after butterflies," said Napoleon, "and I am taking her home with me to pay her for the harm we have done."

A few minutes afterwards, the nurse and the two children, followed by the little country-girl, entered the parlor where the Bonaparte family were assembled. Madame Lætitia spoke: "Napoleon and Elise, I made you each a present of a net; but you have disobeyed me, by breaking through the hedge, and running across the field. Give me your nets, and then you will have no occasion for disobeying me again."

"Mamma," said Napoleon, "I alone am guilty; I led Elise away."

Elise did not speak, but she threw her arms around her brother's neck.

"My sister," said the archdeacon of Ajaccio, "a sin confessed is half pardoned: I ask forgiveness for Napoleon."

"O yes! my good uncle," said Elise, "ask pardon for me too, I beg you, for I have done more harm than he."

"And what sin so great hast thou then committed?" said the venerable old man, smiling. "Speak frankly, and I promise to intercede for thee."

Elise, a little reassured by the promise of her uncle, commenced, in a trembling voice, her recital. She related how she had pushed the little girl down and broken her eggs.

"Ah! very well, Elise; thou hast been frank; as this is not too much thy custom, I will remember to ask thy mother's forgiveness for thee."

"Mamma," then said Napoleon, "I have still another favor to ask of you. You give me ten sous a week for my pocket-money. Finish paying for the eggs of that poor little girl who is waiting there, and you may give me nothing more till you are paid."

"Very well," said Madame Lætitia, calling the little girl to her and giving her a half-crown. The child ran to Napoleon and wished to return the two pieces of money she had received from him when the accident happened; but he refused. This hon-

esty pleased Madame Bonaparte, who then questioned the little girl. She learned that she was the daughter of a poor fisherman, that her mother was ill, that she lived in a miserable hut on the sea-shore, some distance from the place where her basket had been overthrown.

"Your mother is ill, you say, my child. Probably she has no physician. I will go to see her."

"O mamma," cried Napoleon, "pray let us go immediately. We will return with Charlotte."

"Willingly," replied Madame Bonaparte. "Come, my children, let us depart."

They did not wait for a repetition of her words. A short time afterwards, they arrived at the foot of a hill.

"It is there," said Charlotte, pointing out a miserable hut. When they entered, a boy of twelve years was occupied in making a net; a very little girl was sitting on the ground, eating a crust of bread; a child much younger was sleeping in a broken cradle, covered with an old counterpane all in tatters. The hut scarcely contained the most indispensable articles of furniture. The sleeping child, although its cheeks were pale and its arms thin, was comfortably placed in its couch. Upon a poor mattress was extended a woman, ill and suffering, whose faded features rendered it difficult to see that she was yet young. The misery of these poor people deeply touched the heart of Madame Bonaparte; she had never seen such wretchedness.

"You are very ill, my good woman; do you have the care of a physician?"

“ Ah, madame ! poor people must not ask for care for which they cannot pay.”

During this dialogue Napoleon had approached the boy who was making the net, and was trying to become acquainted with him.

From this time Madame Lætitia and her children often prolonged their walks to the little hut. Jacopo — such was the name of the fisherman’s son — was, above all, pleased with the favors of Napoleon, who out of his pocket-money always found a way to put something aside for him. Thus he became for Jacopo the object of a kind of worship and adoration ; for Napoleon, Jacopo would have sacrificed everything, even his life.

When Napoleon had reached the age of ten years, he was to leave Ajaccio. Before departing, he wished to take leave of the fisherman’s family, and he did not separate from Jacopo without many tears. He had a very pretty box of ebony about the size of an ordinary snuff-box, which he valued very highly ; he engraved his name on it with the point of his knife, and gave it to Jacopo, who received it, sighing, and placed it immediately near his heart. He would never part with this keepsake.

* * * * *

We will not follow Napoleon in the different phases of his strange fortune. The 2d of December, 1805, the French army was encamped on the plains of Austerlitz. The sun arose ; surrounded by his marshals, the Emperor waited, till full day, to give his orders.

“ Soldiers,” cried he, “ we must finish this cam-

paigned by a thunder-bolt!" And the combat commenced with cries of "Long live the Emperor!"

In the thickest of the strife, a Russian advances within a few steps of Napoleon; he aims at him; the blow falls; but a soldier throws himself before the Emperor, and is struck by a ball which was finding its way to the great general. Napoleon had seen all; he gives orders that the soldier should be raised and carried to the camp-hospital.

After the battle, he went himself to see what had become of him. The soldier was only wounded. When the Emperor appeared, he seemed to have forgotten his wound; he turned upon him his eyes beaming with a strange light. Napoleon regarded him attentively. He had a confused recollection of the man's features. Suddenly, he perceived in the soldier's hand the remains of an ebony box, which the ball, in striking him, had broken. "This must be Jacopo! It must be the fisherman's son." It was he indeed, who had dared everything at this time to find his way to him who in childhood had been his benefactor; it was he, who, having enlisted in the French army, wished to fight for this Napoleon whom he loved so much. He always wore near his heart the box which Napoleon had given him. It was that which had received the ball of the Russian soldier; it was that which had saved his life.

Napoleon, as you will easily believe, did not allow Jacopo to remain in this situation. He took him under his charge and provided for his advancement. His favors also extended to all Jacopo's family, and they blessed the name of the Emperor.

Later in life, we find Jacopo again. When Fortune was weary at last of heaping favors on the head of the conqueror, when, cast down from the height of his glory, she had thrown him upon the rocky shores of St. Helena, a bark coasted a long time around this island, while a vessel was stationed at some distance, in the open sea. Jacopo had resolved to free the prisoner. Owing to the constant watchfulness of the English, all his efforts failed. In despair, Jacopo determined to remain at St. Helena. He obtained permission to serve the illustrious captive. He was with him in his last sufferings, at his death, and even in 1840 had never left his grave. At length, when brilliant reparation was made to the ashes of the great man, Jacopo accompanied the remains. He made a part of the funeral train. To-day, you may see in "La Chapelle des Invalides" an old man, who each day goes to kneel at the foot of the tomb which contains the mortal remains of the Emperor. It is Jacopo.

S. S. H.

THE FINE LADY IN THE KITCHEN.

WASHING-DAY.

"WHY, Betty! What is all this? Is the house on fire? Betty! Betty! You careless creature! Where are you?"

Betty looms up suddenly through the fog.

"Ma'am!"

"What is all this, I say? Where does the smoke come from?"

"Smoke! There a'n't no smoke, ma'am. It's only the steam from the biler."

"O dear! Do shut the boiler then, or put out the fire. I can scarcely breathe, and my voice sounds as if I were talking into a pitcher. Betty, do you hear me?"

"O yes, ma'am! The biler is shut. I am afraid its the tubs, ma'am."

Lady takes two or three steps, starts, screams, and looks at her feet.

"O Betty, Betty! Who would have thought I should need rubbers in my own house? Have you had a freshet?"

"A *what*, ma'am?"

"Have you overturned one of your tubs, or do they all leak?"

"Lor, ma'am! It's the water you're a squaling at, is it? It *will* lape out over me, an' I washing."

"Oh! But that will not do. I cannot have my house so like the streets in a wet day. You must be more careful, Betty."

Betty mutters something to the effect that paper slippers and silk dresses had better stay in the parlor, but is quickly recalled to good humor by a new question from her mistress.

"Why! What is that dark-looking stuff you are holding? Soap?"

"Yes, soap, ma'am. Brown soap."

"Is *that* what you use? It cannot be good, I am sure. I have delicate white-scented soap, up stairs,

that you may have. It will be better for your hands, I know."

Betty stops in the act of wringing, with the cloth wreathing her arm like a great snake, and, looking at her hands, bursts into a hearty laugh.

"Bless your heart, ma'am! Sure my hands would n't know the difference, and as for the clothes," giving an energetic shake to the article in hand, and scattering a plentiful shower of drops in so doing, "a'n't they beauties now, an' white as the snow itself?"

"Yes, yes! Of course. Oh! I came out to see about the clothes-pins you wanted. I will send for a paper of them, if you will give me the size."

"Sure, there's only one size my two eyes ever saw. In the basket there, ma'am, along side of ye."

"What! These wooden pegs? Are *these* what you use? Now, Betty, where are you going?"

"I'm after hanging out the clothes."

"Not with your sleeves rolled up, certainly! Where are your cloak and hood? And your gloves, Betty! Cannot stop for them? What a careless creature!"

Betty walks off laughing, with her basket of clothes.

"What a merry, hearty girl she is! What should I do in such a wind, with the clothes freezing in my hands? Heigh-ho! This kitchen is a dismal place on a washing-day. I think I will go back to the parlor, and read that charming new novel."

E. E. A.

THE GOLD-FISH.

THERE was once a fine family, consisting of nine children, a father and mother, and one good woman in the kitchen, who had been there ever since the oldest child was the only one. They lived in a very small house; almost every bed-room had its two beds. When the table was surrounded by its eleven chairs, the cradle was put where the maternal hand could give it a jog at the first clatter of knives and plates, the bookcase and chest of drawers occupying the opposite corners, the little sitting-room looked not unlike a bottle with a reel in it. There was a great deal of love, and a great deal of hilarity and good-natured fun, in the family which was brought thus close together. There was of course, variety in temper and character; but all had good hearts, and there was no quarrelling, no tyranny, ever allowed among them. The father and mother were Christians of the practical, domestic sort, whose light shone steadily at home, whose love never failed, and whose patience was never worn out by the cares and trials of life. Sally, too, had her influence. Her service was of a kind which cannot be paid for by wages; her life was devoted to the happiness and comfort of the household, and all were grateful and respectful to her. Many pinched little feet found themselves silently accommodated with roomy shoes of Sally's buying. She had always plenty of young company at her fire, in the big fireplace, with blocks for seats, hearing her

shrewd talk, and parching corn, toasting cheese, boiling candy, roasting apples, playing with the cat and kittens, &c., unscolded, however inconvenient their presence might sometimes be in so busy a place.

There were visitors often, young cousins, now and then an invalid abiding there for country air, or acquaintances stopping for a night on a journey. All said it was the happiest family they ever knew. Whatever the weather was without, inside the little mansion there was always warmth and sunshine, for the heart at least.

"How is it that I always feel on velvet, here?" asked Lavinia B——, one of these visitors. "How can you make the current of every-day life flow so smoothly and gladly along?"

All laughed, and pointed to a globe in which a large number of gold-fish were in constant motion.

"That is our talisman, our reminder," said the mother.

"Yes, I saw you point at it just now. Jemmy came to Mary, and claimed the chair she was sitting in. She asked you if she need get up, with her lap full of things. You pointed at the vase, and Jemmy, blushing, politely requested his sister to remain in *his* chair; he could just as well take another, he confessed; and she thanked him with *such* a smile!"

"Come and see the fishes," said the children. "That biggest one is brother Sam,—is n't he a splendid fellow! And the littlest, that's Mary, of course. See, there's nine of 'em. They keep going all the time, but nobody ever saw one of them jostle

another. When it seems as if they must strike heads, one gives way a little one way, and the other the other; ever so little a wave of a fin or tail, or a little bend of the body, does it, and they glide along so smoothly. We do love to watch them!"

A. W. A.

STEERAGE LIFE.

No. V.

THE next morning was cloudless. We voted in the steerage that such a fine chance for fun should not pass unimproved. A trio of us started on an expedition to a distant part of the bay, southwest of the anchorage. It struck five bells in the morning watch, — half past six, — when we left the gangway and pointed our fifth cutter toward the promontory which guarded the southern entrance of the bay. It was a long pull. We passed just to the northward of the Schaapen and Mewen islets, across a roadstead made somewhat famous in naval history as the spot where a Dutch fleet commanded by Rear-Admiral Lucas was captured by a squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir George Keith Elphinstone. An hour and a half elapsed before we rounded to in a rocky cove, disembarked with our guns and ammunition, and dismissed our boat to the ship. We were not tardy in scaling the hill. Scarcely had we reached its top, when, presto! up started two

beautiful little antelopes, and went leaping off over the shrubbery like the wind. Hurrah! make the most of your time, hearties! we'll be on your track presently; and we made a hasty depot of our provisions in a clump of geranium, whose latitude and longitude we fixed by a neighboring boulder and a flowering stapelia that grew opposite. Making this the centre of our operations, we separated in pursuit of the nimble-footed springbok, sanguine of abundant success. Alas! we were but novices in hunting craft, and quite out of practice at that. The keen scent and slender legs of the gazelle were more than a match for our powder and ball. It was both amusing and vexatious, after a patient scramble up a rocky summit in pursuit of these fleet little racers, to get there just in time for a glimpse of their heels, as they vanished over a hill in the distance; or, after a laborious circuit of a mile to circumvent a fat little doe browsing on the opposite hill-side, to discover her composedly feeding in a valley at least a mile farther off. And when we met with a chance for a good shot, how encouraging it was, as the smoke cleared away, to see the game darting off over rocks and bushes at a pace which only charmed guns could outspeed with a silver bullet. It was weary work clambering up and down among the jagged rocks and "wait-a-bit" thorn-bushes, in fruitless chase of these little chestnut phantoms. The sun rode high in the heavens, and now beat down on our heads with stifling heat. There was not a tree in sight, nor a shrub high enough to shelter us, — not a cave in whose shady recesses we could cool

our fevered bodies, and rest from our toils. It was agreed to desist from the chase, at least long enough to dine. Yet the very mention of dinner made us shoulder our muskets and tramp again. The effect of our salt provisions would be greatly improved by the addition of a pheasant, or even some smaller game. A fine plump partridge flew up before me as I parted from my companions, — and I blazed away, quite certain of blowing him to pieces; but no, away he flew unscathed. "Ah!" thought I, "loaded with *ball*; that accounts for it." I reloaded with shot this time, and pursued my way, keeping a bright lookout for any sort of winged game between an ostrich and a butterfly. A few steps ahead up jumped a fawn from under my very feet, and darted off in a sort of lightning zigzag over the bushes. "I'd fire if it was a mastodon!" said I. My charge exploded, and a handful of No. 7 whistled about the ears of the astonished fugitive. Of course at that rate I killed nothing, and returned empty-handed. My companions did no better. We made a virtue of necessity, and contented ourselves with the salt fare we had brought from the ship, which we found undisturbed in the geranium depot. Taking it to the brow of the promontory, we forgot the haps and mishaps of the morning in the vigorous onslaughts of appetites sharpened by genuine hunger.

It was a glorious day. The sky was clear as a bell. A gentle breeze danced over the waters, rippling the surface of the huge rolling swell that broke in thunder and foam on the ragged rocks beneath

us. Few signs of human life were anywhere visible. Five or six miles to the northeast of us lay the ship at her anchors. As far to the north, among the rocky islets clustering about the opposite headland, lay the Englishman and Swede, their crews seeming at that distance hardly larger than ants as they ran to and fro in their busy work of lading. On the broad bosom of the ocean not a sail was in sight, from Malagassen to the utmost verge of the blue horizon. Nor was there on the land a single house within the range of our vision, not a semblance of a human habitation,

“From the centre all round to the sea.”

The solitude of the scene was only broken by the whirling clouds of sea-birds that hovered over the islands and shores, whose mingled cries were occasionally borne to us on the wings of the wind. To mar our enjoyment of this novel view, we were impatiently sweltering under the fervid rays of a South African noon. The water below us looked cool and refreshing. We watched almost with envy the ceaseless dashing of the waves, and thought how inviting were those tumbling torrents of foam and sprinkling spray. “A bath! Let’s take a bath in the breakers!”

We were on our feet in a moment, — wondered it had not occurred to us before. Descending the precipitous slope, we laid aside our guns, and prepared ourselves for the enjoyment of a natural ocean bath. The granitic rocks on which we stood were worn, by the double action of sea and storms, into the most chaotic shapes, — projecting in ragged

pyramids, divided by irregular chasms. We selected our positions. One perched himself on a rounded boulder which received from each wave a bountiful shower. Another braced himself in a narrow sluiceway which had been hollowed out by the eternal beatings of those mighty surges. The third seated himself with firm grasp on an outer pinnacle. And being established each to his taste, we shook our fists at old Neptune, and bade him come on. "Look out!" Our teeth closed, and every muscle was strained to its utmost tension, as the towering breaker threw itself upon the rocks with a shock that made them tremble, and a roar that echoed and echoed again. Upward and onward it dashed, white with foam, urging its snowy crest over the crags, and into the black sea-worn caverns,—tumbling in cataracts, leaping into the air in jets, falling again in blinding sheets. "Ho, ho! grand!" shouted bather number one, who on the top of the boulder had received a furious storm of spray that had nearly knocked him down. "Glorious!" shouted bather number two, half stunned by the thundering cascade which had nearly washed him off. "Magnifique!" gurgled up in a bubbling shriek from bather number three, in the chasm, as the seething deluge subsided and left him safely wedged between the dripping rocks. Ah, it was sport! Again, and again, and again came those burying tides, and we emerged, thoroughly refreshed.

A boat came for us from the ship. We hastened to meet it as it pulled into the rocky cove under the hill. Some of the cutter's crew were already stroll-

ing among the bushes when we reached the shore. I met one of them, — a merry son of the "Imerald Isle," — all excitement, — his eyes twinkling, his ears pricked up, a big stone in each hand, — altogether such a dangerous individual that the police would be looking after him, had he made his appearance in the Bowery rather than on the shores of Saldanha. "What is the matter, Murphy? what's up now?" "Sure, sir, it's the *game* I'm afther," replied the sanguine Hibernian; "I thought I was be knocking over a buck or two, sir!" O Pat! we had been blazing away all day long, and had not bagged a mouse!

J. S. S.

ERNEST'S BOOK.

"MOTHER, I do admire Cousin Walter very much," said Ernest, one day, looking after him as he walked away from the door where they were standing. "I like everything he does, everything he says, and his looks; all show him a perfect gentleman."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Wallingford, "very glad, you have enough of the same character to understand its perfection."

"But have I! If I had, I should not be continually snubbed by everybody for doing things that are not polite."

"But compared with Maurice —"

"O, he's a bear! He has no manners at all."

"Why does he differ from you?"

"Why? Because I have some ambition to be tolerable. He has not. He says he would not stand the *pecking* I endure. And he would not. He'd—I don't know what he would do."

"He is a coarse, rough boy; I tremble for my nice furniture whenever he comes in. And I sigh with relief when he goes out. A man cannot realize how much he owes to the influence of female friends till he sees a boy grow up wild, with neither mother nor sister, nor any other lady, to take an interest in him."

"Walter treats his mother as I like to see a man,—as I wish to treat you, mother, only I am a thoughtless cub sometimes." And Ernest looked up in his mother's face with loving eyes, and a half-comic, half-rueful smile.

"We understand each other pretty well," said his mother, laughing a little. "You are foolishly impatient; but still I keep on telling you of little things I want corrected, till at last you correct them, to get rid of the subject."

"The easiest way would be to knock under at once," said Ernest. "I was tired and sick of being told about my hat, I remember. Now it flies off my head as soon as I go in anywhere; I never think of it, either."

"In that particular you are as much a gentleman as Walter."

"But that is only one habit out of a thousand, a *million* things I am spoken to about," said Ernest, with a playful stamp. "It seems to be no more trouble to him to be all right, in every little thing, than it is to me to take my hat off in the house."

"And yet it is not such a very long time since he was of your age. People say of you as they said of him —"

"What, mother? That I am a civil young chap? I mean to be. But ah, he must have been as much beyond me as — What *did* they call him, though?"

"They called him a little gentleman."

"I am as little a gentleman, anyhow!" said Ernest, interrupting his mother with a loud burst of merriment, and continuing to jump about, and laugh boisterously, till she rebuked him. He shrugged his shoulders, and composed himself.

"Walter never stuns people, laughing at his own wit," said Mrs. Wallingford.

"There it is! Peck number one," said Ernest, pettishly.

"And rather a hard one. Poor 'Nest, I'm sorry I was so sarcastic. It was not quite polite. Will you forgive it?" said his mother, caressing him.

"O, now you put me out of countenance," said Ernest. "I can't have my mother apologizing to me. I don't deserve it; I was cross. *Sarcastic?* Good enough for me."

"You will learn not to mind a rub. Take it in good part; that is the wisest way. People cannot, and will not, always stop to consider how they shall express themselves not to chafe your temper."

"Well, I'll be a hippopotamus, if I can."

"No; if you don't feel, you won't remember."

"That is half the trouble, I know; being spoken to by each of my peckers about one thing a dozen times, I cease to attend.

"Walter had a mother, two or three or more aunts, and his sisters, to tell him those little things a man never would think of for himself."

"He must have had the sweetest of tempers if he never flared up."

"The last *flare-up* of his on record in my memory is his frightening a schoolmistress out of the design of whipping him, by the vehemence of his indignation."

"Ha, ha, ha! I cannot imagine any one undertaking to whip Cousin Walter," said Ernest. "It is very droll."

"Walter usually took advice in perfect good humor, at your age. When it touched him too nearly for good humor, he turned away in silence, and perhaps without a smile, but he profited by it. He did not hotly defend himself, as you do, and forget the whole matter the next instant."

"I will cultivate a little *hauteur*, — I admire the idea," said Ernest. "I'll turn away haughtily, thus, and step off so. I am afraid I should spoil it all by laughing out, though."

"I never thought there was any *hauteur* in Walter's disposition. At any rate, if it was ever natural to him in any degree, it is now mellowed into a proper self-respect. Nobody is inclined to take liberties with Walter, yet he is as far from assumption and arrogance as any one I know."

"I like dignity, when it don't seem made up," said Ernest. "Something in the grain, and real, I mean."

Just then Ella came in to remind Ernest of a

promise he had made that he would swing her when the sun did not shine into the green yard where the swing was.

"Come back afterwards; I have something to propose," said Mrs. Wallingford.

(*To be continued.*)

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

MOTHER GOOSE.—Of all the poems I have ever read, there are none that will live so long in my memory as those of Mother Goose. The music of her rhyme was enjoyed by my ear, long before my infant tongue could frame the words. What poet is there who might not imitate to advantage the *brevity* of her poems! How many interesting ideas, for instance, are condensed into four lines, in the following ditty, which charmed my infant fancy!

"There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
She sold apples, and she sold pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies."

We are first told that there once existed a *woman*. Not a *lady*,—not one of those who think a frail body more worthy of care and adornment than the mind within. An *old* woman; venerable,—experienced,—an honest old soul.

That she was a shrewd old woman may be seen in her choice of a home. She well knew how the traveller looks upon the steep mountain-path, and is glad that he can obtain some refreshments, either before he enters upon it, or on his return, faint and exhausted, from the tiresome way. Therefore she "lived under the hill." We see her stepping

briskly about to make her weary guests comfortable, entertaining them with stories of the past, or shrewd remarks on the follies of the present time.

"If not gone, she lives there still." Matter of fact; we perceive from this, as well as from her praise of another's truth in the last line, that Mother Goose was extremely careful in her assertions. She knew her own genius, and wrote for after ages, when the old woman, unless she had a charmed life, must of course be "gone."

"She sold apples, and she sold pies." Many a little child, no doubt, has stood on tiptoe, and peered longingly at the ruddy-cheeked apples in the window, and the tempting pies; and I have not a doubt that now and then one ran home as fast as his little feet could carry him, to show a gingerbread-man, or some such dainty, which had been given him by the good old woman who lived under the hill.

"She never told lies," — not even to buyers. Conscientious, therefore religious. I can see the good old woman after the day's work is over, entering her cosy little sitting-room, a smile playing upon her fine old face, betokening a mind at peace. She tidily places each chair a little more squarely in its place, if it is possible, gives the sparkling wood fire a few pokes, picks up the brands, and sweeps up the ashes. She draws up the little stand, with the lamp and her spectacles upon it, then the high-backed arm-chair, and a stool for her weary feet. Now with reverent hand she takes from its shelf her well-worn Bible, and with her apron carefully wipes away every speck of dust from it. Seated in her chair, and bending over the hallowed volume, we leave her, for our thoughts have become too earnest for our playful theme.

LIZZIE.

THE BLACK AND BROWN RAMBLERS. — We learn that a caterpillar which A. E. B. had imprisoned in a box to send to us made his escape, and, as if he had alarmed them

by relating his adventure, the race have all at once vanished, so that the species cannot be determined. Their appearance on the snow was probably owing to the peculiar mildness of the season ; which shows that instinct can sometimes mistake, as well as reason.

MY YOUNG READERS:— Do you play Lexiderma, or Words and Questions? A pile of questions is written, then a pile of single words ; the players take a question to answer, in prose or verse, and a word to bring in, till all are answered. I chance to have preserved the following, of which Allie was the theme. He came in one day with his head dressed with shavings.

Question. Do you like wooden curls?

Answer. Wooden curls on a little round head,
And the little round head on a straight little form,
Have a pretty effect, — like a bird in a shed,
With its feathers blown by a *thunder-storm*.

The words brought in are in Italics.

Q. Know you Señor Alberto?

A. I know the Señor, so wise and good ;
Were his dear little heart, like his curls, made of wood,
I know who, at the end of the winter,
Would divide it among them, and take each a *splinter*.

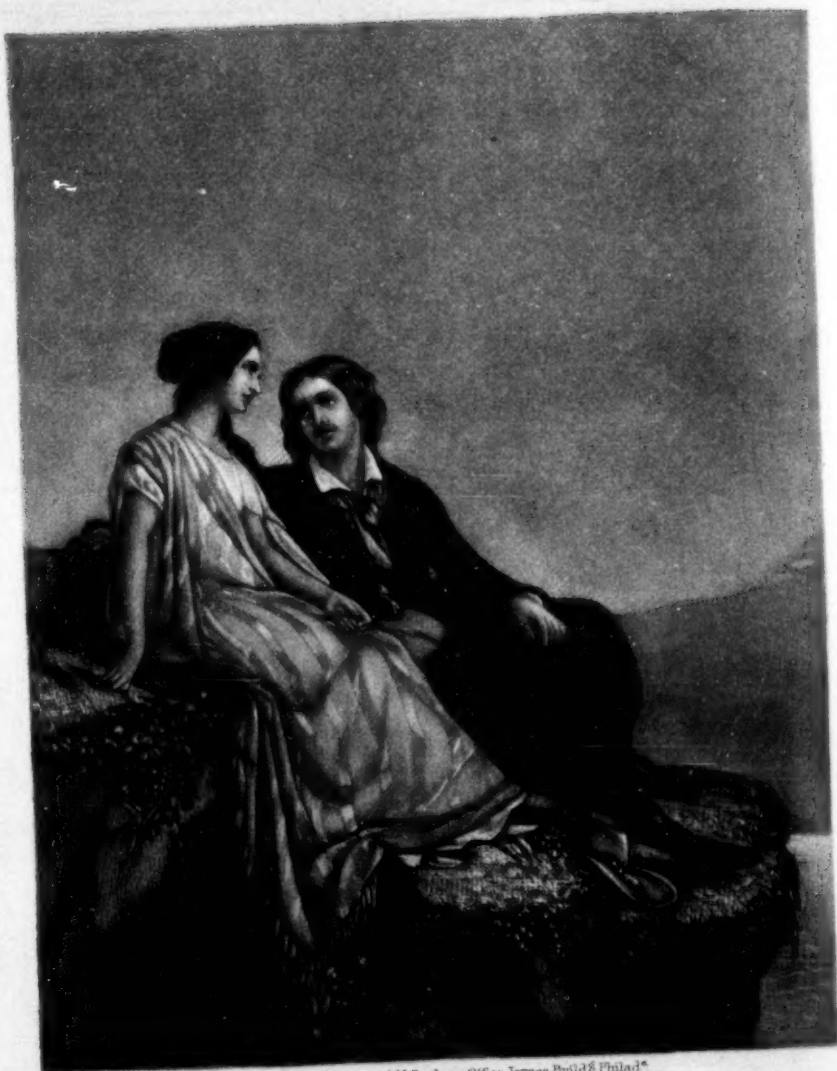
Q. Is Allie charming, or do we make a foolish fuss about him?

A. The Golden Fleece has won a name
That lasts from age to age,
And blazoned stands in letters bright
On *History's* star-lit page.
But the golden hair is far more fair,
That curls round Allie's head,
And words that tell his childhood's charm
Shall evermore be read.

Which is promising great things for the Child's Friend !

THE Letter of the Boys' Aid Club to A. E. B. is omitted, or postponed, for want of room.

K D 4495



Eng. by A. B. Walter: at J. M. Butlers Office. Jaynes Buildg Philad^a

SCENES IN OREGON.

1895

SCENES IN OREGON.

No. I.

Plumes of white smoke are seen rising from
 as far as the eye can reach. Are there
 the rancherias of Indians, perched on
 jagged points, far above the fertile valley?
 be found there no whortleberry meadows,
 to be seen; at such a height there is no
 bare, stony desolation, with here and
 snow-covered peak, rising higher and
 the sky. Those light pillars of smoke,
 as they are, can be seen twenty or thirty
 the Indian telegraph.

"You would think," said a young horseman, rid-
 of a party, accompanied by a young
 on horseback, who seemed to act as
 we should see eyes glaring at us from
 every tree, and under every bush, as we ride
 those signal fires in advance of us all the
 enough to show that the whole country is
 watched."

"You are watched," said Alexander, "but not so
 the party is not large enough to look like an
 army, nor small enough to be rashly at-
 tended the young officer who was its leader.
 subject is a peaceful one; though I suppose
 could not well be made to understand

"The Indian is wise. He knows only what he



Eng. by A. B. White, at J. M. P. O'Connell's Office, 100 N. 1st St. St. Louis, Mo.

SCENES IN OREGON.

No. I.

THIN wreaths of white smoke are seen rising from the hill-tops, far as the eye can reach. Are there cottages, or the rancherias of Indians, perched on those dry, rugged points, far above the fertile valley? There can be found there no whortleberry meadows, no grass, no corn; at such a height there is no water, only bare, stony desolation, with here and there an awful snow-covered peak, rising higher and higher into the sky. Those light pillars of smoke, which, slight as they are, can be seen twenty or thirty miles, are the Indian telegraph.

"One would think," said a young horseman, riding in advance of a party, accompanied by a young Indian, also on horseback, who seemed to act as guide, "that we should see eyes glaring at us from behind every tree, and under every bush, as we ride along. Those signal fires in advance of us all the time are enough to show that the whole country is on the alert."

"We are watched," said Anaxshat, "but not so near."

"Our party is not large enough to look like an invading army, nor small enough to be rashly attacked," said the young officer who was its leader. "Our object is a peaceable one; though I suppose the Indians could not well be made to understand it."

"The Indian is wise. He knows only what he

sees and what his fathers have taught him, but he has ears to hear more."

"You are engaged to lead us over the mountains by a pass which no white man ever trod before. You may live to see us coming through with iron horses, swifter than antelopes and stronger than grizzly bears; and in one day they will go from here to Oregon City, almost as straight as an arrow from a bow."

Anaxshat looked with a bright and intelligent smile at his companion.

"I am foolish to boast what you cannot possibly believe," said the young engineer. "But I am not fooling."

"And will you also make the mountains to dance, and the rivers to run backward?" said Anaxshat, with grave irony. "Will you draw the lightning from the sky, and make it run before you?"

"The mountains will *seem* to dance by, and the streams to run backward; the lightning,—it shall carry our message to Vancouver, and bring back an answer while we are waiting for our dinner."

"Are you a magician? You must be greater than the medicine-man of our tribe, who *says* he can bring the clouds when we need rain."

"All hard work,—no magic about it," said the engineer. "The labor of strong limbs and wise brains will do this, Anaxshat. You will see it, man; I trust so, at least."

The young Indian gazed steadily into the manly, open countenance which was turned towards him, and he believed.

"You *think* you can do it," said he, sadly, "and I know the white man is powerful. Our people are driven before you like the dead leaves of autumn before the winter blasts. Bad white men will come, as they have already come;—not such as you! They will destroy the remnant of the red people; they will first provoke, and then, when they have made them fight, they will call them bad Indians, and kill them all."

"O no! There is a good time soon coming for the Indian, I hope. You will have more justice I trust, when thousands more of settlers come in with their families; you will be better protected; you will be taught to make the grain grow, and to believe that there is one Father above for the red man and his white brother."

"Look up; do you see something upon the edge of the rock above our heads?" said Anaxshat.

"I see nothing. Oh!—a bird I think."

"The white man's eyes are owl's eyes; the Indian has the keen sight of the eagle."

The engineer took a spyglass from his knapsack, and raised it to his eye.

"It is not a bird, but a young Indian maiden," said he, after a moment's gaze through the tube. "She has long black hair; there are flowers in her hand. She sees us. Are white men's eyes owl's eyes? Can they not see better than your own?" And he adjusted the glass to the eye of Anaxshat, who shouted with delight.

"It is Willaneewa," said he. "She has kindled the signal fire, and now she is watching; so by the

time you reach the village, not a man, woman, or child will be in it, nor anything to eat, unless you should hurry on in the night and take them by surprise."

The conversation was carried on in the Chinook language, for Anaxshat could not speak a word of English. The Chinook is a jargon which is in general use among the tribes, as a common language. It is of course not very copious, and unfit for a long conversation. But it was well that the young American could use it, and by means of it win the confidence of the intelligent young Indian. Anaxshat belonged to a tribe that was growing hostile, having been provoked by the unprincipled whites, who are always found on the outskirts of civilization, far from the restraints of law and order. Kokkop, the chief, was old and wary, and not in haste to break with the Americans. But his people were becoming daily more insolent and mischievous, stealing horses, or cutting off solitary stragglers whenever they had opportunity. It was under the guidance of one of these unfriendly savages that this enterprising band of engineers and soldiers, a detachment from the Exploring Expedition sent by the government to survey a route for the great Pacific Railroad, were about to cross the range of the Cascade Mountains by a pass hitherto known only to the red man. How valuable became the knowledge of Chinook,—a knowledge picked up by an active mind, chiefly as a matter of curiosity, in the midst of important and laborious avocations! Anaxshat gave his hearty good-will to the expedition,

and carried it through safely; but he had the lives of the whole party in his hand, if he had thought them his enemies. It was a pretty formidable array of well-armed, spirited, and brave men, and when on their guard, and together, they were safe from attack from anything short of an army of hostile Indians. But in struggling through the forest, with no road, fallen timber often blocking up their way, and turning them aside, they were scattered sometimes over half a mile, and could not have defended themselves, if attacked. Anaxshat advised that they should give up the wheeled vehicle, which could not be lifted over the logs; or, as he expressed it, in Chinook, "kill the little cart."* So it was taken to pieces, and its load added to the packs of the baggage mules. The poor animals were sometimes without water, where it was necessary to encamp at night. Grass, too, was often wanting, after their day's work, or eaten down close by Indian horses; so that, on one occasion, the weary mules had to have their scanty supper eked out with a small share of bread.

At the height of five thousand feet, the party were at the summit of the pass, and saw such a view as we can hardly conceive of, from anything we see in the scenery of our side of the continent. "Five grand snow-peaks, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Ranier, Mt. Adams, Mt. Hood, and Mt. Jefferson, rose majestically above a rolling sea of dark, fir-covered ridges, some of which approaching winter had begun to

* Mamuk mamaloos tenas chik-chik.

mark with white."* There were two deep, yawning ravines at their feet, through one of which they had wound their way up to the point where they stood. Not a roof, nor any mark of the presence of any human being but themselves, enlivened the solemn, far-reaching solitude.

When the party arrived at a little log cabin in the Willamette valley, which reaches from the Cascade Mountains to the Coast Range, the owner looked upon them as if they had suddenly dropped from the clouds. He was astonished that they had been able to come over the ridge and through the forest, hitherto considered impassable. Anaxshat was sent back for a missing mule, which he brought in safety, after three days' absence. The poor mule had strayed off for water, had dislodged its pack, and returned to the last camping-place, more than thirty miles off. Anaxshat had been very much puzzled in trying to fasten the pack upon the mule's back. He had lashed it to the poor thing's tail and legs at last, in such a way that it was a wonder how it could have travelled at all. The faithful guide† received his pay, some presents, and a supply of provisions, and started off on his return in the night, because of the bad white men who had threatened to kill him, on account of his knowledge of the new pass, which led so directly to their location. The

* Report of Lieut. Henry L. Abbot, Corps of Topographical Engineers, on the Routes for the Pacific Railroad, &c.

† He had adopted the name of Sam. Most Indians take some English name, to be known by among the whites. One of the Indians most familiar at the settlements assumed the name of *Mistertomsonn*, not at all aware of its superior dignity.

white settlers throughout the valley were in a state of great alarm, with very good cause. The owner of the log cabin deserted it, and fled to Oregon City; and another settler, a few miles farther on, in expectation of a night attack from the Indians, begged the exploring party, who were encamped on a creek near his clearing, to come to his aid, should they hear the women shrieking for help. In a week after the passage of the party through the pass, all the country through which they had come was in revolt, and the tribe of Kok-kop was up in arms with the rest.

LITTLE ALICE.

You have perhaps had some dearly loved little brother or sister who has been early called away by the good Father to a heavenly home. As you gazed upon the loved form, lying motionless and insensible, but peaceful and beautiful in death, you were told that the spirit had gone to a bright mansion above, and you thought of the pure and unspotted soul as you saw the white rosebuds scattered upon the pillow of the dear one.

I heard a touching story the other day of a very little boy who had just lost his sister Alice, when there came a still fall of snow. When he saw the soft flakes descending in all their beauty and purity, he said to his mother, joyously, "Now Sister Alice will come." "Why, my dear?" asked his mother. He

looked up and said, "See, the snow is coming down, and if you open the door, Sister Alice will come in."

Perhaps his sister's spirit may be allowed to visit him in many a quiet hour of life, with its sweet influence gently descending like the snow-flake, though unseen.

"There is a world above
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and serve the Lord
Rise to that world of light.

"There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care,
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are happy there."

H. W. B.

THE BROOK.

COME, Annie and Kate! Come, little Daisy! Grandfather has been up an hour, watching the mist rolling up from the brook and floating away. Now it has all gone. Only the beaded webs in the grass are left. Come, and we'll have a frisk through the midst of them! The air is cool and fragrant. By and by it will be so sultry that you will be wandering all about the house to find a cool place. Ah! Here we are, as bright as the morning. This is the way to keep your roses. Down the grassy yard into the lane! What a pity that I have not hands for all of you. But you would not keep long to grandfather's steady pace. See the swallows skimming

over the ground, hither and thither, to and fro! You can scarcely follow their rapid flight. And hark! What a twittering on every side! Up among the tree-boughs, in the hedges, far away over the meadows, you can see the glancing of busy wings. The air is full of music, sweet, clear, joyous bursts of music. The little birds never forget their morning song of grateful praise. Little Daisy lifts her happy eyes to my face. She understands me, and *her* little heart, too, is full of grateful emotion. A little red-headed sparrow in the path before us! The children step on tiptoe, — not to hurt the little creature, — O no! that they may not frighten him away. He turns his quick head this way and that, gives a hop and a chirp, and flutters away to the nearest bush, dancing saucily on the shaken twig as we pass. He is not afraid of us! Not he! Here we are at the wall! Jump over, Annie and Kate! You are young and light; but Daisy and I — ah! there she is on the top of the wall, stretching out her white arms for Annie to lift her down. And there goes my cane! Now for myself! Cautiously, slowly, heavily I clamber over. In my young days one bound would have cleared it. What have we here? Buttercups? Dandelions? Ay! enough to fill all the old pitchers in the house, and not be missed in the field either. Run, Daisy! Why do you cling to my hand? Because I cannot go and frolic with you? But I have other pleasures that you cannot understand. See! Annie is making a chain of hollow stems, and staining her hands finely, I'll warrant. And Kitty — what is she doing? O

she has found a treasure, — a little downy caterpillar, who is curling himself round her fingers, and creeping over her palm, wondering at the change from his wet clover-leaf. Run and play with the others, Daisy! No? Well, well! Let us keep along together, then, towards the brook. Close to the wall; we cannot cross the meadow here. Appearances are often deceitful. That is a hard lesson for your trusting little heart, Daisy. See! Water is glimmering through the tall grass. And there is a bright-blue iris, beyond the grasp of your little hand, ay, and beyond the reach of my cane, too, so we'll let it alone. After all, it is prettier where it is. I hear the brook rippling over the stones. O, it is a merry, frolicsome brook! It goes quite out of its way to find a stone to jump over, and when it finds a good many together, it bubbles, and dimples, and sweeps round them, and breaks over them, and tosses the spray about in a great frolic. Here it glides smoothly along under the willows, so smoothly that they are reflected in the deepened shade. Now bursting forth into the sunlight, and catching sight of an old log in its course, it dances merrily again. How it whirls and foams about that old log, gliding under it, dashing over it, and piling against it treasures brought from its very source, that it may have the more to play with! And now in a deeper and narrower channel it races on to the fall. It cannot stop now to mirror the flowers that bend over it. Faster and faster it runs, to plunge down in one wild, noisy leap beneath the bridge. Come, Daisy! The old boards will bear *you*, if they will *me*. See the little

islands of foam floating away on the bright waters. The brook widens into a pond, clear and calm and blue as the sky above. Here the lilies spread out their broad leaves to the sunshine. Poor little Daisy looks as if she would like some such green screen, as a kind shelter from the hot sun. We will sit here in the shade of the willows. Annie and Kate have gone out of sight, and their gay voices come mingled with the musical murmuring of the stream. There are little minnows, and tadpoles yet smaller, making believe they are great fishes. How they wriggle their tails, and dart to and fro, snapping at everything that falls on the surface of the water. A light touch of my cane brings them in shoals. Well, my cane is not a fish-hook, Daisy. We will not harm them. Hark! What wild, tuneless noise was that? The horn! the horn! calling us to breakfast. What would Robin Hood have said to such a blast! Here they come,—two little fluttering figures,—but on the other side of the brook! Careless Kitty has slipped in with one foot. Who cares for that? Not she! She considered it a capital joke, and has half a mind to try it again, to show grandpa and Daisy “how funnily she did it.” Now for a race! Annie’s bonnet flies off behind as she bounds away to the bridge. Kitty gives up. Now then, give me your hand. One foot on the rock. What a jump! Daisy came within an inch of being knocked over. Scamper, scamper, across the meadow! Fleet-footed Annie will soon overtake us. Here is the lane, and here are the cows going to pasture. Never fear, children! They are good country cows, and will only stare

quietly at you with their large, mild eyes. So! So! Old Brindle here will not lift her head or take the least notice of us, though she is standing directly in our way. What a busy world we have come back into! The team is coming down the lane. Keep close to the fence to let it pass, — the great lumbering cart and the oxen. They plod along patiently, while Dobbin, at their head, chafes and strains, and pulls this way and that, in quick, nervous movements, impatient to go faster. But we must not stop! There is that braying horn again! And they are all wondering what has become of us. We do not look quite so nice as we did when we started; but we have fine rosy cheeks (some of us) and glorious appetites!

E. E. A.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

WITHIN the deep embrasure
Of a mullioned window fair,
A simple child was resting,
In the attitude of prayer.

One small hand grasped the curtain:
With parted lip, and eye
Upraised, with earnest wonder
She seemed to read the sky.

The morning sun was shining
Through threads of silver_hue,
Fine, fleecy clouds fast flying
Athwart a sky of blue.

“ Of all my childish pleasures
This roof-world is my choice :
Clouds are like children playing,
Without a chiding voice.

“ Now trooping come they, flying,
The sun still shining through, —
O dear ! for such a scamper,
Across those fields of blue !

“ See, where a gorgeous curtain
Slow rolls with silver fringed — ”
“ Come from the window, Alice,
Your mind will be unhinged !

“ Cloud-gazing are you ever, —
You seek to read the sky ;
But where are French and German ?
You idly throw them by.

“ Come from the window, Alice,
And let the curtain go ;
You mar the folds, my daughter, —
I think I ’ve told you so.”

Thus spake the careful lady,
For the curtain was y-wrought ;
And little knew that mother
She had marred the growth of thought.

Slow from the mullioned window
The little maiden came,
Halting in gait, — for Alice
From infancy was lame,

And dwarfish in her stature.
How pallid was her face !
’T was sad to see sweet childhood
Without one childish grace !

Now faithfully her lessons
She conned them one by one,
Till in the mullioned window
Long slanting came the sun.

Long were the weary hours,
O'erwrought the childish brain :
How much will children suffer,
A mother's love to gain !

And, when the day was dragging,
The clouds were gray and low,
Alice took her mite of pleasure
In her mother's green landau.

Look now upon this picture, —
Here is a cottage door ;
A river broad divides them, —
The *wealthy* and the *poor*.

Upon a gray rock builded,
We see a lowly home :
Into a hanging garden
A child and mother come ;

With honest labor toiling,
They cull the flowerets gay,
And into nosegays weave them,
And pack them well away.

The child soon, kneeling, pauses,
Uplooking to the sky :
“ O mother ! see the cloudlets, —
How fast they seem to fly !

“ Now trooping come they, playing, —
Now, one doth hide away ;
How like to wealthy children
Who never work, but play !

"I wish," said simple Grettel,
(A German born was she,)
"I could have such a scamper!
So joyous, wild, and free."

"Hold, hold, my idle Grettel!
The rosy clouds out there
Are like to German children,
Who cull the flowers fair.

"Now trooping come they, hastening
To their appointed work, —
Unlike my idle Grettel,
Who hers sometimes will shirk.

"It better were, and wiser,
Your conscience to obey,
And with a cheerful spirit
Work on while it is day.

"Each has its toil and burden,
The cloudlet, you, and I.
I plant, — you cull. Who waters? —
The full cloud in the sky."

Thus spake the wiser woman,
While her fingers fast y-wrought; —
And well she knew, that mother,
To guide the growth of thought.

Now down the rocky pathway
White-burdened children throng,
Like sheep in winter tracking
The hill-side close along, —

And, passing by the cottage,
Fair Grettel they espy:
"Come, are your nosegays woven?
The sun is getting high."

Aloft she heaves her basket,
Well laden for the town,
And not a queen more queenly
In gold and jewelled crown.

Soon on the ferry-steamer
The children sit to rest ;
And ringing is the laughter,
And sparkling is the jest.

Labor it is, but healthful ;
This weareth not the brain,
And lighter grows the burden,
When the day is on the wane.

Arrived within the city,
The flower-children part,
To cry their nosegays shrilly,
Through street, and lane, and mart, —

Through that tide of human beings
That streets and alleys pour, —
Quick-tramping, gay, and thoughtless, —
Slow-stirring, restless, sore.

Pressing 'mid seas of faces,
Fair Grettel sells her store,
One wave of ocean flinging
Its surf along the shore.

"Lilies! Geraniums! Roses!
Bright nosegays! Who will buy?
Ten cents a bunch! — I 'm weary!"
A landau standeth nigh.

There listlessly reclining,
A feeble child doth sigh ;
The mother drives a bargain
Within a shop close by.

"Lilies? Geraniums? Roses,
All wet with summer showers?
Draw nearer, child; I 'll buy them, —
They shame my painted flowers.

"O, do you plant and cull them?
Do you dwell where these grow,
Out in God's blessed sunshine,
Where His free air doth blow?

"I 'll buy your nosegays! — '*Weary!*'
I wish I had thy fate!
Here 's gold, — nay, take it; Alice
Is weary of its weight."

Forth came the child's fair mother,
As Grettel courtesied low, —
Her rustling dress swept past her, —
Off rolled the bright landau.

Thus parted two young children,
Who had never met before.
Now which one is the *wealthy*?
And which one is the *poor*?

E. W.

STEERAGE LIFE.

No. VI.

WE have but to chronicle the incidents of one more day, ere we take leave of our readers. Our stay was brief. One party went fishing. Another party visited the islands of birds. A third set off in a South African wagon for a day's hunt in the interior. The

writer was not inclined to join either of the parties, and, as a very natural consequence, was left behind. The day passed quietly and pleasantly. It was a relief, after a two days' scampering over the half-naked hills, and a double toasting in the sun, to luxuriate under the sheltering awning, fanned by the cool breezes that played on the rippling waters. It was a pleasure to look over the bulwarks into the clear depths, which gleamed here and there, many fathoms beneath the surface, with the transient flash of the silver-scaled fish, like the intermittent glow of better thoughts in the depths of the soul. It was pleasant to watch the merry gulls as they frolicked in the tiny waves, or, playing among the clouds, suddenly closed their wings, and plunged head-foremost far down into the waters, looking like a rain-shower of birds; and then to scan the strange and peculiar features of the neighboring highlands and plains, and gaze on the distant mountain-tops, wondering, as I gazed, when those now slumbering peaks should joyously thrill under the tread of "the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," and echo the myriad happy voices that should proclaim the reign of the Prince of Peace. I thought of the strange scenes which would have been revealed, if the bay could have written its past on the page of history; and there swept before my eyes a moving vision of by-gone days. I saw the Hottentot in the occupations of savage life, the hunt, the deadly encounter with hostile tribes. I saw the solitary barque of bold Vasco de Gama again hovering about the unknown coast, again exploring the bays and surveying the

headlands of the "Cape of Storms." I saw the simple lover "wooing his dusky mate," the family circle broken in upon by wild beasts or wilder Boors. I saw the Dutch and English squadrons again sweeping over the billows in hot pursuit of each other, like the hawk and eagle in angry strife. I saw the harbor again swarm with busy fleets of old-fashioned East Indiamen, on their long, long voyage to Calicut and Batavia.

Toward the close of the afternoon the absentees returned from the hunt, the fishing-ground, and the islands.

The fishermen told of lost hooks and broken lines, of strange monstrosities they had captured, of strong tides, and a heavy pull at the oars; and exhibited their dozens of gurnets, mullets, and salmon.

The island party gave us accounts of the innumerable sea-fowl on Mascus and Malagassen; of their nests, which strewed the ground so thickly one could scarce walk without stepping upon them; of their tameness, or rather fearlessness, hardly leaving their nests on any provocation; of their eggs, with which the ground is fairly white for rods and acres, and which are shipped to the Cape Town market by scores of thousands; of the immense deposits of guano, and the daily drafts made upon it for the fertilizing of distant farms in America and Europe.

The sportsmen followed, with the story of their jaunt in the wilds of the Colony. They told us how they had taken passage up country in a lumbering vehicle drawn by eight horses; how the Dutch driver was alternately on the ground, in the wagon,

or on the back of the leader; that he was armed with a most prodigious whip, handle eight feet, lash twenty; how they had started up a social afternoon party of ostriches, whose capacity for travelling soon put them out of sight; how the Dutchman had taken them to his own well-filled house, where his buxom *vrouw* had brought them on a dinner of steaming brews; how they had resumed their harum-scarum chase, and had filled their game-bags.

That pile of game! What a magic interest it had for men whose fare had been for weeks the saltiest kind of "salt junk"! With what complacent hopes we inspected the prey! With what affectionate tenderness we handled the fat little quadrupeds who had breathed their lives away for our sake! With what kindly care we lifted the dead birds, whose merry chirp and brilliant plumage would never more enliven their native vales. With what philosophic sagacity we examined them, not content with a superficial view, but penetrating to the hidden substance, and rejoicing to find their bodies as plump as their feathers were beautiful.

The sportsmen and their game were brought off to the ship by a droll Dutchman who tabernacled in a sort of dilapidated hermitage not far from the head of the bay. He entertained us a long time that evening with incidents of South African life, — his own funny adventures with man and beast, lion, elephant, and Hottentot, in the Swellendam, Stellenbosch, and other districts of the Colony. One of his anecdotes I will give, as nearly as I remember, in the narrator's own Anglo-Dutch: — "One mor-

gen," said Mynheer, "I vash sleepin as sound as a kitten, and vash waked all up by de awfulest schnappin an' schnarrin in my garden. I opens my eyes, and my winder too, and dere I sees—ach! I sees a big gang of de—de—what you call him? paboon—de paboon,—I sees a gang of de paboon catching all my cabbage. 'Hold on, my good fellow,' I say, 'I give you someting to carry mit him.' So I pints my gun out de winder at him, and dey all runs, de scamps! up over de rock mit de cabbage and all. I plaze away, spang! I hits de biggest one, and he comes tumblin down, de paboon and cabbage togeder, squeechn and pawin like mad. Den de oder paboons, dey sets up a yell, and comes runnin down after him, and I tink dey will carry him off and nurse him. Ach! pity, pity! I vash sorry I fired at de poor creatures. But what you say! De heathens! dey leaves deir poor old fader hollerin and bleedin and dyin, but *gets de cabbage*, and off dey goes, de scamps!"

When morning broke again on the eastern hills, there appeared on the deck of our goodly barque the pilot. When the sun had marked one hour on the dial of a new day, then emerged our goodly barque from the straits which connect the Saldanha with the Atlantic, trimmed her sails to the breeze, and was off over the billows for Cape Town.

J. S. S.

ERNEST'S BOOK.

No. II.

THERE was an old copy-book lying on the table when Ernest came back. "Where did *you* turn up from, I wonder," he cried, seizing it eagerly. "The sight of these old covers tickles me hugely. This picture — O ho! ho! It does carry me back! The poultry-yard, the prim boy holding his father's hand, and 'Mark that parent hen' underneath. Why, some'dy's been, and gone, and cut out all my pot-hooks and trammels, and sewed in clean ruled sheets!"

"Do not scowl so at poor Somebody," said his mother.

"O, was it you, then?" said Ernest, in a softened voice.

"Yes. Turn to the title-page. Read —"

"PECKS; being a record of hints and bits of advice bestowed on me unasked, with the names of the authors annexed."

Ernest looked sober, and said nothing.

"You do not like the idea, then?" said Mrs. Wallingford. "No one but you and I are to know about it, you know. We shall have some fun out of it, you will see."

"But I like better to forget what provokes me."

"Your anger is always short-lived. The hint which stirs your temper is often a valuable one, and you would do well to remember it."

"I'll try the plan, to please you," said Ernest, still a little reluctant.

"No, no; but think about it before you conclude."

Presently Ernest began to laugh, and took up the book with an air of comic heroism.

"I thought I knew you well enough to make sure of your doing anything that was at once droll and improving. You are anxious to be improved, and you love fun."

"I don't see much fun in it. But I shall be sure to remember whatever I have once taken the trouble to write down. So I will make myself do it."

His mother clapped him on the shoulder, and at the same moment a voice was heard at the stair-head, crying, "Ernest! Ernest!"

"Wha-a-a-t!" shouted the boy.

"Where is my pencil? I wish you would ever think to return my things, when I am so *clever* as to let you take them. I *always* have to come after them."

"*Always*, Cousin Lucy! No such thing," began Ernest. But his mother cut short his self-defence, by putting his book before him, and she went to put the pencil into Lucy's hand herself.

A few days after, Ernest caught his mother as she was passing the door of his room. "If you are not on a very important cruise, do come and see my book," said he. "There, I'll shut the door, now. I'll button it, too."

"Now show me the items of good advice you have treasured up." Ernest laughed.

"People do not snub me half so much as I thought they did. I could not fill my page. If I recorded all the kind and encouraging words, instead of *pecks*,

as Maurice calls them, I should have quite a journal to keep."

"You had better do it, in some measure. Praise answers as good a purpose as fault-finding, I think, if it is deserved. It helps to confirm good aims into habits."

"O, it would not do to jot down *compliments*. I should be ashamed."

"It might seem vainglorious, only that I am your only confidant."

"O, I should not mind *you*, but I could not remember. Now a peck makes me mad for a minute, and I am reminded of my book. Still I have not thought of it some whole days."

"I'll allude to a parent hen, or a peck-measure, if I am by, to remind you."

"Do. It would be a good thing to make me laugh, when I feel cross at somebody."

"Well. There'll be a hue and cry for me below presently. Read, — read!"

Ernest. No. 1: "Don't rattle things so; you'll drive me crazy." Grandmother. No. 2: "It is uncivil to repeat people's words in a tone of surprise." My mother. A very gentle peck indeed for the offence, for I really sneered.

Mother. Never mind, now.

Ernest. I will mind in time to come, I promise you.

Mother. What next? Make haste.

Ernest. I blush to read No. 3: "Ebony tips are very ornamental to nails." Cousin Lucy. My nail-brush has not been left dry any morning since.

No. 4: "Boy, we shall want those stairs; don't shake them down yet." Mr. Oakley. I wish I had shaken down his old crazy staircase; it might save somebody's neck.

Mother. But my stair-carpet and rods —

Ernest. I understand. Need n't peck, mother, this time. I shall never go down but I shall think of Gaffer Oakley.

Mother. Do not say Gaffer; age is a title to respect.

Ernest. I know. It is in bad taste, to be sure. I got the trick from Maurice, who calls even his father "the old man," "the ancient," and so on, and the old housekeeper, Goody. I got to like it, hearing him. You know that is just the way.

Mother. Boyishness! Well, what next?

Ernest. Number — number what?

Mother. The last was only 4. You talk too much to get on.

Ernest. No. 5: "Never scuffle in the presence of ladies." Cousin Walter. It was not much *my* fault, mother, but —

Mother. Poor Maurice! You make a scape-goat of him pretty often. It takes *two* to scuffle, anyhow.

Ernest. No. 6: "If you *must* contradict, do it after Franklin's fashion." Now, mother, pray tell me, what fashion is that? I was ashamed to ask Cousin Wally. He evidently thought I was *booked up* on Franklin, or ought to be.

Mother. There is a Life of Franklin in the library.

Ernest. And am I to look all through those large volumes for that little thing? Penance, that! I

won't do it. That is, I had rather take any amount of pecks on the subject. I hate rummaging for anything.

Mother. I hope you already know how to hold your own opinion respectfully, if not candidly.

Ernest. To be sure; only I cannot let other people have theirs, too, in peace. I want to convince.

Mother. You argue, right or wrong, and, not being well qualified for it, become heated, and at last overbearing.

Ernest. I know it! I know it! I've no patience.

Mother. Franklin's advice meets your case.

Ernest. And the search will make me remember it, if I hunt it out myself. Hard being a gentleman in a dispute! I often hear *men* scold and squabble like boys.

Mother. The more desirable to learn the better way, now that you are forming your character.

Ernest. Yes, for I hate domineering, and all that sort of thing. I shall not allow myself in it any more, now I am aware of it.

Mother. Good.

Ernest. No. 6: "Don't be a betty!" Ha, ha! That was Sally.

Mother. *Apropos* of what?

Ernest. I forget now. O, there was a little smutch on one of my collars, not worth minding, I confess. And I said I would not wear it till it had been washed again.

Mother. If you reflect how much labor there is in washing, starching, and ironing, you will be ready to pardon an accidental blemish.

Ernest. It is of no consequence, really. But I am ashamed to change my mind, after saying what I did.

Mother. Never be ashamed to recede from a wrong position. Set that down in your book.

Ernest. I will. But would it not be a *lie* to wear this collar before it is washed?

Mother. Can a man really pledge himself to the wrong? Was Herod right to cut off the head of John the Baptist because of his foolish bad promise?

Ernest. O, I see; we could not repent of any bad thing we had promised to do, if the *bad* promise was more binding than the obligation to *act* rightly. I must watch my tongue, and not make any foolish bad promises. Yes; I'll write that before I read any more.

And while he wrote, there came a messenger from the kitchen, who, having searched throughout the house for the missing housekeeper, made inquiry as a last hope at the door of Ernest, and carried her off in triumph.

"Stop one minute, mother," cried Ernest, running after her. "May not I dine with Maurice? Their dinner-hour is early, and he and I are going away together this afternoon."

"On whose invitation, — Maurice's?"

"Maurice asked me to *take pot-luck*, and his father repeated the invitation, and said — But I don't know as I ought to repeat anything so flattering."

"Jot it down, and I'll read it by and by," said Mrs. Wallingford, in a hurry to be gone.

"It was only that he was glad of our intimacy,

and wished I would teach his son how to behave himself decently."

"Perhaps you can, if you don't learn his rough ways instead. Let me go; don't you see this unseasonable hug is teasing me? I am wanted."

"I want you," said Ernest, pertinaciously hanging upon her.

"Must I peck?"

"O, no. I do not really mean to detain you. I only want to say I am going to make a new title-page, with 'FRIENDLY HINTS' in the place of PECKS."

And in order to make it very fine, he borrowed Lucy's red ink. This he afterwards wilfully neglected to carry home, in his haste to join Maurice, who hooted for him under the window.

ELLIE CLARE AND NELLY BROWN.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH in the abode of wealth and luxury, and death in the home of privation and want! Mrs. Clare and Mr. Brown had expired within a few hours of each other; and what now to either were the external circumstances which in life had surrounded them, any farther than they had been used or abused in building up the characters with which they now appeared before their Maker and Judge!

There was deep sorrow and sadness of heart in

both homes, and Ellie Clare and Nelly Brown wept with the passionate grief natural to their age.

But Ellie's grief was not unmixed with remorse. She could not forget, as she looked upon the pale, cold corpse of her mother, how often she had repaid her excessive fondness with neglect and disrespect. Whatever Mrs. Clare's faults, — and Ellie, with the quick perceptions of her age, had long been quite aware of some of them, — she had been an affectionate and devoted mother. Gone now, for ever and ever, the opportunity for Ellie to return with filial love and tenderness the affection so long lavished upon her! Her better feelings had been aroused when she stood by her sleeping mother, as described in the preceding chapter; but that very night Mrs. Clare had been seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs, and for the few days during which she survived had lain in an unconscious stupor. And in that state she had died. That Ellie bitterly repented her former conduct towards her mother was now apparent in her countenance, and in the words she sobbed through her tears to her Aunt Lizzie: "O, if I had always been kind to her!" Too late, — alas! now too late came that repentance to remedy the past, but not too late to influence her character for the future. This deep, first grief was one among other means of bringing her out of her selfish thoughtlessness, into a consistent and genuine kindness of feeling and action. Indeed, Mrs. Clare's death, however sad when viewed in reference to her being cut off in the flower of her days, and in the midst of

her frivolous and worldly career, resulted most beneficially to her husband and child.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Clare to his sister, the day after the funeral services were over, "you have all your life lived for others, and you will not, I know, refuse to remain with me, and be a mother to my child. O, if I had only listened to your gentle, yet firm pleadings, if I had not been so absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, how different might it now have been with us all! Cornelia was young when I married her. I could then have made my tastes hers, had I not been so wickedly absorbed in my business. But as I was, and she was left to herself, she was driven to make the gay world abroad her resource; and now she is in her grave, she who came to me a fair, young bride, with her beautiful face and her loving heart."

Miss Clare did not at once reply. She was thinking (for the best of us are unjust at times) how she had heretofore regarded her sister-in-law as the one most in fault, and how, with a sister's partial fondness, she had thought, if her brother had been more fortunate in his choice of a wife, what a different home his would have been. But now she recalled his first marriage days, the delight with which the city bride had wandered with her over the fields and through the woods of her early home, the zest with which she entered into their simple country amusements, and her devoted love for her husband; and she could not but acknowledge there was cause for her brother's self-reproach.

"You see it as I do, Elizabeth," said Mr. Clare,

after a short pause, "as indeed, with your candid mind, you must. The only reparation I can make is to do all I can for her child, her very counterpart in loveliness; and to this end, you *will* remain with us?"

"I will, my dear brother, gladly. I love Ellie very dearly, and I see in her germs of much that is good and noble. It shall be my aim to aid you in developing and rightly directing her character. Without your co-operation I can do little."

"You shall have it, Elizabeth; my child shall no longer see such a difference between precept and example. She shall have what her mother never received from me, — every aid and encouragement to the right course. My child," he continued, as Ellie at this moment entered, "your aunt will stay with us. If she sacrifices to us her much-loved country home, shall we not strive to make her happy?"

"She will be happy, papa," replied Ellie, sadly, "wherever she is, and I knew she would never leave us. But Aunt Lizzie, do you know," and here Ellie's lip quivered, "do you know that Mr. Brown is dead?"

"No, my dear child; when did he die?"

"The day after —, that is, two days ago. Nelly has been here twice, and no one told us, till just now she came again. I have not always felt kindly towards her. O," turning to her father as she spoke, "may I not do all I can for her now?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Clare. "I am rejoiced, my daughter, that you have the desire to assist the unfortunate. Your aunt will be the best judge of what is required."

"Poor Mrs. Brown!" said Miss Clare; "she must be worn out with care; I will return home with Nelly, and this evening we will consult together what is best to be done for her. There are times when the strongest will quail, and the firmest faith shrinks, under its accumulation of sorrows. Then it is for us to remember the precept, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' and so fulfil the law of Christ."

On her way to Mrs. Brown's, Nelly in tearful accents informed Miss Clare that her mother seemed almost heart-broken and discouraged. "Indeed, ma'am, it is only because she is sick herself, and does not know what to do for us all; she can hardly move, she is so feeble, and if she had ever so much sewing, she could n't do it. O Miss Clare! is n't it hard that we poor folks don't even have time to mourn?"

"I don't think it hard, Nelly; it is a mercy, sometimes. You must learn not to think your trials the worst that can be borne. God knows what is best; and as for your mother, I think I see a way to make her comfortable for the future. Only have faith, Nelly, and do not think the rich are always happy. Your mother knows it is a contented spirit that gives happiness. Just now she is overwhelmed with her many sorrows; you will see she will soon be more cheerful."

And she was right. Miss Clare's very presence seemed to have a comforting effect upon the poor widow, who, though afflicted and disheartened, did not murmur. When Miss Clare, in gentle accents, spoke of her sorrows, and expressed her sym-

pathy for her, though her tears flowed afresh, they were not all those of grief. Miss Clare begged Mrs. Brown to tell her if she had any particular cause for disquiet beyond her afflictions and the feeble state of her health. The poor woman then said, for the first time in her life she was in debt for three months' rent, and had no means to pay it. "This shall be provided for at once, and you shall repay me when you are able to do so, as you will be before long, if you accept the offer I intend to make you to-morrow. If you will come to me in the morning, we will talk over my plan together."

As Nelly followed Miss Clare down stairs, she said to her, "I shall try and remember what you have told me, and I will help mother all I can. I *think* it is easy to do right when we have good friends, but then, when I come to *act* what I think, it is hard. But I will try."

"Try in faith and love, Nelly; that is all that is required of us, and perhaps it will comfort you to know that older and wiser persons than yourself have the same trials and struggles. But there is a good God and Father over all, who ever careth for us."

Miss Clare's plan, which met the full approbation and hearty co-operation of her brother, was this.

The division of property which had been made after the death of her parents, left to Miss Clare the old homestead and a small farm attached. This farm was under the superintendence of a man who had grown gray in her father's service, and who, with his only daughter, a woman past early youth,

lived with Miss Clare, and performed the labor of the place. Since Miss Clare's residence in the city, the daughter had engaged herself to a thriving mechanic in a neighboring town, and was only waiting that lady's return, to be married.

This event had caused Miss Clare some perplexity. But upon hearing of Mr. Brown's death, the thought at once occurred to her that Mrs. Brown could take her family to the farm, receiving her own and her children's living in return for her services; and, through Miss Clare's influence, work could easily be obtained, by which she might earn sufficient to defray her other expenses. Jemmy and Nelly could attend school and assist on the farm and in the house during their leisure hours, while the little ones would bring back the color to their cheeks, and vigor to their limbs, in the healthful sports of country life.

Mrs. Brown received with deep gratitude this kind offer, and promised so to watch over Miss Clare's interests, that she should have no cause to repent her kindness. She was not unmindful of others in this, her hour of comparative prosperity; but begged Miss Clare's interest in behalf of Mrs. Howe and her other poor neighbors.

That benevolent lady assured her that she already had a plan in view for Mrs. Howe, as soon as her health and shattered nerves would allow her to work; and so far as she could, she would have a kind oversight of the other poor people in the block.

A few weeks later found this worthy family settled in a pleasant house in the rural town of G——, among the hills of New Hampshire.

Many prayers and tears followed them. All the neighbors had come to love and revere Mrs. Brown, who had ministered to them with kind words and generous deeds for many years. Through the overruling Providence of the Heavenly Father, which now bestowed upon her a comfortable home and good friends, she received back the bread she had so freely cast upon the waters.

F. W. A. P.

WILLIE'S PETS.

WILLIE is a little black-eyed boy just seven years old, and as full of mischief as a little boy can be. One morning, a few weeks ago, he called to me, "O come, Miriam, and see this handsome little chicken! It is very sick, and one of its legs is broken. I'm going to cure it. I'm Doctor Snow, now." I followed the little doctor to his little bed-room to see the handsome invalid. When I saw it, I laughed outright. There was a little willow basket filled with soft white cloth, and in one end a pillow, which Willie's own clumsy little fingers must have made. Lying there, with its head resting on the pillow, was the homeliest little yellow chicken I ever saw. It was partially covered with a piece of gay-colored chintz and a large book, which was lying across the basket, so that the chicken could by no possible exertion make its escape. "I have to put the book there," said Willie; "for the chicken did n't know I

was going to cure him, and so he tried to go away." A few tiny vials of homeopathic medicine, two little tumblers covered with paper, with spoons lying across them, were on a little stool beside the basket, and Doctor Willie occasionally forced open the little beak, and gravely administered a dose.

Later in the day, his faith in homeopathy began to waver. His patient was no better. I found him in the nursery, holding the chicken in his arms. The broken leg was bandaged, and one of his little sisters, under his direction, had been trying to bleed it, using a darning-needle for a lancet.

When reproved for his cruelty, and told to treat the chicken kindly, or it should be taken from him, he put it back into its bed, and went away to play. Like many older persons who cannot wait the slow processes of nature, Willie in the afternoon had lost all confidence in bleeding, and had resorted to hydropathy. He went into the bathing-room, filled the large bathing-tub with cold water, and when I found him, he was holding the shivering little chicken under water with one hand, while with the other he was trying to turn the screw, to bring down the shower of water from above. Yielding to my entreaties, he took it out, rubbed it with flannel, and left it in the basket the remainder of the day. The next morning it could not be found. Whether some one carried it away, or whether the poor chicken, dreading a repetition of the day's nursing, had made its escape, I cannot tell.

In the afternoon of that day he came rushing into the house, exclaiming, "O mother, mother! see

what a handsome little dog! Its name is Danger, and it's mine. Pat Connor gave it to me for two shoestrings. Was n't it real cheap?" He was leading a little hump-backed yellow and black dog. All that day above every other sound in the house was heard Willie's call, — "Danger, Danger, Danger." He fed him with cake and crackers, with meat, milk, and candy, and at tea-time tried to persuade him to drink a cup of strong tea, but Danger decidedly declined. The children laughed at Willie for buying a "broken-backed dog," but he, taught by some one older than himself, replied indignantly that its back was n't broken; it was only a protuberance of the spinal column.

When I went to bid Willie "Good night," one little brown hand lay on the white quilt, his brown curls were brushed back from his forehead, and his eyes were sparkling with fun. As I stooped over the low bed to kiss his rosy cheek, he suddenly turned down the covering, and there was Danger. His little black and yellow head was resting on Willie's shoulder, and his sharp white nose was close beside Willie's dimpled chin. He let me look at his treasure a moment, and then covered it again, saying, "There, good little Danger, go to sleep, and be sure to bark early in the morning. I want to wake up before Frank does."

For several days, Willie and Danger were inseparable companions. Then the dog disappeared. Willie went about the house with a very disconsolate look, asking mournfully, "Has anybody seen Danger anywhere?" while his sister sang, —

"O ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a yellow dog
But it was sure to run away."

One day Willie's mother went into the parlor and found a large basket full of hay under the piano, and some that could not be crowded into the basket was scattered over the carpet. She called her little boy. "Why, Willie, what have you been doing?"

"O, mother, I'll sweep it all out in a minute. I was only making believe the piano was my stable, and I had just bought a load of hay for my calf. Only look out into the yard and see my calf. I found it over on Howard Street."

We went to the window and saw the calf, a white, lean, motherless-looking thing, shivering in the cold February wind.

"I'll keep it, mother, and take care of it myself till it grows up into a cow," said the little boy, "and then I'll give you all the milk to make custards and ice-creams. Won't that be nice?"

Great comfort little Willie took that day in feeding the calf, carrying water for it to drink, and looking forward to the time when he should eat custards made of the milk of his white cow.

After dinner there was a violent shower. We looked for Willie, but he was not in the house.

- His mother called, "Willie, Willie," and at last a little voice far away answered, "Here I am, mother, but I can't come in."

There he was out in the rain with the calf. He had taken off his jacket, and spread it over the calf's shoulders, and was holding a large umbrella over its head, while the rain was falling fast on his own un-

covered head and half-exposed neck and shoulders. But what did he care? The calf was taken care of.

The calf broke through the fence last night and ran away, and carried with it Willie's visions of milk and custards and white cows. Poor Willie! I fear he will think this is an ungrateful world, if his pets all desert him after such kind treatment.

The only pets left to Willie now are a sleepy-looking gray cat that has not spirit enough to run away, and a tame pigeon which has been in the house so long I think it has forgotten that there is anything out of doors. If ever these two should form a conspiracy and go away in search of adventures, Willie would be desolate indeed.

MIRIAM GRAY.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "MATTHEW SMITH":—

DEAR FREDDIE:—I send you a copy of the little play mentioned in the March number, as I thought you, and perhaps some others of my young readers, might like to have it. How I should like to see it performed by your little corps of actors, with your friend Mr. H. for the part of "Mr. Calvert." He would not, however, be quite so droll in a gray wool wadding wig, long waistcoat, and dressing-gown, ruffled shirt, breeches, and silk stockings, knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, as he was in the costume of your Lady Hostess, with the broad strings of the doubly ruffled cap tied across his bushy chin, and a long trailing dress.

Yours, &c.,

EDITOR.

THE GREYHOUND AND THE RING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Serina, alone. Ah, my poor little Diana! I shall never be able to sit at work without you! It was

here on this little cushion that you lay beside me. How you would lick my hands and face, and play with me! How sorry I shall be if I never see you again! I should not have lost you myself; but that careless Eustace!

Enter *Eustace*.

Eustace. I see my name is called in question.

Serina. Yes, for if you had not been so positive in taking her out yesterday, she would not be lost.

Eustace. I am as sorry for it as you are; but what can I do now?

Serina. Did I not beg of you to leave her at home? But you *must* have her at your heels.

Eustace. I own it. But I was so pleased when she was along with me! Sometimes she would run before, sometimes behind me, and jump up about me so playfully!

Serina. You should have taken better care of her.

Eustace. I should, indeed.

Serina. You might inquire among the neighbors.

Eustace. I am positive she followed us nearly home. Lionel was with me, and saw her only the moment before we missed her.

Serina. He should have helped you look for her.

Eustace. So he did, all yesterday evening, and again to-day. Indeed, sister, I am ashamed to look you in the face.

Serina. I am not angry now. You did not mean to trouble me; and besides, you are so sorry yourself. Who is coming up stairs? Go and see.

Enter *Lionel*.

Lionel. It is I, Eustace. Good morning, Miss Serina.

Serina. Good morning, Master Lionel.

Lionel. I have got a scent of Diana, and I hope—

Serina. To find her again?

Lionel. I'll tell you. You know the old woman at the corner, who sells cakes and garden stuff?

Serina. What! has *she* my dog?

Lionel. No, no! She is a very honest woman, and a friend of mine. Diana tried to scrape acquaintance with her one day, smelling at the cakes.

Eustace. Yes; but her fond tricks would not do there; the woman gave her a great stroke on the nose with her glove.

Serina. O, that is nothing. Well, Master Lionel?

Lionel. Well, just now I was telling her of our loss. What, says she, that little cur dog—

Serina. *Cur* dog! Don't call my pretty Diana so. I had rather not hear of her at all!

Lionel. I only use her own words. Well, says she, you know that other young master who was here, who lives in the house with the balcony? *He* coaxed her away.

Eustace. Could she mean Rufus?

Lionel. Don't you remember that he was at the shop when we passed? He would not see us.

Eustace. I recollect it now.

Lionel. He called Diana as she was following us, and offered her a bit of cake; and while the poor thing was busy feasting, he caught her up and carried her home.

Serina. Brother, you'd better go to him at once.

Lionel. You would not find him. I have been there, and he was out.

Serina. Perhaps he bid them say he was not at home.

Lionel. No, I went up to his room. I told the maid I wanted him to come and play at marbles, and that I would wait at your house.

Serina. He will never have the face to show himself there, if he has taken Diana.

Lionel. O, you do not know his assurance.

Serina. Perhaps he does not know that the dog is ours.

Lionel. Not know! when he sees her with your brother every day? He stole her to sell her. It is just his character.

Eustace. Hist — here he comes!

Enter *Rufus*.

Rufus. They told me at home, Lionel, that you want me to play marbles. Come, I'm ready. Eustace, how do you do? Your servant, Miss Serina.

Serina. You are going to your diversion, Master Rufus. Nothing troubles *you*; but *we* are all in trouble here.

Rufus. What's the matter?

Serina. We have lost our pretty greyhound.

Rufus. Dear! That is a pity. She was a pretty little creature, indeed! Gray, with black spots here and there, and her breast, feet, and tail white. She is worth two guineas, if she is worth a farthing.

Serina. Have not *you* our greyhound? Don't *you* know where she is?

Rufus. I? I your greyhound? (*confused*).

Lionel. Do you stammer at the question? You

have her. You took her treacherously, coaxing her with a bit of cake.

Rufus. Who told you so?

Lionel. One who saw you do it.

Rufus. I will not put up with this affront, and you shall pay for it. (*He goes out.*)

Lionel. What an impudent liar! I would lay my life he has the dog. Did you see how confused he was?

Serina. I can hardly believe it yet. It would be quite too scandalous.

Lionel. You can't believe it because your heart is so good. For my part, I can believe anything of him.

Eustace. I hope he may not go and kill her, for fear of being found out.

Lionel. No, my friend, he won't kill her. He keeps her to sell.

Serina. O, what an opinion you have of him!

Lionel. It is such as he deserves, and I'll go and convince you of it. (*He goes out.*)

Enter *Mr. Calvert.*

Mr. Calvert. What have you done to Rufus? He complains of you very much, especially Lionel, and says you accuse him of stealing Diana. Is she lost?

Eustace. Yes, papa. I did not like to tell you, because I hoped every moment to find her. She went astray from me last night.

Mr. Calvert. Luckily, it is only a dog. But why did you not take care of her?

Eustace. You are very right, papa. It was my

fault. I should have left her at home, or not lost sight of her.

Serina. But now I will ask you, papa, do you think that Rufus could have the assurance to deny it, if he had really taken my dog?

Mr. Calvert. I can't say. We must advertise her to-morrow in the public papers.

Eustace. But if she is in his power it will be useless trouble.

Mr. Calvert. No; a dog requires to be fed, and is not so small, or so still, as to be hid from everybody. There may be some person in his house who will tell us about him.

(*To be continued.*)

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

FIREFLIES USED AS LAMPS. — I have read fine print by the light of two small Long Island fireflies, in a tumbler. But man was not the first to rob these living gems of their liberty and radiance. There are birds that seize and suspend them as chandeliers for their dwellings. The bottle-nested sparrow, or baya, is one of the kidnappers. Its nest is closely woven like cloth in the figure of an inverted bottle with the entrance at the orifice of the neck. The interior is divided by partitions into two or three chambers, one over the other. These are profoundly dark until lit up with fireflies caught alive, and mercilessly fixed to the walls or ceiling with pieces of wet clay. — *The World a Workshop.*

EACH MOTHER'S LOVE THE BEST.

As I walked over the hills one day,
 I listened and heard a mother sheep say :
 " In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
 As my little lammie with his nimble feet,

With his eyes so bright,
 And his wool so white ;

O he is my darling, my heart's delight !

The robin, he

That sings on the tree,

Dearly may dote on his darlings four ;

But I love my own little lambkin more."

So the mother sheep, and the little one,

Side by side, lay down in the sun,

And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,

While *my* little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see

But the old gray cat, with her kittens three ;

I heard her whispering soft. Said she :

" My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
 Are the prettiest things there can be in the world.

The bird in the tree,

And the old ewe, she,

May love their babies exceedingly,

But I love my kittens from morn to night ;

Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,

Which of the three, for the life of me,

I love them all so well.

So I'll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,

And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."

So the kittens lie under the stove so warm,

While *my* little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and saw the old hen

Go clucking about with her chickens ten ;

And she clucked, and scratched, and she bristled away,

And what do you think I heard the hen say ?

I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
 On anything like to these chickens of mine ;
 You may hunt the full moon and stars, if you please,
 But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
 The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
 But they do not know what a proud mother I am ;
 For lambs or for kittens I won't part with these,
 Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their knees.
 My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
 Come, nestle now cosily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens sped

As fast as they could to their warm feather-bed ;
 And there let them lie, on their feathers so warm,
 While *my* little chick lies here on my arm.

MRS. CARTER.

ENIGMA BY LORD MACAULAY.

Cut off my head, the singular I am ;
 Cut off my tail, the plural I arise ;
 Deprived of both, to nothing I contract,
 Am naught to blind man's touch or wise man's eyes.

What is this head cut off? A sounding sea.
 What is this tail cut off? A copious river.
 And through their boundless depths I wander free,
 Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever.

CHARADE.

To lose my first implies disgrace,
 Unless misfortune bears the blame ;
 My second, though it can't replace
 My first when lost, will hide the shame ;
 From my whole I fly with a childish dread
 That it may slyly get into my head,
 Though 't is weak and harmless, and, I must say,
 Runs off as fast the other way.

DID none listen to tales, there would be no tale-bearers.

THE PILLOW OF A LITTLE GIRL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Dear little Pillow! thou art warm and sweet.
 Of choicest down, most white, was't made for me,
 And while on many a head the tempests beat,
 Dear little Pillow, safe I rest on thee!

Full many children, motherless and poor,
 Houseless and naked, have not where to sleep,
 Nor ever rest, but beg from door to door;
 Mother, dear mother, but it makes me weep!

When for these little ones to God I pray
 Who have no Pillow, safe mine own I press;
 Alone, in my sweet nest, thou dost me lay,
 Sweet mother, near thee, and with prayers dost bless!

I shall not wake till the first dawn of day
 Strikes on my curtains blue, with golden light,
 Now whispering low, my tenderest prayer I'll say,
 One kiss, sweet mother, give, and now good night!

THE PRAYER.

O God of little children, hear the prayer
 Which, from my heart, is whispered soft to Thee.
 Thou God of orphans! take them in Thy care,
 And grant, henceforth, there may no orphans be!

And down from heaven some pitying angel send,
 To answer to the voice of those who weep;
 The children motherless do Thou defend,
 And gently fold them on Thy breast to sleep!

w.

FIRE. — There was no fire in Eden. What things does fire procure for us which Eden had not? Think about it, boys; in how many things that you use and enjoy has fire had an agency? What should we have to dispense with, were fire unknown?

ALUMINUM. — A new metal, discovered to exist in clay. It is white like silver, light as glass, not liable to tarnish, very strong and tough. For wire it is much more valuable than iron, having far greater tenacity, less weight, and no liability to rust. Clay is the ore of aluminum.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE. — Bonaparte, every one knows, was poor; but he did not hold himself excused from assisting his family, and brought to France his brother Louis, who was nine years younger than himself. They both lodged at the house of Mlle. Bou, Grand Street, in Paris. Bonaparte had a bedchamber, and over this room the little Louis lived, in an attic. Each morning, true to habits formed at school, Bonaparte waked his brother early by knocking on the ceiling with a stick, and gave him his mathematical lesson. One day, the young Louis, who found it very hard to submit to this discipline, came down later and with more regret than usual. Bonaparte was on the point of knocking a second time, when the tardy scholar presented himself.

"Well; what is the matter this morning? It seems to me we are very lazy," said Bonaparte.

"O brother!" replied the child, "I was having so beautiful a dream!"

"And what did you dream about?"

"I dreamed that I was a king."

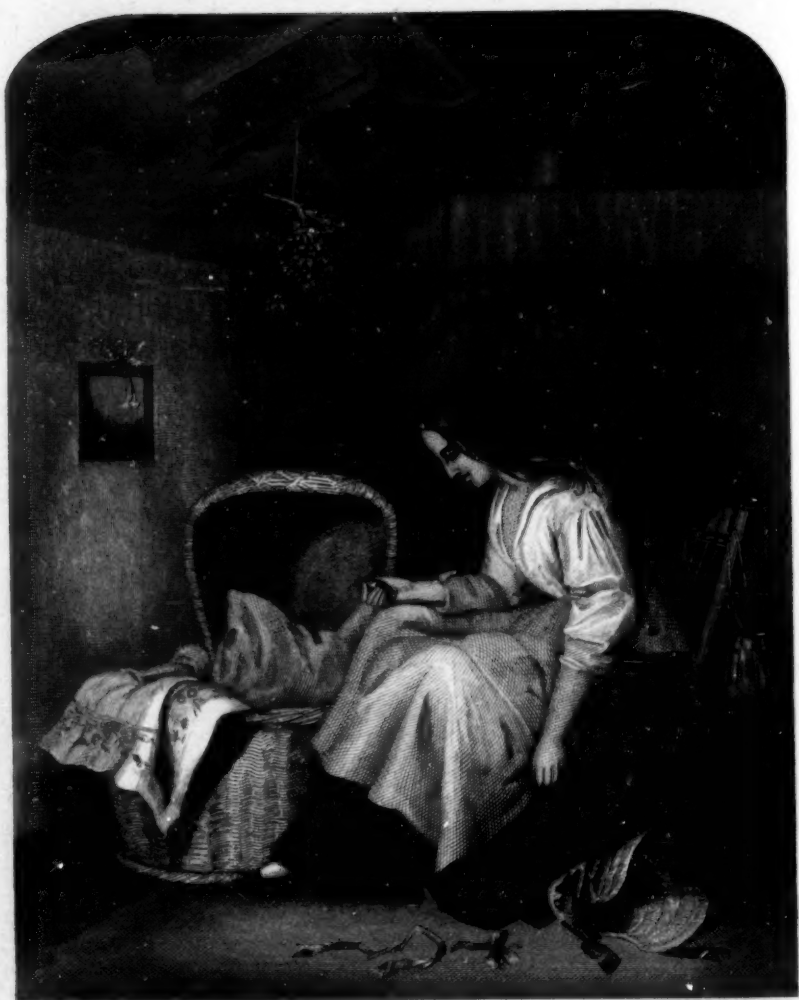
"And what was *I* then? Emperor?" said the young lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, — to work!"

And the usual lesson was taken by the future king, and given by the future emperor.

V.

NOTICE. — The editor thanks the unknown friend who has sent her "The Little Knight," a touching story which will appear in the next number.

K D 4495



Mrs. M. J. J.

D. L. Glover

The Empty Cradle

A. Anderson Print.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

" In the fast-sailing brig Marchand
My husband went to sea ;
He left me sitting at the door,
With my baby on my knee.

" The brig she spread her snow-white sails,
The breeze was fresh and free ;
And like a lovely white-plumed bird -
She skimmed the shining sea.

" And long I gazed, and still could see
My husband's form on deck.
Where is it now ! The brig Marchand
Was found at sea, — a wreck !

" And long I thought, and still must hope,
Since the brig was still afloat,
He had escaped in a passing ship,
Or gained the land in a boat.

" My baby sickened. Soon it slept,
Only in heaven to wake !
I sat alone 'neath my cottage roof,
And my heart was like to break.

" There came to my door a baby pale,
Bringing a wailing child ;
With pity I took him to my breast ;
I soothed him, — he sweetly smiled.

" She left him sleeping on my arm.
I cared not for her gold ;
For love I kept him from all harm, —
Such care was never sold.

" Now that he's healthy, fair, and strong,
They've taken him away.



The Empty Cradle

W. H. P. 1880

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

“ In the fast-sailing brig Marchand
My husband went to sea ;
He left me sitting at the door,
With my baby on my knee.

“ The brig she spread her snow-white sails,
The breeze was fresh and free ;
And like a lovely white-plumed bird
She skimmed the shining sea.

“ And long I gazed, and still could see
My husband's form on deck.
Where is it now ! The brig Marchand
Was found at sea, — a wreck !

“ And long I thought, and still must hope,
Since the brig was still afloat,
He had escaped in a passing ship,
Or gained the land in a boat.

“ My baby sickened. Soon it slept,
Only in heaven to wake !
I sat alone 'neath my cottage roof,
And my heart was like to break.

“ There came to my door a lady pale,
Bringing a wailing child ;
With pity I took him to my breast ;
I soothed him, — he sweetly smiled.

“ She left him sleeping on my arm.
I cared not for her gold ;
For love I kept him from all harm, —
Such care was never sold.

“ Now that he's healthy, fair, and strong,
They've taken him away.

LETTER FROM AUNT FANNY.

By an empty cradle again I weep,
As on that first sad day."

Who comes with quick and heavy tread,
Nor pauses at the door?
'T is the captain of the brig Marchand,
Come back to his native shore.

He rushes in with a joyous shout ;
But silent, tearful, pale,
His wife to the empty cradle points, —
It tells the woful tale.

A.

LETTER FROM AUNT FANNY.

DEAR ANNIE :—

Once there was a brave young knight ; so brave, and so pure and good beside, that he was called *Saint George*. You were happy enough to be born on St. George's birthday. I wish I could send you a picture of him, riding his spirited and noble steed, with his shield and spear, and conquering the Dragon. May Alleyne's grandmother had it upon her best damask table-cloth and big Thanksgiving napkins. You must know that, in the days of the good St. George, there was (in story) a horrid monster called the Dragon, who used to go about trying to devour and destroy people, especially timid little maidens and others who could not defend themselves. Happily, those were the very persons St. George was the most earnest and successful in fighting for. At length, I believe he killed the old Dragon outright. The legend is that St. George, though an angel in

heaven, still fights for the weak and timid against the terrible Dragon *Sin*, and conquers with and for them. It would be a very pleasant thing for us to believe so. If you, darling, had as many fierce battles with, and terrible onslaughts from, the old monster as I do, you would be glad of St. George's help and sympathy. Only *imagine* him riding upon his magnificent war-horse to ask what is the matter, and to overcome the dangers and temptations of the world for you! When we become artists, we will paint a beautiful picture of him, like those in the "Old Country," and grow strong in looking upon it. When the petty troubles come so often that we are discouraged, and the Sin Dragon gets so earnest to devour our happiness as to make us cross and selfish, discontented and faint at heart, then down should come, dashing upon him, our conquering saint, to spear him through and through, and send him off vanquished. Darling, we *do* have help in our struggles and temptations; and if St. George seems so far off in the old pictures and stories that we do not know how to believe in, or even to imagine *him*, let us remember our own dear familiar angels, our departed friends, who, having gone from our sight, still, we will trust, watch and help and love us. You can remember the brother Willie who used to lead and protect you when such a little boy, and feel that now, more than ever, he comes to help and guide your spirit. Blessings on your birthday, love. May it be crowned with sunshine and happiness, and smiled upon by God and the heavenly angels.

Lovingly,

AUNT FANNY.

THE LITTLE KNIGHT.

A GREAT many years ago there stood near the bank of the Rhine an old castle. Before it rolled the beautiful river, and far away on one side stretched a great forest, while on the other were high hills, and broad, level plains.

One bright summer morning, the sun shone in through the long windows upon Count Hugo and his wife, who sat quietly talking in one of the lower rooms; while their little son Eberhard, a boy about twelve years old, looked out of the window. Eberhard's mother had been sick a very long while; he could not remember when she was well and strong, and now she lay all day on a couch in the sitting-room, except when the Count took her tenderly in his strong arms, and carried her to a low seat under a great linden-tree in the garden. She loved that seat, and the birds never flew away, nor stopped singing, when she came. Suddenly the quiet in the room was broken by the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the drawbridge, and a courier rode hastily into the court-yard, heated and dusty, and with his horse covered with foam. Count Hugo sprang from his seat, and went out to ask what tidings he had brought.

"A foreign army is advancing against our prince," cried the man; "and he bids you be at the camp to-night, to be ready for battle to-morrow morning." The Count pressed him to come in and rest, and take refreshment; but he would not stay, and dashed away as rapidly as he had come.

There was no time to lose ; and the Count sent for Hubert, the old steward, and bade him call together his men who lived around the castle, so that they might be ready to set out that afternoon. Eberhard's mother did not speak. Her face was very pale, but quite calm ; and no one would have known she was troubled, but that her lips were pressed closely together that she might not say one word to add to the Count's anxiety. In making the necessary preparations the time passed quickly. The vassals stood in the court-yard, and the Count was buckling on his armor. "Father," said Eberhard, who had been admiring the strong, bright armor, "do let me go to battle with you, and learn to be a knight?" His father looked down fondly upon him, and laid his hand lovingly upon his head. "It is the first duty of a true knight to protect the weak," he said; "and that is why I leave my Eberhard to take care of his mother." Then the Count folded his wife tenderly in his arms, as if she had been a little child; and gently loosing her hands, which were clasped closely around his neck, he laid her back on the couch. Eberhard went out to see his father mount his horse, the great black war-horse, that arched his neck so proudly, and knew Count Hugo's hand so well when he touched the bridle. The standard-bearer waved his banner, the horses stamped impatiently;—one moment more, and they had gone. Eberhard mounted into one of the towers to watch them. He saw them wind up the path among the hills, and pass round a turn in the road. He thought they were quite out of sight; but soon he saw them again, at

a greater distance, and his father at the head, looking so noble and so brave that Eberhard longed to be with him. But then he thought of his mother, and went down again to stay with her. She would have him sit very near her while the afternoon passed away ; and when night came on, Eberhard was so proud and happy to be a comfort to her, that he forgot his longing to go to the battle.

The next morning he brought fresh flowers from the garden for his mother, and tried in every way to make the lonely time seem shorter. Then she let him take a strange old copy of the Bible to look at, not like those we have now, for there was no printing in those days, and all books were written. Around the margin of the leaves were painted pictures ; and while Eberhard looked at these, his mother told him what was written in the centre. So they sat quietly together till almost sunset. But at every little sound Eberhard started, and the color rose in his mother's face. Then they heard the sound of a horse's feet. Eberhard ran to the window just in time to see his father's horse dash madly by, without a rider, and with the saddle spotted with blood. He tried to keep his mother away, and drew the heavy curtains together ; but she pushed them aside, and Eberhard heard her moan. "Mother, mother," he cried earnestly, "he will come soon ; I know he will !" and he sprang to hold her up ; but she fell back heavily on her couch, and from her mouth, down over her white dress, there ran a stream of bright red blood. Eberhard's cries of terror brought in her attendants. They tried to stop the blood, but could not ; and she turned

her face towards Eberhard, and tried to put out her hand ; but the servants laid her hand gently down upon her breast, and, with one loving look at him, she closed her eyes, to sleep, so they said. Eberhard sat very still, afraid of waking her.

After a little while they left him alone with her ; and he watched the shadows grow thicker and darker in the room. " She sleeps a long while," he thought at last, " and so quietly. I cannot even see her dress move," and he laid his hand upon hers. It was so cold, so strangely cold, that he was frightened, and ran out of the room, and to the servants' hall. He did not hear loud laughing and talking, as usual, when he reached the door ; and they looked sadly at him when he went in. " Why does she sleep so long ?" he cried, almost fiercely, as he looked round upon them. There was an old woman there, who had taken care of Eberhard's mother when she was a little child, and had been with her ever since. As if he had been her own child, she drew him to her, and tried to soothe him. " Let us go and see her," she said ; and taking a candle, they went together to his mother's room. She was lying just as he had left her, — so calm and beautiful ! " It will be a long while before she will wake," said the old nurse ; and then they sat down together, and she told him how it was that his mother had really gone away, and left him. " She is in heaven now, and never will be sick again, or have any more pain," she said, tenderly ; " and in God's good time you will go to be with her." So Eberhard felt in some degree comforted with the thought that his mother, in her

heavenly home, still loved and watched over him. At last, quite exhausted, he fell asleep with his head in the nurse's lap, and she carried him away to his own little bed.

Early the next morning, she came to tell him that, as they could not tell what news they might hear, Hubert thought it was best to bury his mother that day. "We cannot carry her to the church now," said Hubert, who had come in too; "we will lay her under the great linden-tree in the garden, where she used to love to sit; and by and by, in more peaceful times, we will carry her to the church." Eberhard liked this; the church was so dark and gloomy that he loved better to have his mother's grave where the light should fall on it through the leaves, and the birds sing above it. So the nurse wrapped her in one of the white dresses that the Count had loved to see her wear, and in her hands they put fresh flowers. Then all the servants came together, and they went out to the grave that Hubert had made.

So Hubert, with Eberhard close beside him, repeated the prayer that he thought would comfort him most, and they lowered the coffin; and Eberhard saw them fill the grave, and put fresh turf over it.

A very little while after this, the vassals came back who had gone away with the Count. It was a very different company from that which went out so proudly two days before. Diminished in numbers, weary and wounded, they returned. They had been victorious; but it had been a fearful fight. Count Hugo — the brave fellows wept like children when they told the story — saw the prince in danger, and,

riding hastily up, rescued him, but received himself the blow intended for his sovereign. They carried him off the field; but he died very soon, calmly, they said, except when once he turned his face towards home, and then there came a look of pain which his wound had not been enough to cause.

Eberhard had expected this news; but till now he had cherished *some hope* that his father might come back, — wounded perhaps, but still alive, — that he might not be all alone. When he heard this story, the sense of his utter loneliness came over him; and leaving them all there, he ran away into his own chamber. There he stayed almost all day. Sometimes he thought he heard his father call him, sometimes it seemed as if his mother must be lonely in her room; and when he went in and found her couch empty, her smile and loving look gone, he could not bear it any longer. "I will not stay here," he said to himself. "I cannot bear to miss her so. I will go and learn to be a knight. I know my father would like that."

So at supper, when no one saw him, he hid his little cup in his dress, and took a large piece of bread away with him, and early the next morning went quietly out of the castle gate, away towards the great wood. No one saw him go: they were busy attending to the sick and wounded, and thought he was in the garden, or in his mother's room.

The sun shone brightly upon him, the wind played softly with his hair; and he walked on more cheerfully than he thought he could do the night before, and so came to the forest. Just then he heard a low

chirping at his feet. "It is only a sparrow fallen out of the nest," he said, and was walking on; but he remembered what his father said the day he went away, — "It is a true knight's duty to protect the weak," — and he turned back, climbed the tree, and put the bird in its nest. Then he went on his way, feeling that he had done something towards his one great object.

It was rather dark among the trees, but the shade was refreshing after the burning sun, and he went on, stopping sometimes to look at a squirrel or a bird, but never raising his hand to hurt it, remembering his father's last words to him. After a while he met two children going through the wood to the next town, and carrying a heavy basket. One was large and strong, but he did not take his share of the burden, and his little brother looked pale and weary; so Eberhard came and walked with them, and helped the little one, till the older brother was ashamed, and shouldered the basket himself. "Where are you going?" said they to Eberhard, as he turned into another path; "do walk farther with us." But he answered that he had a long way to go before night, and nodded and smiled, and disappeared among the trees. The little boy looked wistfully after him. "He's so kind," he said; "I wish he was going our way." Eberhard soon grew very tired, and sat down by a brook, which ran along over the stones with a low, gurgling sound, that was very pleasant to hear. Just as he was thinking he would lie down here and sleep a little while, he heard footsteps, and he stole in softly behind some bushes, for he was afraid that

it might be some one from home who would carry him back. But when the man came where he could see him, it was no one whom he knew ; and just then another, one of his father's men, came from an opposite direction. They met there in the narrow path, and each seeming to recognize the other as a foe, they would not go on. They looked fiercely at each other for a moment, and then one raised his sword. So, in that pleasant place, almost without a word, without any cause that Eberhard knew, they fought. Was the battle that he had longed to be in like this, — those angry looks and fearful blows ? At last the stranger fell, with the blood flowing from his arm, and the other went his way. Eberhard did not dare to come out of his hiding-place ; and he crouched there frightened, and wishing himself at home. At last he heard the wounded man moan, and saw him turn his head towards the water, as if he longed for it, but could not go to get it. He was just moving to get some for him, when he thought that he might be the very man who killed his father, and he sat still. But then he seemed to see his mother's face ; he remembered how she fed and helped one who had tried to injure her, and the revengeful feelings died out of his heart. He went and filled his cup, and carried it to him. The man was astonished to see so young a child alone ; but he took the water eagerly, and lay still, as if too weak to ask any questions. So Eberhard bound up his arm, left part of his bread by him on the ground, and went on. It was growing late ; the woods began to be dark, and he wondered where he should sleep. How did he know

that there were no robbers in the wood, no wild beasts that would hurt him, and he looked fearfully around; but then he thought of his father, and how brave he was. "I shall never be a knight if I am afraid," he thought; so he sat down and ate his bread, and then found a little sheltered place under a tree, whose branches bent very low, and in a few moments he was fast asleep.

When he woke the birds were singing, the sunlight stole in among the trees, and he was nicely rested. So he thanked God, who had taken care of him all night and kept him from harm; and then he looked for something to eat, for his bread was all gone. He could find nothing except a few berries and nuts; but he thought he should soon reach some house, so he made himself contented with his scanty breakfast, and walked briskly on. But he could not find a house; the wood seemed endless, and even the berries were very scarce. So, often resting, because he was weak from hunger, he was glad when night came; and, very tired and hungry, he lay down to sleep. Then he thought of his home. He remembered how anxious they would be; how Hubert would look for him, and his old nurse would weep. He thought he should never be a knight, but should die of hunger here in the dark wood, and no one would ever know where he had gone. At last he fell asleep. He forgot then how tired and hungry he was, for he saw a beautiful light; and then he saw his mother, no longer pale and sick, no longer sad, but looking so happy, and stretching out her arms to him. "I'm coming, mother," he cried; and

then he woke, blinded by the glare of torches, and Hubert took him in his arms. The old man cried so for joy that he could hardly speak. They had looked for Eberhard for more than a day. First they went to the river, and then had been in the wood, but had taken a different direction, and so had not found him. Then Hubert gave him some food, and blamed him all the while for going away.

Early the next day they reached home, but Eberhard did not stay there long; the prince had sent for him, and as soon as he had rested he set out with Hubert to go to the palace. It was so much grander than their own castle that he dreaded going in, and clung to Hubert. But when they reached the room where the prince was, and he saw a noble-looking man whose eyes were bent kindly on him, he ceased to be afraid. When the prince lifted him on his knee, saying, sadly, "And this little child was made an orphan for my sake," Eberhard felt as if he had found another father in him,—and so he had. "Thou shalt indeed be a knight, my brave boy," said the prince, when Eberhard told his story, "and I as much as may be will fill thy father's place."

From that day they were always together. Years afterward Eberhard rode by the prince's side in every battle, and everywhere this noble knight was known, not only for his prowess in the field, but for the protection which the weak and friendless always found in him.

JUNE.

In the first month of Summer,
Fresh, beautiful June,
When the wild-wood is richest
In blossom and tune ; —

When each little bird is seen
Building its nest,
And the trees and the flowers
Are all decked in their best ; —

When the air is so soft,
And the sun shines so bright,
That we play out of doors
From morning till night ; —

O then to the Father
Let gratitude rise,
And songs of thanksgiving
Ascend to the skies !

S. L. B.

A TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

AT New Orleans the waters of the Mississippi are higher than the streets of the city, and in order to prevent an inundation an artificial embankment has been raised along the side of the river. From the *Levee*, as this embankment is called, piers are built out twenty feet into the river. At the ends of these piers the ships in port lie moored, sometimes three or four abreast, their bows all pointing up the stream. The line of ships, barks, brigs, schooners, and steam-

ers extends often a distance of two miles along the Levee, and as the river here curves inward, one standing at the lower part of the city has an extensive view of the shipping. On week-days the Levee is a scene of bustle and activity; the piers are covered with bales and boxes of merchandise; busy clerks are taking account of the goods received and delivered, draymen are shouting to their donkeys, stevedores are rolling bales of cotton on board the ships, or guiding the huge blocks of ice from Boston down the ways. White men and black, Americans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and natives of every country under the sun, are there, busy and noisy in their various duties. On Sundays the scene is changed. The Levee is quiet, and comparatively deserted. The ships are dressed in all their bunting; the stars and stripes of America, the red cross of England, the tricolor of France, the towers of Hamburg, the red and white checker of Bremen, with innumerable burgees and streamers, float gayly upon the breeze, and the long procession of shipping looks as though it were marshalled for some grand triumphal pageant upon the bosom of the Mississippi.

On the afternoon of the 1st of July, 1848, the good ship Pontchartrain lay at the Lower Presses,* sails bent, cargo stowed, hatches down, and everything in readiness for sea. I had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic in her, since going on board at

* Large establishments at New Orleans, where the cotton that is brought down the river in large square bales is compressed by powerful steam "presses" into a much smaller compass.

Boston, a green hand, six months before, and was now to make the passage for the third time. Toward evening the steamer "De Soto," with one ship already under her wing, came up alongside; the fasts which bound us to the shore were cast off, the bows swung round, and the little tow-boat, panting and tugging between her tall companions, proceeded majestically down the river. Gradually the Crescent City, glittering in the rays of the setting sun, sunk behind us. On the right and left bank of the river we saw flourishing plantations, the white houses of planters, and the huts of the negroes. Then a white tow-boat came along, having a ship on each side, which she was conducting to the city. When darkness closed upon us, we had passed the open country; tall trees rose from the water's edge, and seemed to form a wall around us, dark and mysterious; the stars twinkled brightly overhead; the only sound which broke the stillness of the night was the monotonous puff, puff, puff of the steamer, sounding like the heavy breathing of some mighty monster of the wilderness. Morning at length broke; the woods were behind us; before noon we reached the mouth of the river, crossed the bar, set all sail to a gentle western breeze, and slowly pursued our way over the Gulf of Mexico.

We were five days traversing the Gulf. The days were extremely sultry, and the heat exceedingly oppressive, but the nights were delightfully cool and refreshing. The wind continued light from the west, so that our progress was tedious. At length on the fifth day the breeze freshened, the sails

swelled out full before it, the spray flew from the bow, and the Pontchartrain clove the waters at the rate of eight knots an hour. Before night a blue line appeared on our weather bow, just distinguishable above the edge of the ocean, and growing more clearly defined as we sped onward; at length we descried the coast of Cuba. We did not approach very near: our course was altered to a northeasterly direction, the wind declined, and we floated calmly upon the Gulf Stream, — that wonderful ocean-current, which flows without ceasing day and night, summer and winter, bearing the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico to the Banks of Newfoundland. The next day we saw upon our left the coast of Florida, and at night, while I lay upon the main-royal yard, furling the sail, I saw on the right the light of Gun Key Lighthouse. Soon after, it began to rain, and the wind blew violently, so that we were obliged to furl our top-gallant-sails, and double reef the topsails; but the gale was in our favor, and we sped bravely on our course. At noon on the following day the storm abated; no land appeared in sight, but about a dozen white sails were scattered around, here and there, upon the ocean. One of these vessels rapidly gained upon us, and as she passed we read her name, the "Fanny Forrester," and saw the heads of the troops, whom she was conveying from Mexico to New York, gazing over the rail upon the Pontchartrain.

Upon the Banks of Newfoundland, the twenty-fifth day out, we found ourselves enveloped in a dense fog. It was cold too, and, coming as we did from

the sultry air of Louisiana, it felt bitter enough. Though it was impossible to see far into the fog, we were obliged to keep continually a sharp lookout, lest we should run down some fishing-vessel which might be lying in our track. We encountered nothing, however, and, passing out of the fog in a day or two, the good ship dashed boldly forward across the North Atlantic. The days were now very long; it was not fairly dark until past nine o'clock, and the light began to appear again before three in the morning. We were in the midst of a vast expanse of waters: northward the ocean stretched away to the regions of everlasting frost; southward it extended beyond the warm and sunny islands of the tropics; far behind lay the hospitable shores of America; and ahead, across miles and miles of blue water, which we were yet to traverse, was Old England, whither we were bound. For ten days not a speck was visible anywhere within the circle of the horizon, and we seemed to be solitary navigators over an interminable sea. At length the bright blue of the ocean changed to a deep green, which became paler as we advanced, and we knew that we were "on soundings." Vessels, too, began to heave in sight, and seemed bound toward almost every point of the compass. One afternoon, while we were busy bending* the chains to the anchors, a large barque bore down toward us, the English ensign floating at her peak. "Here comes a *Lime-juicer*!" cried one of the sailors. "Look out for his chalk signals!" As she passed us, a man appeared upon

* Fastening.

her quarter-deck, holding out a board, on which was chalked in large letters, "Lat. $54^{\circ} 40'$, Long. $10^{\circ} 20'$," — the barque's position at noon. Our captain gave him our latitude and longitude through his speaking-trumpet, and we rapidly separated. It is customary on board British vessels to serve out daily a quantity of lime-juice to the crew, to prevent the ill effects of too much salt food; hence, when sailors see a British ship approaching, the cry is, "Here comes a *lime-juicer*!"

(To be continued.)

THE CRANE WITH ONE LEG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY A LITTLE GIRL.

THERE was once a gentleman who was very fond of the chase, and in one of his hunting excursions he happened to shoot a large crane, which looked so young and fat he thought it would be very good for his own eating. So he sent it home to his maid-servant, Chichibio, with directions to roast it for his dinner.

When the crane was most done, an old woman, a friend of the girl, and who had done her many favors, came in, and seeing that the crane looked very nice, and smelling the pleasant odor of it, was seized with a great desire to have a taste; therefore she began to entreat the cook to give her a piece, telling her, if she did not, she would do her no more

favours. At last, overcome by her entreaties, Chichibio cut off one of the legs, and gave it to her; which tasted very much to her satisfaction.

When the crane was done, it was carried up to her master. As soon as he observed the leg was missing, in a great rage he called up Chichibio, and asked her what she meant by sending him up a crane with but one leg. She, very much terrified, answered, "Cranes never have but one leg." "Never have more than one leg!" said the master; "you must prove that to me, or you shall never forget my name." The girl, much frightened, went, wondering how she should prove her assertion.

Early the next morning the master ordered two horses to be saddled, and told Chichibio to get on one, while he mounted the other. They started off for the water where the cranes resorted. The girl was so frightened she hardly knew what she did, and everything she saw she thought a crane with two legs.

At last they reached the water, where what was their surprise to see twelve cranes, standing together, and, as their custom is when they are asleep, each on one leg. "There!" said she, overjoyed, "did not I tell you they had but one leg?" "We will see," said the master, "if they cannot have two legs." So saying, he jumped from his horse, and ran towards them, shouting, "Oh! oh! oh!" When they all put down the other leg, and ran off as fast as they could. "Now you see," said he, "they have two legs." "Oh!" answered Chichibio, "you did not say 'Oh! oh! oh!' to that one; if you had, that would have put down its other leg too."

The master was so amused, he forgave the girl, and kept the story to tell his visitors a long time afterwards.

W. R.

ERNEST'S BOOK.

No. III.

"MOTHER, O mother!" cried Ernest, rushing in all out of breath to take his place at the tea-table, "I did have such a queer time at Mr. Elliston's table! I wish you had seen the table-cloth when we had done, you think a drop of cream such a great matter on yours!"

"Eat your supper, Ernest," said his father, supplying him with bread and butter. "You are late."

Ernest endeavored to talk and eat at the same time, and in his hurry to do both, and also to drink, he was in danger of being choked.

"I sat next to Maurice, you know —"

"How *should* I know? I was not there."

"I have caught that trick of saying 'You know' and 'You know' from Lucy; she always —"

"What right had you to adopt *my* word, you mock-bird?" said Lucy. "If you want to copy me, imitate my discretion. It is not proper when friendly people ask you to dine, to come home eager to gossip about their domestic arrangements."

"Gossip!" repeated Ernest, angrily. The first impulse was to defend himself. But a glance at his

mother made him laugh and blush; she was picking up crumbs in arch imitation of "the parent hen." He finished his meal in silence, now and then smiling at his own thoughts. Ella sat watching him. Her curiosity was moved by his unsocial mirth. But he gave no other answer to her questions than, "O, Lucy is the very pink of discretion! Is not she?"

Ella stared at her cousin with round-eyed gravity, trying to discern what "pink of discretion" meant. Lucy was diverted by her perplexity, and touched Sarah, Ernest's elder sister, with her elbow. Sarah roused herself from the contemplation of the red evening sky, and looked round inquiringly. Her absence of mind seemed to vex Ernest, for some unknown reason. He pouted, and then bit his lip.

"Sarah is in one of her *Brown* studies!" said he.

Sarah started a little at his emphasis, but Ernest looked down into his plate, and she thought he did not mean anything by it. He blushed, but she had looked away again to the rosy sunset, and did not observe his confusion.

Having finished his meal, Ernest followed his mother to her own room, which joined that of her little daughter.

"Nest, why did you not bring me home something?" asked Ella, as the tall boy stooped to her low pillow, to give her the good-night kiss.

"O, I have my handkerchief all tied up in knots, with pebbles and sea-shells I picked up for you. Here, I put them on your little table for you to examine in the morning. Pah, what a salt smell! and

my pocket is all gritty. Maurice laughed at me, I promise you, as I was stopping every minute, and keeping him waiting."

"Nest, you are a dear good boy. I don't love Maurice at all."

"I do!" said Ernest. "I love him, if *you* don't. Poor Maurice!"

Mrs. Wallingford shut the door of Ella's chamber, for she saw Ernest wanted to talk over his day's adventures. Then she told him to speak freely; it was not *gossiping* to tell his mother in confidence whatever had affected him in any way. It was her desire that he should always feel at liberty to do so.

"First, I want to tell you about my book. I have it here. There are not many things; I'll read right through, till I come to the one that — that I feel hurt about, — not *angry*; no."

"Let me tell you that three different people have remarked to me how much more good-humored you are of late."

"Good! I did not know it, though."

"I dare say it, for your pettishness at rebuke was only a habit; nothing very deep."

"No, indeed!"

Ernest read very rapidly: "Don't allow yourself to speak imperiously to any one you consider your inferior." "Never quarrel with your bread and butter." "You should not remain seated with a lady standing and talking to you." "What is the difference between jest and Ernest? The one is *pleasant*; the other — Hem!"

"That must have been one of Lucy's roguish hits.

Now she is one of the very people who remarked on your recent good temper."

"I like her first rate, she's so funny. I hope I can stand a joke. *That* is not what hurts me. But here it is: 'Mother, will you speak to Ernest. He is looking over my shoulder while I write.' Really, I did it in absence of mind; I did, indeed! I am grieved to have been thought capable of a deliberate meanness! I *knew* better, of course, than to read what she was writing, without leave."

"Sarah was wrong, dear, to accuse you. She had probably something on her mind that made her a little excitable at the time."

Ernest appeared struck with this remark. But he took up his book, and said, "One more, and that is all: 'A gentleman never pries into what does not concern him.' That was Sarah, too."

"What brought that upon you?"

"I took up an open letter of hers, just to look at the handwriting. It was snatched away with such an indignant look! I did not deserve it. I would not have read a word. And it was called *prying*. I can hardly help stamping."

"Please don't. Besides waking Ella, you would show a want of that gentlemanly self-control which keeps down all such manifestations of passion. A man who allows himself in angry gesticulation, may some time disgrace himself by proceeding to blows."

"But whom does Sarah correspond with, I wonder?" said Ernest, thoughtfully. "I ask because—"

"But, 'A gentleman never pries —'"

"Very true. But I wish I knew, because —"

"But, 'A gentleman —'"

"I beg pardon, — I think it *does* concern me to know, for Mr. Elliston says Sarah is engaged, and everybody knows it but I. It is all over town. And yet, now I think of it, he questioned me, as if he was not quite certain about the matter."

"Why, 'Nest, my dear child, it is not true. Did it not occur to you it might be only *gossip*?"

"I thought Mr. Elliston was too much of a gentleman to descend to that. I dare say, though, the story spread in the first place from the Ellistons so often seeing Brown Carisford's horse standing at our gate, last summer, when he had business with father."

"Then Brown Carisford is the happy man, is he?"

Mrs. Wallingford smiled at Ernest's reply in the affirmative. "Be assured, you will know it before Mr. Elliston, should your sister be engaged to Brown Carisford, or to any one else. Let that heal your wounded pride."

"Silly boy I was! I felt as mad as fire, that I should have the first hint of so important a thing from the neighbors. I immediately thought of these two *pecks*. *They* seemed accounted for."

"And you were really intending to rally Sarah, by saying she was in a *Brown* study?"

"But she would n't understand or blush at my *quizzing*."

"Now listen to me soberly. This *quizzing*, as you call it, is just the most ungentlemanly thing in the world. You cannot imagine your Cousin Walter rallying a lady on such a delicate subject as the attention paid her by any unmarried friend of her own age."

"He takes no liberties, nor allows any. I should never think of joking *him*; but I think he likes Cousin Lucy."

"*Think* as you please. You are not very sagacious, however. Fortunately, in this matter of Mr. Carisford's attention to Sarah, there exists no cause for embarrassment, and so your bolt fell short."

"I am glad of it, really. I am ashamed of my impertinence."

"You ought to be. For just suppose that Mr. Carisford had offered his hand in vain, or that his attentions had been very pointed, and then been withdrawn, on the discovery of some point in her character that did not suit his own; would not raillery have been very uncomfortable for her?"

"Yes, mother, very provoking indeed. I am glad you have set me right. I was in some danger of attempting to *plague* Cousin Lucy, only I was afraid of getting the worst of it. And one feels it is not exactly the ground for quizzing, either, where Walter is concerned."

Ernest, like most children, had often been impertinent in teasing his elders, and had been astonished and amused at the irritation he had been able to produce by his roguish sallies. From this time forward he ceased to be saucy or inquisitive. He was glad to have discreetly kept to himself his mistaken penetration, when the frequent talks and walks of Walter and Lucy ended in the undreamed-of betrothal of the latter to Brown Carisford, and of the former to Sarah.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE GREYHOUND AND THE RING.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Eustace (running in overjoyed). Sister, sister!

Serina. What? Is Diana found?

Eustace. Diana! O, something much better!
See what I have found! (*Shows a ring, &c.*)

Enter *Mr. Calvert.*

Mr. Calvert. Will the advertisement be in to-morrow's paper?

Eustace. Papa, I have not been to the office yet. Here is what kept me. A ring that I have found.

Mr. Calvert. A very fine diamond indeed!

Eustace. Is it? It is enough to put a little dog out of one's head for a moment or two.

Mr. Calvert. Yes, if it were your own! Do you intend to keep it?

Eustace. Why, if nobody makes inquiry about it.

Mr. Calvert. Did any one see you take it up?

Eustace. No, papa.

Serina. For my part, I should never rest till I knew who owned it.

Eustace. Let the owner show himself, and certainly the ring should not stay long in my hands. No; that would be as bad as if I had stolen it. We must give every one his own.

Mr. Calvert. The loser will think it worth while to make every inquiry after so valuable a thing. So we must wait.

Eustace. But if they should not think of it?

Serina. We thought of doing so for Diana. Certainly others would for a diamond!

Mr. Calvert. Meanwhile I shall take care of it, and do you be cautious not to speak of it.

SCENE II.

Eustace and Serina.

Eustace. Now I'll go to the printing-office with my advertisement.

Serina. Go, brother, do not lose a moment. But what does Lionel want with us?

Enter *Lionel.*

Lionel. Where are you going, Eustace?

Eustace. I have something particular to do.

Lionel. But before you go, listen to a story that I have to tell you. It will make you laugh! (*Laughs.*)

Eustace. I have not time for laughing now.

Lionel. You will laugh in spite of yourself. We have got full satisfaction.

Eustace. Full satisfaction! Of whom?

Lionel. Of Rufus. He has lost his father's ring.

Serina. His father's ring?

Lionel. It is true. He had it given to him this morning to take it to the jeweller's to have the middle diamond set in, which had fallen out. (*Eustace jogs Serina; she makes a sign to hush, &c.*) He had it when he came here. But as he went away, quite flustered with anger, the case of the ring must have dropped out of his pocket as he whisked along.

Serina. Have you seen him since he lost it? How does he look?

Lionel. Frightened out of his wits.

Serina. Does his father know it?

Lionel. There he has drawn himself into fresh difficulty by telling a great fib. When his father asked him if he had given the ring to the jeweller, he said he had.

Serina. Unhappy creature!

Lionel. Why do you pity him?

Eustace. Indeed, he is to be pitied.

Lionel. He? I wish you had seen what game I made of him. Heh! here he comes! (*Points at him with his finger.*) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Enter *Rufus*.

Rufus. O, pray now forgive me! I have been very bad to be sure! But I have been full as unfortunate. I am punished now, and well punished, for—

Lionel. Have you stuck up handbills concerning your ring?

Rufus. I dare not appear before my father, and I don't know where to hide myself.

Lionel. I would lay a wager that the ring is hanging at Diana's tail. You will find them both together.

Rufus. I have deserved your jeers, but for pity's sake —

Eustace. Make yourself easy, Rufus; your ring is here.

Rufus. What! have you it? You my ring?

Lionel (to Serina). He is making game of him; that is right.

Rufus. But is it really so? O, on my knees

I'll — But stay. You shall first hear how wicked I have been. (*Goes out.*)

Enter Mr. Calvert.

Mr. Calvert. What is the matter with Rufus? I saw him, from my window, come in here all in tears.

Serina. The poor boy was half dead!

Eustace. It was he who lost the ring I found. It belongs to his father.

Mr. Calvert. Have you shown him the meanness of his behavior to us?

Lionel. Dear sir, no. Diana has not been even mentioned.

Eustace. Ah, papa, my heart would not let me be so harsh, I saw Rufus so afflicted.

Serina. Though I love Diana very well, I could not possibly think of her just then. I was so sorry for that unfortunate boy.

Mr. Calvert. You have both acted generously, and you are my dear children, my best friends, all my joy, and all my pride.

Enter Rufus with the dog.

Serina. Diana! my dear Diana! (*She runs to her, takes her up in her arms and caresses her.*)

Rufus. You see how much I was to blame, and how little I deserved your generosity! Will you ever forgive me?

Eustace. Yes, from this moment, and sincerely.

Serina. I have my Diana once more, and all is forgotten.

THE ORPHANS.

No. IV.

SAID Bertrand one day to Billy, who had grown nearly as tall as his friend: "You need not be so particular, and trouble the master every time you want to use some of the stock for your own purposes. It is but little you want; take it as a perquisite. I do. We all do."

"Why, he did not say so just now, when I asked him for that nice little bit of satin-wood; he only gave it to me."

Bertrand was silent. He had nothing more to say. And Billy sat down, with such a light and happy heart as only they can know who are strictly upright, to spend a leisure hour in carving. Maggie was now the wife of Bertrand, and Billy lived with them in a small cottage in the suburbs of the city.

Genius shone in the brilliant dark eye of the stripling, and a smile of conscious power and animated pleasure was upon his lips as he rapidly shaped the bit of wood into the form of a salad-spoon, and then more slowly and carefully ornamented the handle with flowers in relief. When the spoon had received the last fond touch, and lay before him, so perfect that he could not find any part of it that could be further improved, he could not help exclaiming: "O, my! I could not part with it to any one but her! It looks as if the rose had just been dropped on the handle. How I did it, I do not know. There is something in me that works apart from my own will. It is the gift of God, and I thank him for it."

Full of a joy that was not vanity, since he remembered from whom the gift of genius came, he carried the spoon to Maggie. Was it for her? O no. It was for the lady who had bought his dog's head, one of his earliest efforts. She had received every year a specimen of his work, and this was the eighth time that the Christmas eve had found him so employed. It was very early in the morning that he went to present his gift. He had a long walk before him, but the exercise was a luxury. His step was light and springy, and whenever he came to a crossing, he bounded to the opposite side in long leaps. Sometimes he whistled, and kept time to the tune; but as he came near the spot where he and Maggie had so long struggled with poverty together, he became thoughtful. He looked eagerly at every well-remembered object, nodding to every person he had known. Many only stared and smiled in return. They had forgotten little Billy.

When he came to the street where the lady lived, he was surprised to find it all in confusion. Carriages could hardly pass, for the ruins of a large house nearly filled the way.

"Are the family all saved?" asked Billy of a porter who was carrying a large mirror.

"No lives lost," was the answer, "except that of poor little Juno, who, losing her mistress in the crowd, ran right into the fire to look for her."

"Faithful Juno!" said Billy, with tears in his eyes. "How I wish I had been here! I might perhaps have saved something valuable. And who knows but even now I may find something?"

So, putting his precious spoon in his bosom for safety, he began to climb over the still smoking pile.

"Take care what you do," said a watchman, standing by. "If that wall should give way, you'd go with it all in a heap into the cellar. It is at the risk of your life, little fool, that you go there."

But Billy did not hear him. He came to a niche in the chimney, partly filled with ashes and cinders, and there he espied a small iron box, in the shape of a barrel. It was so hot he could not take it away. So he posted himself there to guard it.

"Come down!" cried one after another, who saw him sitting quietly in such an unsafe place. But he did not stir.

"Let us go up, and see what he has got to keep him there," said some lads who were prowling about the ruins, searching them without any honest purpose. It was well for Billy that only one at a time could come to the spot where he was.

"Keep off, I warn you," said Billy, as the ill-looking fellow drew near upon the blackened wall. "The chimney shakes."

"What do *you* stay there for, then? O, I see! Gold! Gold! A strong box! I don't believe there's any danger. I'm coming; and you've got to share with us, or I'll hail the police."

"It is neither yours nor mine," said Billy. "Come nearer at your peril. A scuffle would cost us both our lives, for it would shake down the chimney. But you shall not lay a finger on this box, if I die for it."

A part of the chimney fell almost immediately, with no harm to Billy, except filling the air with dust, and nearly choking him. Seeing him so firm in his determination as to maintain his ground after that, the boys went away, or pretended to do so. Then Billy began to think about getting down. But when he attempted to take the box with him, he found it was so very heavy that he dared not attempt to carry it. He had not breakfasted, and had been breathing the smoke and gas from the ruins a long time. When he attempted to move, he found himself so faint and giddy, that the weight of the box nearly threw him headlong. Among the people who came to view the ruins, and were surprised to discover him perched like an owl upon the chimney, he recognized one as the brother of his friend the lady. He called to him to receive the box, and rolled it so that it fell near him. He then began to crawl on hands and knees along the broken wall to the place where he had climbed up. He had not descended far before he heard loud shouts of "*Gare! Gare! Stand from under!*" and a huge iron claw came over upon the broken chimney, ready to pull it down into the street. He tried to cry out, but he was like one in a distressed dream; he felt his limbs failing, his ears ringing, and the last thing seen by his closing eyes was the hasty flight of all those who were near the wall, and who might have helped him by a shout at least.

When he came to himself, the first object he fixed his eyes upon was a marble Diana, which seemed to stoop towards him, as if he had been the sleeping

Endymion. At first he thought he was still dreaming, and that the statue was only one of those forms of visionary beauty that he often saw with closed eyes. A strong current of air was fanning his face. He inhaled it eagerly, and presently became aware that it came from a lofty window that opened inwards like a double door. The heavy damask curtain, looped aside, allowed the light to find its way in, in company with the fresh breeze.

"Where am I?" he murmured.

A familiar voice answered him; Margaret was watching by his couch.

"How came I here?"

"Do not talk," said she, softly; "you have had a fall, but were only stunned. Keep quiet, and you will be better very soon."

And feeling drowsy, he closed his eyes, and went to sleep again, with his hand in hers.

"Has he his reason? Did he know you?" whispered a lady, who came in noiselessly, on hearing his voice.

"I hope, — I believe so, but he was confused by finding himself in a strange place," said Margaret.

"How fortunate that no bones are broken, and fortunate also that the spoon escaped injury! For when I showed it to my brother, and told him the character and history of my *protégé*, he declared he would take him with him to Italy, if he desired to go. Such a talent ought not to be wasted, he said, in ornamenting chairs for a warehouse."

"O, it would make him so happy, only to see Italy!" said Margaret, with glistening eyes.

A gentleman came in, his tread on the thick Turkey carpet making no sound, as he drew near to look at the pale face of the boy.

"He has spoken, my brother. Madame Bertrand thinks him quite rational," said the lady, going to look at him also, and then dropping the red curtain to soften the light. "Now look at that full, high forehead, and prominent brow; is there not genius there?"

"It is somewhat like the head of Thorwaldsen, which I have in the library. Do you see?"

"Very true, but still more when the large, dark eyes are open. Poor lad, what must have been his affright, before he fainted and fell!"

"Had not the watchman and I been there to break his fall, the spoon would have been his last work on earth. But now I have something to propose. The notary is sure that the last proprietor of the house, before it came into your possession, had no knowledge of the treasure concealed in the chimney; it must have been there ever since the Revolution, when some one, intending to escape from the country, probably put all his property into a portable form, and failed to convey it away. You can use it without scruple."

"And I know what you would have me do," said the lady, smiling. "Say no more, till we see what the lad will say to the plan. Will he not be unwilling to leave you, Margaret?"

"Will he then be gone long?" said Margaret. "We have never been separated. He is more affectionate than ambitious, I trust. He will never

love art better than he loves me!" And she could not keep back her tears.

"Would you stand in the way of his improvement? Do you not wish him to become a great man, if he may?" said the Count, indignantly.

Margaret was grieved, and did not reply till he urged her in a gentler tone to express her wishes freely.

"He is but sixteen, and I do not wish to have him go away from me so early to live. The more he is caressed and flattered and made much of, the more danger there is that he may change, and be no longer my own boy, my honest-hearted Billy. I am afraid for him, for I know not whether he will have pure and God-fearing companions in his new home, or such as may lead him wrong."

"Your scruples do you honor," said the Count. "Your first anxiety is that he shall be a *good* man; and if he can be great also, very well. I feel that I dare not thus take him away from you. But we will see; his gifts must not be left undeveloped, at any rate."

(To be continued.)

ELLIE CLARE AND NELLY BROWN.

(Concluded.)

Six years have passed since Ellie Clare and Nelly Brown first met on New Year's Eve, — years which have changed no less their inner lives than

their outward appearance, — years which have not only rounded their forms and increased their stature and added new graces to their childish charms, but have also, through the influences by which they have been surrounded, matured their minds and cultivated their hearts.

Ellie, so lovely as a child, is far more so in her girlhood; for the kindly disposition which she now cherishes towards others shines out in her fair countenance, giving her at times an expression almost angelic.

Nelly's bright young face is scarcely as pretty as it promised to be, years ago; but it beams with cheerful radiance, and is so true and honest withal, that one loves to look upon her.

It is now midsummer, and, as has been Mr. Clare's custom for five years, he and his family are passing a few weeks at the old homestead among the health-inspiring hills of New Hampshire, Mrs. Brown still continuing in charge of the place, which looks like the home of industry and thrift. James Brown bids fair to become a thriving mechanic, while the twins, healthy and hearty, help their mother, and grow and thrive. Nelly has attained the object of her desires. She is teacher of the village school, and is at once loved and respected, for her heart is in her work. A very friendly and kindly relation exists between these two young girls, who represent, the one the wealthy, the other the working class of society. Each has learned to have respect and consideration for the other, and each young heart glows with kindred feelings of kindness and enthusiasm, as they

press eagerly on in their life-work. For they have learned that life's pleasures are best secured by a faithful performance of life's duties. This was a lesson breathed in by Nelly from her earliest childhood, through her mother's example and precept; and though, as has been seen, she sometimes rebelled against those distinctions in society which to her seemed unjust, yet, true as the needle to the magnet, her better feelings always prevailed; and no sooner was she placed under the genial influences of a home of comfort and plenty, than the good seed took firm root, sprung up, and brought forth fruit abundantly.

With Ellie, the lesson was harder to learn; but her heart was softened by her mother's death; her aunt was unwearied in her endeavors to influence, without too strictly controlling her; and her father, deeply regretting the past, strove to aid his child in her endeavors to overcome the selfishness which was the destroying canker-worm in her character.

Perhaps the change in the characters of the two girls whom my readers have followed during a short but eventful period in their lives, may be best illustrated by a conversation which took place between themselves and Miss Clare about this time.

It was a hot summer evening, and Nelly and Ellie had just returned from a visit of charity to a poor family a mile or two distant. Ellie, overcome with the heat and fatigue, reclined languidly upon a bench in the little garden in front of the house, fanning herself with her broad straw hat. Nelly, with the roses which bloomed upon her cheek a little deepened, was busy arranging the straggling branches of

a honeysuckle, which had broken loose from their fastenings. Miss Clare sat near in a garden chair, with a book in her hand, apparently absorbed in thought. Presently she said to Ellie, "I am afraid your country visit will do you little good, my dear, if you weary yourself out with these long walks."

Ellie sprang up at once. "I'm not tired, Auntie, — at least, not really tired; not half as much so as I've been in dancing or attending parties. I'm lazy, I think, for see indefatigable Nelly; she has been teaching all day, helping her mother, walking as far as I did, and now she seems provokingly comfortable."

Nelly laughed, and said, "I *am* tired if that will satisfy you, only I can't bear to rest while there is anything to be done. But you forget I am a great deal stronger than you; and, Miss Clare, she *would*—"

"Hush, Nelly, don't!"

"But I said I *would* tell, and I shall," rejoined Nelly, merrily. "When we got to Willow Brook, whom should we find there but Mrs. Dennis's two children, who had strayed away from home, and the oldest had just tumbled into the stream, — where it was shallow, it is true; but the child was terribly frightened, although she did manage to pick herself up, and get out of the water. Nothing would do but I must carry her home, and then Jack, her little brother, set up a cry that he must be "tarried" too. I tried to coax him to run along by my side; but Ellie settled the question speedily by taking him in her arms. I thought she ought not, Miss Clare. Jack is a stout little fellow, though he is only three

years old. But she was very resolute, and would do it. But I think you would have laughed if you could have seen us trudging up that long hill to Mrs. Dennis's cottage, — the hot sun shining down upon us, Katy dripping and still sobbing occasionally, and Jack looking up from his perch on Ellie's shoulder with a shy expression of intense satisfaction, while our baskets were dragged along as best they might be! I did wish for a few minutes they had been less heavily packed. But"—and Nelly's merry face changed into a grave expression, as she continued—"I was glad, when we got there, they were no lighter. They are very poor, and Mrs. Dennis is sick herself now."

"But Nelly, I did *not* carry Jack up the hill."

"No, you did stop half-way up, because you could n't carry him, I believe, another step. Miss Clare, will you please to settle one question we disputed almost all the way home? If Ellie has n't half the strength that I have, is n't she a great deal more self-sacrificing, if she does only a *little* less?"

"Your mathematical problem is not stated quite distinctly enough for me to solve," replied Miss Clare, smiling. "There can be neither a *more* nor a *less* in the matter, where each strives to do what her hand findeth to do. No higher award of praise need any one seek than 'She hath done what she could.'"

"But how far, dear Aunt Lizzie, can we ever hope to attain to the character which meets that award?" replied Ellie, almost sadly.

"But," said Nelly, timidly, "is it not best, Miss Clare, to work with our might at plain duties that

lie around us, without thinking too much about our improvement?"

"I think so certainly, Nelly. I have seen persons whose whole lives were embittered by regrets that they failed to reach the high standard that they had set up for themselves. This amounts almost to a species of selfishness."

The conversation was here interrupted by Mr. Clare, who, coming towards them, said, "Let me hear the report of your evening's visit to Mrs. Dennis."

This time Ellie was the narrator, and her father listened with all a father's fondness to her sweet tones, as she described the desolate condition of the poor sick widow, whose home she had that evening been instrumental in brightening. When she concluded, Mr. Clare said, — glancing around as he spoke upon the beautiful landscape, now seen by the soft light of the moon, no sound breaking the stillness, but the faint murmur of the distant brook, or the chirping of summer insects, — "Sing to us, 'Calm on the listening ear of night.'"

Ellie and Nelly at once complied, and fit was the scene and hour for those touching words in notes of melody by these young disciples of "Him of Judæa."

When the hymn was ended, with the sweet peace and joyful hopes in their hearts which it had awakened, they all retired to the house, and soon after, to rest.

And now that we have seen Ellie and Nelly in their new path of life, we will bid them farewell, trusting this fragment of their history has not been without some salutary lesson to its readers.

READING LESSON.

Rosa. I wish I could play with my tea-set!

Grandmamma. You *can* play with them; here they are, cups, teapot, cream-pot, &c.

Rosa. But I have no company.

Grandmamma. Ask your doll to tea.

Rosa. She is too little. She cannot eat, either, nor drink.

Grandmamma. Ask your grandmother to breakfast with you.

Rosa. Will you?

Grandmamma. Yes, with much pleasure, Miss Rosa.

Rosa. I will set the table, then. You can sit in papa's place. I will take the other head. I shall turn out coffee, you know. You will cut bread.

Grandmamma. Do you know how to make coffee?

Rosa. Play the kitchen was here, behind the sofa. What shall I do first? O, put the kettle on. Whew, whew! That is blowing the fire.

Grandmamma. Is your coffee nicely roasted?

Rosa. Burnt, Mary calls it.

Grandmamma. It must not be burnt, only roasted, a light brown. If it is *burnt*, it is bitter.

Rosa. Now I'll play I am grinding it. See! Now the kettle boils. Where's my coffee-pot? Here it is. I wish I had some real coffee in it.

Grandmamma. I will put some molasses and water in. Will that do?

Rosa. Nicely. Just the color! I wish I had some cream.

Grandmamma. Make your cakes now. Perhaps the milkman will come by breakfast-time.

Rosa. Here is my oven. O, my dough has risen finely. May I have your stocking-basket for a pan? And the stockings will do for cakes. There, go in and bake! What next, Grandmamma?

Grandmamma. Churn your butter.

Rosa. O yes! Here is my churn. I'm churning.

Grandmamma (singing).

Come, butter, come,
Come, butter, come;
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for butter-cake.
Come, butter, come,
Come, come, come!

Rosa. Here it is, yellow as buttercups. I am salting it.

Grandmamma. Put a nice pat in the plate. Now take out your cakes. Are they done?

Rosa. Yes. But O, I wish I was a witch, so I could make the socks turn into real bread!

Grandmamma. I will be the good fairy; I will bring some real bread, some real butter, and some real cream for our play breakfast. (*Goes out.*)

Rosa. O, I like to play with Grandmamma. The best playmate I have had this long time is my grandmother. I will sit at the head of the table, and play she is my little girl. 'No, no, my love; you must not help yourself,' I shall say; 'I will give you all you are to have.'

A. W. A.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

SUMMER'S BIRTHDAY. — I was out in the woods on May morning, in the soft dreamy light of early dawn.

There was a little rustling in the top of a budding maple, just as when a belle smooths her robe of silk before receiving her visitors. Then came a clear voice: "This is Summer's birthday. Who comes to the feast to welcome her?"

There was a sound as if a thousand soft rain-drops tripped over the earth. "We come; we have lingered a month!" said the head of the *Epigæa** tribe, a three-inch man in weather-stained green doublet and rose-colored cap. "Here's a health and long life to her new-born Majesty!" Then all his numerous family raised their dainty cups and drank off their dewy wine, so perfumed that the whole woods were fragrant.

Next, there came a little shout, — so fine, indeed, as to be not a *shout* at all, — "We've come! We've come!" and the descendants of the Early Anemone covered the ground, all dressed in white, though the fops wore pink ribbons. They were a fine sight to see, as they stood bowing and nodding their welcome to the new Summer.

Next, without a word to say, a flock of violets, in white and blue and purple, stole up, so glad they could only stand trembling with tears in their soft eyes.

They were soon overtopped by the Liverworts, who stood straight and stiff, and quite too haughty for people who could not afford a grand equipage.

Nobody else appeared, but plenty of regrets showered down. The Lilies' mother thought them quite too young to "come out." The Roses could not get ready, they were so

* May-flower, or Trailing Arbutus.

many, and one would not go unless all went. The Colum-
bines could not go without paint, and the yellow had failed
to arrive by the last night's express.

The excuses were not all over, when the sun sent a bright
ray through the leafless woods, and the music struck up.
The Robin headed the band with his loud mellow pipe, and
the Hemp-birds trilled an accompaniment; but I left before
they had done, being in a great hurry to arrive at the May
Fair Breakfast.

MAY-FAIR MAIL.

NATURE did not give the female sex persuasion that they
may be shrewish, and a sweet voice to be employed in scold-
ing.

A HABIT of sincerity in confessing a fault is a good guard
against bad habits.

SPECTACLES. — People who are too far-sighted use mag-
nifiers; those who are too near-sighted, diminishing glasses.
The magnifying glasses are rounded on both sides; the
glasses for near-sighted people are hollowed on both sides,
and they are called *convex* and *concave* lenses. It is neces-
sary that their eyes should look exactly through the middle,
or *focus*, and when spectacles are twisted or bent so that
the focus is not nicely adjusted to the pupil of the eye, they
become injurious to the sight. To avoid this danger, some
people use a third kind of lens, hollow on one side and
rounded on the other; these are called *periscope* spectacles.

GOOD education is a choice blessing, but innate talent
makes its most vigorous efforts under disadvantages.

WHAT is that which gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays
the doctor? A draught.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY MACAULAY.*

If you from Cod cut off its head, a C,
 Then Cod is od, and singular will be;
 If of its tail, or D, it be bereft,
 A plural Co, or company, is left.
 Deprived of both, a cipher, 0, you find,
 'T is nought to those who see, or who are blind.

What is this head cut off? A sounding C!
 What is this tail cut off? The river Dee!
 Does not a Cod disport through sea and river, —
 Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever!

ANSWER TO CHARADE.*

Earwig.

BLUEJAYS. — On a journey in a chaise with my father, I passed through a barren tract in Tewksbury, and the horse's feet sank deep in a dry, sandy road. Of course it was heavy wheeling; we could not get beyond a walk, and I, being but a young traveller, became almost fretfully impatient.

"Hark!" said my father. "What are those Bluejays saying?" We were passing through a grove of tall pine-trees, and high above our heads some large birds were wheeling and hovering about the tree-tops. Others sat still upon the branches, uttering a single note or scream, like a petulant call. "They say, '*Stay! Stay! Stay!*'"

"I wish *I* had their wings! *I* would not *stay*," said I.

"Now listen to those on the wing. What answer is it they are warbling without pausing for breath? '*You'll die if you do, — you'll die if you do, — you'll die if you do!*'"

The Bluejay is perhaps the most beautiful and graceful of all our native birds. He is almost a foot in length, of rather a slender and taper form; his plumage is of a glossy, brilliant blue, varied by various shades of plum-color; the

* See last Number, page 238.

quill-feathers are barred with black and tipped with white. He is not shy, but rather inclined to be familiar and sociable. Scatter crumbs for him regularly, and he will come confidently to your very door, year after year. He will set up his blue crest, turn his bright eye this way and that, and take short, graceful sweeps in the air, as if he knew he was an elegant fellow, and was desirous of showing off, to give pleasure to his entertainers. His nest is generally about thirty feet from the ground. He builds in the woods, and sometimes in an orchard; his nest is a cup of woven, fibrous roots, attached to a pile or platform of matted twigs, filling a fork in the tree. I fancy some of them would like a more luxurious bed sometimes, for I once saw a bluejay, that came to feed where a venerable gentleman was in the habit of strewing crumbs for them in the spring, endeavoring to make prize of an apron which happened to be spread upon the grass. It was the string, probably, that he coveted. He took the end of it in his beak, and flew up. The weight of the apron twitched the tape away from him at each attempt to rise into the air. All his tugging and pulling was in vain, but it was long before he gave the matter up. It was directly beneath some of the windows of the house. We stood looking out and laughing, but he did not mind us at all.

A. W. A.

A PRINCE learns nothing so well as the management of his horse; for the noble animal will not flatter, and throws him as readily as his groom.

A MISTAKE. — We forward the engraving which it was intended should accompany "Scenes in Oregon" in the May number. The plate-printer sent the wrong picture to the binder, and the Editor had no opportunity of knowing it till after the numbers had gone out.